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The Sunday Oregonian.

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A LIFE'S REVENGE.

"For the Lord's sake, what have you brought this fellow here for?" asked the lieutenant-governor of California, on the wharf at San Quentin, some time along in the early sixties. The party to whom he put the question was a deputy sheriff of Sierra county.

"Sluice robbin', Governor; wouldn't think it of him, would you?" grunted that temporary official.

"Indeed, I would not, sir," replied the president of the senate, who presided at San Quentin while his legislative lambs were enjoying a vacation, to the great relief of the tax-payers. "I never should have supposed that face could look upon dishonor as a familiar acquaintance."

"Sir, if you are the superintending officer of this prison, let me say one word to you. I am not guilty of this robbery. It is a vile conspiracy, if you knew the whole of it, as you shall some day."

"You say you are an innocent man," mildly replied the lieutenant-governor, "you have the chance to prove it."

"How can I do this?" asked the young man.

"By behaving yourself like a good man while you are here. [illegible] it is not as easy a job as you think for. You will be surrounded by every temptation to do wrong, and menaced by desperate villains who will threaten to kill you if you dare to do right. Remember that I had no hand in placing you where you are and that your term of servitude will be shortened by good behavior."

"I will do so, sir," sobbed the young man.

"The guvnor's a givin' ye the straight bizness, Harry," said Jack Sutherland, the deputy sheriff who had brought him to San Quentin. "I hope you will be good while yer here and git out airly as possible. And don't [illegible] back to the diggins agin. There ain't a dol a' [illegible] for ye. Now, guvnor, please gimme a receipt for this youngster, and I can catch the boat next trip for Frisco. Solong Harry."

And ten minutes later, Henry Battelle was standing in a corridor of the old wing at San Quentin, with a suit of striped clothes on his graceful young figure, and his fine blue eyes fairly blinded with tears.

"So-long," he murmured, "yes, it's too true. Seven years is so long."

Henry Battelle was an orphan and barely of age. His father had died when he was two years old, and his mother four years later. His elder sister had married a man named Seth Whitney, who worked in a cotton factory near South Hadley Falls in Massachusetts, and shortly after their marriage they came to California. Henry was but 19 years old when his sister sent him some money and told him to come to California. She and her husband were living near Pine Grove, in Sierra county, but they did not get along very well together. Whitney drank hard, and had frequently used abusive language to her, so she had sent for her younger brother to come out, in the hope that his presence might prove a restraint upon the growing violence of her husband's manner toward her. Just before Harry's arrival at Pine Grove, Whitney had become possessed of a series of worked-out drifts and tunnels owned by a Cornishman named George Preen, who was on the verge of bankruptcy. Everybody questioned the good faith of the transfer, and wondered how Preen could ever have become indebted to Whitney for so large a sum as $10,000. As to his debt of $10,000 to Neddy Hale, the village banker, there could be no doubt. That part of the transfer was valid enough. Just at the time the alleged fraudulent sale had begun to pass off for a nine days' wonder, the troubles in Whitney's household grew worse than ever. He had discovered that Harry had come out on money furnished by his sister, whom he upbraided for squandering his means upon her relations. She replied that she had ever been a dutiful and loving wife, economical and faithful. The hellish passion of Seth Whitney rose into his face as he struck her a heavy blow from which she reeled and fell. A neighbor's wife saw the occurrence through an open door. Mrs. Whitney and her brother left Pine Grove that day and went to Downieville, where she began an action for divorce. Six months later, the district court in and for Sierra county dissolved the bonds of matrimony between Seth Whitney and Julia, his wife.

The divorced woman went to work for herself as soon as the decree was rendered, for she got hardly $6,000 as her share of the common property, divided between herself and her brutal husband. Seth did not dare to put his property out of his hands for he had already sworn to Preen's debt being a lawful one for money loaned. So he was obliged to borrow the $4,500 from the banker Neddy Hale. Mrs. Whitney opened a boarding-house in Downieville and for a while Harry waited on the table; but he did not like menial employment, so he accepted a situation as time-keeper in Weldon's quartz ledge on the road from Pine Grove to St. Louis at $90 per month. To go to and from his work he was compelled to pass the hydraulic claims owned by Whitney & Hale, of which Seth Whitney was managing partner. Frequently he dreaded violence from his brother-in-law, but none ever came. The blow that was poised for him was of a deeper and more cruel nature.

Late one night, as Harry was returning from the Weldon shaft he heard his name called. He stared into the darkness to detect the standing figure of George Preen, the former owner of the hydraulic diggings. The latter put out his hand and said:

"Master Harry, would you do me a favor?"

"With pleasure; but how can I serve you?"

"Well, it may be a long story, but I can only tell you that I once owned all those diggings that are now the property of Ned Hale and your brother-in-law. I want to leave here, but my creditors will have me arrested if they think I'm trying to jump the county. So to-morrow I'll pack my mule and pretend to go over a-deer hunting in Sierra valley and you be on hand right here at 9 o'clock. I have some money hid near here that I put away for a rainy day. So I'll get it to-morrow night and you can carry it along to the mouth of the Weldon shaft and I will meet you there. By daylight I shall be on my way to Reese river and entirely out of the county."

Harry consented out of pity for the broken up miner and went home to bed at an early hour.

The next night he was on hand at the appointed spot at the hour agreed on. It was a portion of the Whitney & Hale diggings but he did not notice this. A low whistle came from behind a pile of manzanita bushes. Harry whistled back and presently George Preen stole out of his hiding place. Placing a heavy bundle wrapped in a white cloth in Harry's hands he said, "Now, I'll ride down to Weldon shaft, but you'll get there first, because I have to ride around outside of town. If anybody saw me on horseback there'd be rumbling." So saying, he disappeared in the darkness.

Harry walked over the barren flat with a quick step. He had nearly half a mile to go, and was just climbing over a low sluice when two men rose up and stuck the muzzles of two rifles in his face. One of these was Seth Whitney and the other was Josh Kennedy, a constable for Rabbit Creek precinct.

"Come, young hempseed, hand over that ball of amalgam you've got there, and then come along with us. You didn't quite get away with the baggage this trip," said Josh.

"Amalgam? I have none. Baggage? I don't know what you mean," replied Harry.

"That's all right," said Josh, seizing him by the arm, while Seth caught him by the other, "but we are watching these sluices for the last box, and saw you clean up the last two boxes. Come along, Mr. Man."

Harry was taken before a justice and committed for trial, at the Downieville court, to be held in October. He secured able counsel, but the evidence against him was overpowering. He had been found with a ball of amalgam worth $868 wrapped in one of his own handkerchiefs. His story about George Preen went for nothing, as that person not only denied having given him the amalgam, but actually brought a man to swear that he was camped with him (Preen) in Sierra valley on the evening in question. The valley is sixty miles distant from the scene of the robbery. The trial wore along slowly, and Harry's counsel began to hope for a hung jury, when their last hope was suddenly dashed to the ground by the arrival of a saddle train from La Porte, which brought the news that James Weldon, owner of the mine where Harry had worked, had been found dead by the roadside the night before, with his skull crushed in. A bag of retorted gold worth $1140, with which he had left his mill not twenty minutes before, was missing.

This was the last blow to all their hopes. Another terrible crime had been committed, and these affairs were becoming altogether too common. An example must be made of somebody, and offended justice, blind as usual, selected Harry Battelle as her victim. The arguments of his counsel fell on unsympathetic ears, and when the public prosecutor arose every eye was bent upon him. He reviewed the enormity of the crime, the prisoner's youth and the danger in which the community stood should such precocious criminals be suffered to go at large. The judge charged the jury, who retired and had quite a lengthy deliberation over the matter, but agreed to vote for conviction if the other ten would sign a petition for mercy on the part of the court. This done, they went into court with a verdict of "guilty, as charged in the indictment." The consequence was that the Honorable Issachar Blowhard sentenced Harry to seven years of imprisonment at San Quentin, instead of ten.

After Harry had been at the penitentiary eighteen months, his sister Julia married the young lawyer who had so bravely but fruitlessly defended him on his trial. She was several years his senior but he was very fond of her and their life bade fair to be a happy one. Several months after their marriage she expressed a desire to visit her brother and her husband gave his consent to her going, but was unable to accompany her further than Marysville. Poor Julia stayed two days at San Quentin, a guest in the house of the lieutenant governor, who treated her with all the courtesy of his noble nature. On her return to the city it was raining and she took a carriage from the boat to her hotel. Two hours previously the same carriage had carried a small pox patient from a hotel to the pest house. On the day that Julia was to have left San Francisco for her mountain home, she broke out with the dreadful malady and was sent to the pest house, where she died before either her husband or brother could be apprised of her illness. Now the lonely man in his captivity was bereft of all he loved on earth and surrounded only by the most degraded of companions. But his high resolve never faltered, he would not become their equal.

The death of James Weldon caused a cessation of operations in the mine which bore his name. A host of greedy creditors swept down upon the mill and hoisting works, and sold off the machinery and buildings for twenty per cent. of their cost. Seth Whitney had taken to drink, and his partner Hale, the thrifty banker, had closed him out of his interest in the hydraulic diggings. The Weldon mine was abandoned as worthless, and quiet reigned around the former scene of busy life. George Preen had left the country and become forgotten, when one day, out on the sage brush plains of Reese river a desperate attempt was made by two masked men to rob Wells Fargo & Co.'s stage. The driver and passengers showed fight, and succeeded in wounding one of the robbers while his cowardly partner rode away. The dying man was propped up on two stage cushions, while a doctor bound up the arm of the driver, who had a flesh-wound. The burning sun of a Nevada afternoon shone down on the dying man as he said:

"My name is George Preen. I mined about old Rabbit creek diggins from '53 to '64. It was I who killed old Jim Weldon and robbed him of a big lump of retorted gold. I also robbed the sluices"——

A great spout of blood poured from between his clenched teeth, and he fell back dead. Two minutes' more of life in George Preen would have saved Harry Battelle three weary years of imprisonment.

A year before that, however, a tidal wave had overswept the state and made its changes in the management of the penitentiary. The good old lieutenant-governor had been superseded by a man of opposite politics who cared nothing for the likes or dislikes of his predecessor. The second day after he took charge of the prison Harry was shifted into another ward, called by the officers "the long room" and by the prisoners themselves "the den of the bears." Every man in it was either undergoing sentence for murder or highway robbery. Six months passed away and Harry was praying for death to end his misery when one day the former lieutenant-governor paid the place a visit. His successor took him around the prison at noon and he asked:

"For God's sake, what did you put Harry Battelle in 'the long room' for?"

"Oh, nothing particular. He was a pretty looking criminal and I thought I'd take some of the vanity out of him," was the careless reply.

"Well, governor, that's too good a boy to be in here at all. There are grave doubts of his guilt, to begin with; and then he has always been civil and industrious. If I might ask a favor of you, it would be to take him out of 'the long room.'"

"If you ask it, certainly; but I never saw much in the fellow. However, I need another clerk, so I guess I'll set him to work."

And the next day Harry was taken out of "the long room." He started in search of his benefactor to thank him, only to learn that he had gone to San Francisco an hour before.

No man who was at San Quentin will ever forget the "great break" of 1869. It had been hatched up in "the long room" a few days before the last fist fight that Harry had with a colored burglar named Jack Garland. It was Harry's refusal to 'stand in' which brought on that row. Just at noon, as the prisoners were to go to their dinner, the ringleaders, seventy odd in number and composed of the most desperate men in prison, rushed for the north gate. The old sentry on the east wall leveled his Henry rifle and opened the fire, the other guards following suit till a volley of bullets rained into the ranks of the doomed men. A sloop lay at the bank above the prison, and the twenty odd men who scrambled over their dead comrades' bodies made a rush for her. Harry Battelle saw them coming and cast off her lines. Hoisting her sail with one hand he shoved her away with the other, and she drifted out so far into the stream that the fugitives could not reach her. The guard bore down on them with their guns and forced them to surrender. Next day twenty-one graves were dug in the north yard, and white headstones now mark the dishonored resting-places of the insurgents.

"You have done well," said the new lieutenant governor, "and you shall not be forgotten for this, rest assured of that."

"Thank you," replied Harry. "I thought I saw signs of its coming nearly a month ago."

"You d d—and pray why did you not tell me of it?" asked the official.

"Partly because I was not sure that they were ready to make the break, and partly because I was afraid. You have no idea what that long room is like. I never slept there after the second night without expecting to have to kill somebody or be killed myself before daylight," answered Battelle.

"Well," said the phlegmatic old official, "it amounts to this: Had you told me of it at the time, much of this bloodshed might have been prevented, and I should have asked for a full and unconditional pardon for you. As it is, I can only credit you with a year's time for what you did to-day; and you must not be sent into the yard any more—your life will not be safe."

Along in 1869 people began to discover a great change in Seth Whitney. He seemed to abandon his old dissipation very suddenly and to dress much better than in former years. He rode away into the heart of the Sierras and was gone for whole days together, bringing home rich specimens of quartz, but nobody had been able to find his prospecting place. He laid around town sometimes for a whole week, but kept duly sober and was really a well behaved man. The real truth was that he had secretly prospected the abandoned Weldon shaft and found a streak of pay rock that old Jim had struck and covered up on the fatal night when he was waylaid and robbed by George Preen. His trips into the mountains were mere shams. It was during his stay in town that he really dug his gold. To approach the mine, now that the hoisting works were torn down and the shaft dismantled you had to go down an incline of about seventy feet of easy walking after which you struck the vertical shaft, forty feet in depth, which you had to descend by a ladder. The place was long since abandoned as haunted, and even the school children shunned it as they came up the dusty road. Every night after his fellow men had gone to bed, Seth Whitney went to the Weldon shaft and picked off rock, which he carried to his cabin and pounded up in a hand mortar.

It was nearly four months after "the big break" that Mr. Manning, chief clerk to the superintendent of the penitentiary, called Harry to him and said: "Here, take this letter up into the south brickyard, Harry, and give it to Mr. Moulder, who is in charge of the gang."

Harry took the letter, and was about to remind Mr. Manning that the superintendent had told him not to go into the yard, but to do so seemed like a confession of his own cowardice. So he took the letters and trudged ahead. Among the prisoners at work in the south yard was a Frenchman named Faslentot, who was serving out twenty years for an aggravated assault upon an elderly lady of Oakland. He was known as the "living skeleton," and had been one of the ringleaders in the big break. As he saw Harry Battelle approach, he hung down his head, and then as quick as lightning sprang on him from behind and dug his bony fingers in the young man's throat.

"My God, he's throttled the new messenger!" cried Mr. Moulder, "d—n him for a murdering brute." A sharp crack rang out on the autumn air, and the "living skeleton" lay on the ground with a ball through his brain from the rifle of old Mike Newman, the pioneer guard of the prison. As he fell he dragged the inanimate body of Harry Battelle over with him. Two guards raised him up and sent for a physician.

"Poor fellow," said Dr. Burrell, with professional coolness "he's paralyzed." It was eight months before Harry Battelle awoke to find himself in a quiet village in the Mendocino's redwoods.

"How came I here?" he asked.

"You have been here nearly six months," said his nurse, "the lieutenant governor sent you here. The governor pardoned you six months ago and restored you to citizenship."

"For what? Sister dead, my life broken, all hope fled, oh why am I free?"

He looked in a glass and his hair was silvery white, though he was not yet 28 years old. He fell back in a swoon.

The frogs were croaking in the ferns, and the willow buds had begun to turn yellow, as a man, prematurely old alighted from the stage at Strawberry valley and started to walk up the long grade from the Columbus House towards Rabbit creek. He looked about him with a dreamy stare, and then trudged wearily over the hill. The stage soon passed him, and the driver, turning to a lady who sat beside him on the box said, touching his forehead:

"Fine-looking man, but all gone here."

The stage got into Howland Flat at 6 o'clock and just about the same time the wanderer entered St. Louis, all deserted and forlorn. He was going into a hotel to get something to eat, but paused, saying to himself:

"Not now; by-and-by."

He wandered off down towards the hydraulic diggings, only to find bare rocks and every bit of gravel washed away. He started off toward the Pack-Saddle mountain, saying:

"I wonder if any one's to work at the Weldon shaft?"

Cautiously he approached it, only to see that the engine room had been torn away. He came within an ace of staggering into the incline, and by the light of a smouldering pine log nearly a hundred yards off, could see the black apertures of the shaft. He walked up cautiously just in time to see a man ahead of him with a lighted candle in his hat. Harry Battelle crouched like a tiger about to spring upon his prey, for that same man was Seth Whitney. The light went on till it reached the ladder and then descended the shaft. Harry waited and looked down the shaft. The light was gone and he could faintly hear the blows of a pick. He caught hold of the ladder and began to haul it up. He just got it nearly out of the shaft when the light reappeared.

"Put that ladder back or I'll shoot."

"Fire away," cried Harry.

Six shots rang out in the darkness and then came a mocking laugh as Harry carried off the ladder and threw it down on the burning log. It was soon in flames and then Harry raced back to the shaft.

"Oh let me out; don't keep me here all night," pleaded Seth Whitney.

"Seth Whitney, I'll keep you here for many a night. Have you forgotten Harry Battelle?"

The wretched coward uttered a yell of terror.

"Yes, here I am, your jailor. You sent me to San Quentin for seven years, but you shall lie where you are for seventy years. Now, dog, starve to death."

All night long the cries of the captive rang out through his prison cave. All next day they grew faint and low. About sunset they ceased. Seth Whitney's punishment had overtaken him at last.

Five days after the burning of the ladder, Father Dennis Connelly, the Catholic priest of Howland Flat was on his way to Downieville. As the trail from town was muddy from melting snow, the good priest alighted from his mule and walked a flume that skirted the edge of an Odd Fellows' burial ground. He crossed himself devoutly as he looked over at the Protestant graves and kindly murmured:

"Poor wandering children."

Just then a heavy sob startled him, strong and brave as he was. He looked over and saw a man kneeling beside a grave marked with the name of Julia Cooper. Deeming such grief too sacred for intrusion even from one of his holy calling, the soldier of the cross once more mounted his mule and rode into town.

That was a backward spring and that same night the east wind howled down the old Yuba gap and the snow covered Jersey Flat like a winding sheet. Next morning a boy came in from Durgan Flat and said that there was a crazy man howling and dancing over in the Odd Fellows' cemetery. Judge Franklin Cooper was one of a dozen to go in search of him. The party neared the grave of Mrs. Cooper and beside it lay the body of a man nearly dead from exposure. They lifted him tenderly and brushed the snow from his gray beard and hair. Jack Sutherland, the deputy sheriff, looked in his face and exclaimed:

"My God judge, don't you know your wife's brother, Harry Battelle?"

On hearing his name called, the dying maniac opened his eyes languidly, and said:

"This is love and joy. This is peace."

They bore him gently to the Downie House and lay him tenderly on the best bed in the hotel. But it was too late. As the sun sank behind Cole's mountain, the spirit of Harry Battelle sank to rest with it. And on the next Sunday Father Connelly preached a sermon to the longest funeral ever held in the delta of the Yuba. Seth Whitney's fleshless bones were not found for two years afterward and then were buried as the remains of an unknown person. Bad as he was, his end was even more terrible than his life.

M.

THE GENTLE ART.

Patient student who consumes the night
With learned vigils till the light;
Merchant who toils in city's rout
Thro' all the summer's fervid heat;
All ye tired sons of gold and gain,
Turn from your tasks of toil and pain
And haste to woodland, hill and stream,
Where health and joy and sunshine beam.

The trout fishing season has about two weeks longer to run by law, but those who hold "camp-meeting in the wilderness" during September will probably catch all they want to eat in spite of statute, judge or jury. The streams that afforded good sport in May and June are now worthless except when traced to the very fountain head, and even then the fatigue is not always compensated by a full basket. I had a dose of this in the fore part of the week. Somebody gave me a "steer" that Woodward creek, in Washington territory, near Castle Rock, was good fishing, and so I went up on Sunday morning's train, accompanied by Max and Louis Levinson. We got off at the Bonneville water tank, walked down to Warren's cannery and borrowed a skiff from Uncle Ira Dodson to cross the river. A stiff up-stream wind was blowing, and as the boat was a flat-bottomed affair, it was a tough job to pull across and down the river. Finally we got to the mouth of Woodward creek and pushed up two miles to find no trout and the stream nearly gone dry. Disgruntled we were beyond doubt and crossed back to the Oregon shore just in time to see the Walla Walla train go by at the rate of thirty miles per hour. No chance to get to Portland that night, so we went up Pierce creek and saw its wonderfully beautiful falls, but not a rise did we get, either coachman, professor, hackle or ibis. We came back to Dodson's, where the old gentleman regaled us with an excellent supper of spring chickens and trimmings to match. We were for going back to Portland at 4 A. M., on the freight train.

Dodson wouldn't hear of it, however, not by a [illegible] sight. He told us of a creek to which he would take us if we would only get up early enough. So we smoked our pipes down to sizzling embers and went to bed at 9 o'clock. The fatiguing tramp of the day had made us leg-weary, and in that pure air sleep was an assured fact. The roar of the river soon lulled us into dreamland, and before we knew whether we were asleep or awake, Dodson called us up at 4:15. Breakfast was over at 5:45 and at 6:20 we were pulling into a narrow stream, the outlet of Duncan's lake, on the Washington territory shore.

"Are there any trout in this lake?" asked Max Levinson of our venerable cicerone.

"Perhaps a few in early spring," replied Uncle Ira, "but they have all gone into the heart of the mountains before this. Hot weather don't suit Mr. Trout, I tell you. He's bound to get where there's cool water and plenty of it. Well, here's the trail, gentlemen."

The old man moored the skiff to an overhanging maple limb, and away we trudged up the steep hill, over a narrow trail, into the heart of a dense and sombre forest. The sun occasionally shot a slanting ray downward through the heavy foliage of evergreen.

We were not without a host to welcome us, withal. Out from every bush came a cloud of mosquitoes as we toiled up the hill, drilling their way into our affections and infusing their poisonous liquid at every step. Dodson, nearly twenty years the oldest man in the party, led the way with great long, swinging strides and took it easily while the other three panted and perspired along behind him. For three-quarters of an hour the quartette jogged through the woods till suddenly they came out on a little summit prairie, where lives an old mountaineer, named Lewis Marr. The road now lay through a prairie, watered by ice-cold springs, the water of which was very refreshing for we were nearly blinded by perspiration oozing from every pore. At last our guide halted, and said: "There she is, gentlemen, go down and help yourselves." And away he jogged back to the river. Down the steep hill we went, with loose rock flying from beneath our feet, and the ferns crackling at every step. In about twenty minutes we were beside a foaming mountain torrent, that leaped from boulder to boulder, the same stream that sank into the sand at the river bank. Rods were jointed, leaders tied on, and at it we went, but the creek was so brushy that it was almost impossible to cast a fly. At 1 o'clock, Max had caught 38 fish, Louis 15 and myself 16 and we trudged back to the river.

On the way back we stopped at Mr. Marr's and the old mountaineer kindly gave us some fruits from his little orchard. Under his little milk house is a spring of delicious water, and after a cooling draught of what love nor money could not buy in Portland, we took up the line of march, again reaching the river bank at 2, where we found Dodson's boat in waiting for us, in charge of his lieutenant, "Lark." The clever youngster set us across the river at Oneonta switch, and hoisted his old tattered sail to scud home, before the strong coast breeze with as much pride as though he were Van Tromp himself with a broom at the mast-head. The train soon came roaring along, and at 5:00 we were home again. But it was a hard earned basket of fish, and we shall not soon forget our scramble up that steep hill with our eyes fairly blinded with perspiration in the August sun.

On Wednesday a party got back from the Tillamook streams, the Trask and the Wilson, and report having caught as many trout in six days as my party caught in eleven. Well, that's all right. They went higher up stream than our boys did, and, consequently, found colder water and greater abundance of fish. Instead of taking the ocean route, as we did, they went out to North Yamhill on the west side railroad, and thence by buckboard to Keyes', about a mile from the toll-gate. Here they took a trail over a high mountain which led to Wilson river, so that they enjoyed the fishing of both streams. They found out just what I had told them, that the fish were more abundant in the Trask river, but of larger size in the Wilson. The party consisted of M. W. Fechheimer, R. E. Bybee and son, Lucien Eaton and son of St. Louis, and Leon Greenbaum of San Francisco. They took it in the rough, as they should do on occasions of this sort, and enjoyed the sport royally.

"It's just as you say," remarked Justice Bybee, a day or two after his return, "that trip is no place for dandy fishermen. But you take an old thoroughbred that's not afraid of getting wet and he'll have a good time in spite of himself."

"Which river of the two do you prefer—you have fished them both?" I asked.

"Well I prefer the Trask, because it is easier to travel along and the fish are more abundant in numbers. But for real big royal-arch fellows that fight like tigers, give me the Wilson."

"How far down the Trask did you fish?"

"A trifle below Ellingsworth's place. Mr. Eaton and I started out at 4 and fished till about quarter to 7, and filled our baskets till we had, if anything, more trout than we knew how to use. So you may say that we quit right in the middle of the very best fishing."

"Did you go up to the big falls on the Wilson?"

"Yes I did," replied Bybee, "and I don't think I shall ever forget it. You spoke of deep pools of still water in that river. I ran upon one of those. It was along about 3 in the afternoon and I had taken ten or a dozen big fish under the spray of the falls and my clothing was quite damp. I started down the river a piece and soon found myself confronted with a pool of still water with a perpendicular wall of basalt on either side. To wade it was impossible and I had to go back and up over this pool through a dense thicket. When I came out in the daylight I found myself at the foot of this pool, at least twenty-five feet deep and clear as crystal. I was on the point of turning away when I caught sight of an enormous trout basking alongside of the basalt ledge. I knew he would see the slightest motion of my wrist and I hesitated about making a cast. Just then a slight puff of wind cast a roughness over the water and I threw in my leader. Biff! I got a bite that nearly weighed a ton, but I landed a fish about fifteen inches long. Just then the wind lulled and the water grew calm and there was that leviathan just where I had seen him. I cast again and hooked a still larger fish, got him out on the bank, but when the wind abated my big fish was still basking under the ledge. Next time I thought I had a dolphin and three or four other big fellows began to chase him around and had a regular circus of it all to themselves. I caught eight trout out of that one hole and never budged that big rooster. He sat there and looked at me as if he knew there was some sort of bunko business about it and he wouldn't have it. He is there yet—I tell you the man don't live that can catch him with a fly."

"What do you suppose he weighs, Bob?"

"Oh, the Lord only knows—a ton I reckon—and he's got an eye knocked out too. But that's all right. One eye is all he need at present, but the man that catches him will have need of two of 'em and three wouldn't hurt him a bit."

The old Bingham and family are up at Belknap Springs, on the Mackenzie, in the solemn shadows of the "Three Sisters," where the icy triple crown of the Cascade range glows in a blush of roseate pink for three hours after the sun has receded westward. The usual party are not there this year, for J. B. Montgomery has his big railroad contracts to look after, and Jack Knott is down at Shoalwater bay, shooting deer in the tall hemlocks beside the crystalline waters of the Nesal. But the Mackenzie has the finest and gamest trout in Oregon, and the sulphur baths give old men a new lease of life. The Mackenzie will keep, long after the Trask and the Spillal are fished out. The cost of reaching the Mackenzie is about $50 per head each way, and a man can go to Tillamook or Shoalwater bay for a good deal less money. Belknap Springs would be a great resort if the road were not so rough for the shooting is fair and the fishing is wonderful though it lasts less than six hours per day. If Bingham stays up there a month longer he'll come down looking so young that his vote will be challenged at the next election.

Wonder who's putting in his time over on the Mattoles this year? That stream contains some of the largest and finest trout of any river in Oregon and it is a splendid place for camping, for two reasons. In the first place the fishing does not begin there till August and in the second place it is on the east slope of the Cascade range, where the undergrowth is less dense than on the western slope. Still better, the altitude is so high that there are no rattlesnakes to be found there, as is the case in many of the streams in the inland empire. The best camping places are about Camp Polk and the Black Butte. My old friend Hindman has been writing me for years to come up there in August and tackle the speckled aristocracy of that foaming stream, but somehow or other I have gone nearly everywhere else. In 1879 I fished the Tygh and the Badger, also the little White Salmon. In 1880 I had a shy at the Indian creek as well as Silver river in Harney valley. In 1881 I took my trip to Idaho and fished Catherine creek, the Weiser river and the Blue Mountain lakes. Last year tried Scoggin's creek in Washington county and the tributaries of Lake river, over in the territory, and this year the rivers of Tillamook.

Next year I will either try the Nestucca or go to the Mattoles. There are two routes to the latter stream, one by the way of Albany or Jefferson, and thence across the military road which takes up the valley or gorge of the Santiam. The other road is less traveled, and is also subject to hotter weather. It goes out from The Dalles through Tygh valley, Oak Grove, Mutton mountain and Warm Springs, and will recall the once popular negro refrain of "Jordan am a hard road to travel." But when you get there, you will find enough to repay you for all the hardships of the journey. The berries are luscious, the deer are fat, and the trout are monsters in size. From all I can learn the route from Albany is the preferable one, as there are soda springs and other places of diversion all the way along the route, and the weather is generally cooler, though the air is more apt to be filled with smoke from burning timber. The remote location of Camp Polk is sufficient proof that the Mattoles will be one of the last streams in Oregon to become utterly fished out, or need restocking by artificial means.

Not a word have I heard this year from Olive lake, the wildest and most beautiful retreat in all the famous nooks and crypts of the eastern slope of Oregon's Blue Ridge. It lies 7500 feet above the tide level and has the purest air, sweetest water, fattest venison, reddest trout and fairest camping ground in Oregon. At noon in these August days the mercury occasionally gets up to 80 degrees but begins to decline about 2, and at night you need two pairs of blankets over you. Perhaps you will awake in the morning to find your blankets covered with hoar frost, and go down to the spring and take a drink of water after cracking ice half an inch thick. But oh, the appetite you have there, for there are grouse and pheasants, as well as mountain sheep, whose meat I consider infinitely superior to the flesh of either elk or mule deer; and such huckleberries and cream as you have at every meal, why it puts ten years on the butt end of your life.

As for the trout in those lakes they give better sport than any I have yet seen in Oregon. When I give up in two hours and ten minutes, after having caught 66 fish by straight fly-fishing in that time, I must necessarily be pretty tired. Thrice did I get on three fish at once, but only once did I land all three of them. Nine times I brought in two at a cast. But the two together did not give as hard a fight as I had with a single fish more than once, down at Steve Baxter's place, at Tillamook. But for real active fishing, these lakes in the Blue mountains cannot be surpassed, for the fish are not only very game for their size, but also very abundant. And yet it is almost impossible to catch one after 8 o'clock in the morning or before 5 P. M., and all the time put in on the lake between those hours is so much time wasted. Never, to my knowledge, has a trout of one pound in weight been caught in that lake, all the fish being the salmon-pound mountain trout, with the most brilliant of scales and the whitest of flesh.

The fishing is by no means a certainty. For on a dark and overcast day they will not come to a fly at all. What is needed there for good fly-fishing is hot weather and clear skies (90 degrees is as hot as it ever goes) with a bright golden sunset overhead; and under circumstances of that sort the fish bite fast and furious from 5:30 to 7:30 in the evening. The air in these mountains is a panacea in itself, and the man who goes there with diseased lungs finds relief, provided he is not wholly wrecked in reaching there. The O. R. & N. will place these lakes within easy reach of Portland within the next two years, but the great distance to be traveled and the consequently big rates of fare will preserve their virgin waters from the poacher and pot-hunter for many years to come.

M.

An Apache Indian complained to the agent that the people called him a bad Indian. He said: "They say I killed my mother. Yes, I did; but I did it because she was too old to work. They say I killed my wife. I did that because she was too sick to work. They talk about my killing my papoose. Well, I did that, too, but it cried too much, and I couldn't sleep. I'm 'good Indian,' not 'bad Indian.'"

TRESPASSES.

What's news to [illegible] seem to get aboard of the train at the East Portland depot, on Sunday morning, bound for a day's recreation in the golden [illegible] of the Cascade mountains? For in the thirteen years that I have lived in Portland (to speak of to be sure) it always seemed to me that this was a walled city, with iron gates locked and draw-bridges hauled up. All through the week there was communication by rail and steamer with the outside world, but on Sunday it was either hire a buggy and team at a price which not one man in five could afford to pay or else stay at home. The man who works hard all the week should have some means of recreation open to him on the seventh day. And with every avenue of cheap travel closed to the laboring class, was it any wonder that the drinking saloon and the [illegible] hall found larger patronage than on week days; and that Monday morning harvested a larger crop than usual of nerveless hands and sore heads? Not all of that, but a great deal of it, might have been prevented by giving our working people some cheap means of egress from the city so that they might spend a few hours of the Sabbath in the smaller towns and villages along our railroad lines.

You may see why I make this allusion, pointed toward the railroads and not toward the steamboat lines as well. It is because they work under different systems. Nobody is a bigger stickler than I am for the rights of men who work for wages; and as I enjoy my Sunday of rest, I believe in giving one day in the week to everybody else. On the steamboat lines it has been almost universally observed [illegible] every Sunday [illegible] has been a standing order [illegible] in the old O. S. N. Co. ever since it succeeded Mr. Jacob Kamm in the responsible position of supervising engineer. But it must be remembered that steamboat employes are paid by the month, while those of our railroad systems are paid by the day. And as many of the conductors, engineers, brakemen and firemen get [illegible] lay-off during the week, I could see no reason why there should not be, during the summer months, excursion trains at reduced rates to all parts of the Willamette valley. If people want the saloons of Portland closed on the Sabbath day, they should encourage such means of exit from the city as will take most of our working people out of town and render business too dull for the saloons to keep open on that day.

Suppose that excursion trains left here at 7 o'clock on Sundays, [illegible] Corvallis on the west side and Eugene on the east, just for the summer as [illegible] would stay in town if [illegible] could go to Forest Grove and back for $1 [illegible] or to McMinnville for $2 50? Suppose a man could go to Albany and back for $3 50, [illegible] have for the money? [illegible] over with Mr. Koehler [illegible] Mr. Rogers and [illegible] would tell you that [illegible] wouldn't pay. How do they know? [illegible] since Sunday trains [illegible] on the east side road? In the meantime Portland has changed from a mere market town to a large manufacturing city. Stand on Front street near the Clarendon, when the 6 o'clock P. M. whistles blow, and see what an army of blacksmiths, machinists, moulders, carpenters, wood workers, stone cutters and bricklayers come trooping up the street like ants from a sand hill. These men work hard for six days in the week and need recreation on Sunday. You must either give them the means of recreation in the country, or they will seek it in saloons and billiard halls. If temperance advocates really desire to see the liquor traffic abated among us, they must aid the working classes to obtain [illegible] on Sundays [illegible] and the better class of saloon keepers will not hesitate to take advantage of it by giving their bar keepers a holiday on Sunday and taking one for themselves.

The civilization of California has gone a step backward by an ordinance adopted by the city trustees of Sacramento, which licenses gambling at $100 per quarter; provided that minors shall not be admitted into rooms where such gambling is conducted; and provided further that such rooms shall be on the second floor of the building in which they are carried on. Sacramento has always been regarded as an enlightened city, if not the most moral one in that state; but this looks as if the local affairs of the California capital had fallen under the control of men deficient in ordinary intelligence. The laws of that state prohibit the dealing of faro and other banking games with a fine of from $100 to $500 and imprisonment from sixty days to one year in the county jail in the discretion of the court. For the city of Sacramento to give its sanction to practices defined in the statutes of the state as misdemeanors, thereby setting up the authority of the city in defiance of the laws of the state, shows disgraceful ignorance on the part of the city officials, to use the mildest term. No city can afford to increase its exchequer by the licensing of vices, least of all such vices as are misdemeanors under the law.

The steamship Walla Walla hung down on St. Helen's bar [illegible] a day or two [illegible] Columbia [illegible] Lewis river, and the [illegible] against the Oregon shore [illegible] work of this sort are necessary to protect the Oregon side of the river [illegible] island, and thence down to [illegible] bank is solid rock. Somewhere along there would have been the proper place [illegible] dock, by the way [illegible] territory shore [illegible] abreast of Kalama [illegible] to the Oregon shore and [illegible] Walker's island.

To my idea the enormous [illegible] quest to the Northern Pacific visitors [illegible] that can be used to [illegible] advantage [illegible] showing [illegible] past a [illegible] years [illegible] more individual wealth than either New York, Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore [illegible] the approaches to this city [illegible] hydraulic pipe in Boise basin, Florence, Idaho City and [illegible] mountain [illegible] carried seaward. We should have [illegible] we have not the grandest and most [illegible] river in America to carry the [illegible] and eastern Oregon to the far-off ocean. [illegible] California hydraulic mining has not [illegible] impeded navigation [illegible] nearly [illegible] agriculture as well. [illegible] in Oregon [illegible] the [illegible] of Lewis river [illegible] Mount St. Helens [illegible] Right at that point the river [illegible] current slack. So [illegible] deposit sand and form a bar. It must be [illegible] and the sooner the better.

And while we have under discussion the [illegible] of the railroad [illegible] let us speak of matters pertaining to [illegible] in which every [illegible] minded and honest man [illegible] Portland [illegible] interested. It is concerning extortions. I hope every [illegible] will consider it his bounden duty [illegible] [illegible] guests [illegible] extravagant [illegible] rates for [illegible] they [illegible] Villard's guests [illegible] are entitled to [illegible] people [illegible] way [illegible] accommodation or attendance [illegible] charge [illegible] our own people [illegible] Leave this to say of [illegible] in advance of [illegible] we are [illegible] an enlightened people, but that we are also lib-

eral and honorable, willing to live up to the golden rule, and believers in the homely maxim that sixteen ounces to the pound wrongs no man.

And speaking of the Northern Pacific road, it is to be fondly hoped and fervently prayed that Jay Gould's attempt to smash the credit of Villard in the New York market will be unsuccessful. Villard's ingenuity has been wonderful, and he deserves credit for it. Not quite three years ago he took hold of the Northern Pacific enterprise, and, had he merely bided his time to build it on its merits, might have finished it in five years. But he could not afford to wait that long—life is too short. Knowing what a name Oregon had gained in the New York market, he resolved upon a new scheme—the organization of a new company to control the Northern Pacific, the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and both the parallel lines of the Oregon and California road. And with the money derived from the sale of Transcontinental stock he has built the Northern Pacific to within twenty-eight miles of its final completion.

To see that work stop now, just as our citizens are making preparations to receive the visitors by the first train that is to cross that road, would be to witness a lockjaw in the prosperity of our entire state. Jay Gould is said to be at the bottom of the movement, with Sidney Dillon, Russell Sage and Foster Dewey behind him; and if such be the case, Portland will be a very good place for those gentlemen to stay away from hereafter. Oregon has long suffered from isolation and suffered more than any other state in the union. She has seen other states of less natural wealth increase in population and capital while she sat like a dumb mendicant at the gate of absent opportunity. Hence she feels grateful to Villard for breaking that isolation. Some people will say, "Villard has done a good deal for Oregon, but he has also done a great deal for Villard." If he has, all right. Men who render unusual services should have unusual pay for those services. He is welcome to all he got, for none of it came out of my pocket. And now to see these deep-laid plans to wreck him in the very moment of the most signal victory of the century, makes one feel like reviving Denis Kearney's cry of "Help!" Old Commodore Vanderbilt one day saw Fisk and Gould riding together in a carriage. Turning to a friend who accompanied him, he said: "You see those two men—well, the fat man will be shot and the little black fellow will be hanged." The first part of old Cornelius' prophecy came true inside of sixty days, but the second is not yet fulfilled.

The cares of office have begun to tell upon my old friend John F. Caples, who has fulfilled the duties of prosecuting attorney for this district for the past five years without a day's interruption. He left here last night on the steamer for a month's recreation at Santa Cruz and Monterey, where I trust he may find the lost jewel of health hidden in the tall redwoods along the Zayante or in the refreshing shades of Cypress Point, scenes that were familiar to me in my boyhood. Caples will be away from home when the last spike is laid, more's the pity; but we must console ourselves with the reflection that our loss is his gain, in this case at least. May the cool breezes of Monterey bay give new pulsation to his heart, and may the spirit of Father Junipero send down his benisons upon our Webfoot Lycurgus as he loiters in the ruined cloisters of the Carmel Mission.

From the secretary of the board of trade I learn that over fourteen thousand dollars have already been guaranteed for the railroad celebration of next month, and that men are literally collaring and elbowing Donald (meaning Mr. Macleay, of course) on the streets, and compelling him to take their money for defraying the expenses of the jubilee. Remember, you that are able to give, that this is your best way to advertise Portland as a business point and a city with a future. From all present indications the pool will not fall far short of $25,000 by the time that all the collection lists are called in and checked up. Let every branch of local industry be represented in the procession which celebrates and commemorates the greatest event in our history as a progressive and industrious people.

To show how universal is the sympathy felt in all circles, with this great and all-absorbing event, I will mention that old Andy (I never heard his other name) who acts as janitor of one theatre, came up to Mr. Macleay the other day and asked that the colored residents of Portland be assigned a place in the procession, and tendered a $5 gold piece as his portion of the fund for defraying the expenses of the jubilee. This is not the first time "the colored troops fought nobly," and I commend the patriotic example of this aged colored man, who gave from his scanty store, to some of our more wealthy, but less liberal, citizens.

The average Mexican names are great stumbling-blocks to American orthography, especially the male name of "Procopio." The San Francisco Post talks about a train at Tres Pinos running over a man, whose name was "Povolope" Labrina, and killing him as dead as old Santa Anna himself. And when Procopio [illegible], the noted highwayman, was killed by the sheriff of San Bernardino county, the Alta gave his name as "Porcupine" [illegible]. We could not wonder at the California papers making bad work of spelling our Indian names of places in Oregon and the northwestern territories, but we do wonder when they evince such ignorance or carelessness in spelling proper names within their own state, which was originally a Spanish colony.

The aesthetic craze has invaded Puget Sound, to such an extent that a discussion has arisen as to who brought the first piano forte into the present territory of Washington. At the last accounts the vote stood in favor of Vancouver. If these music cranks would take a back seat and let the newspapers have space enough to institute inquiries as to who brought the first McCormick's reaper into the great grain garden lying east of the Umatilla river, or the first circular saw into the vast lumbering regions along Puget Sound, it would be more creditable to the newspapers and the country in general. Italy's chief export to the United States consists of organs run by cranks, and if the Puget Sound papers don't give up this silly piano discussion I shall feel tempted to include them in the same category.

America can no longer hold Freddie now that Mrs. Langtry is gone. He has announced that he will leave for England next week, taking Eole with him to run in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire handicaps, the first of which will be run in September, and the other about the 15th of October. Eole is a good horse under weight, but requires so much work that the eight days' rest on board a steamer crossing the Atlantic will throw him so that it will be impossible to get him in order for even the Cambridgeshire. But I sincerely hope Mr. Gebhardt will find congenial society in England, and stay there. He is not enough of an American in character to feel at home in this country.

The people of Eureka county, Nev., are considerably agitated over the defalcation and flight of one of their county commissioners, who rejoices in the euphonious cognomen of Trolatter. He had been playing into the hands of a ring of scrip-brokers and treasury plunderers in that town, till the tax-payers became so exasperated over it that he was compelled to leave town between two days to avoid being lynched. The county assessor accompanied Trolatter beyond the county line and paid him $1,200 with which he will probably make the best of his way to Oregon or Washington territory. Look out for him.

GRIZZLY.

Governor Foster says he does not see what any man wants to be vice president for. As for him, he is not a candidate for an office which he regards as a "short cut to oblivion."

Dyspepsia, [illegible] and [illegible] in curing people [illegible] impoverished blood, general debility [illegible] many chronic diseases pronounced incurable are cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment at same time, and it makes the skin white, soft and smooth. It contains no poisonous drugs. $1, at druggists.

ages that are multiples of five is also large by comparison, and there are more people whose ages appear as even numbers than odd.

Ask your druggist for a free Trial Bottle Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption.

The above is from a very reliable farmer whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures. W. T. BISHOP & CO.

the republican policy, they will render that party impotent to execute it.

Ayer's Pills cure headache by removing obstructions from the system, relieving the stomach and giving healthy action to the digestive apparatus.

London Times.

Thousands of women have been restored to perfect health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

ware, Table Cutlery, etc.
AT
E. R. MILLER'S, 120 First Street.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19 1883.

GATH'S NEW [illegible] STORY.

HOW PLYMOUTH ROCK WAS FOUND AND WHO FOUND IT.

Amusing Account of the Pilgrimages of Our First Fathers in and About Cape Cod.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., July, 1883.—No place in the world of so little consequence in itself has been so much talked about as Plymouth. A friend of mine who kept a summer cottage here for some time and recently moved away, told me that Plymouth was now becoming a disagreeable manufacturing village.

The Indian name of the place was Patuxet.

To this spot came the Mayflower vessel of 180 tons, her captain named Jones. She was about sixty-five days crossing the Atlantic, and she landed near by on the 9th of November, with 101 settlers, twenty-eight were women, forty-two were children and servants.

These people had designed to settle on the Hudson river. They claimed that their captain was bribed by the Dutch governor to put them outside of both New Netherlands and Virginia. They did not land at Plymouth first, but on

CAPE COD,

And there they sent Captain Miles Standish ashore to get wood and to reconnoiter, and began to mend their ship, so that she could take them around the coast. The important thing that they did was to draw up a form of government for themselves, considering that they were under no old or recognized government, in that strange place. It began in these words: "In the name of God, amen: We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign, Lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain France and Ireland, king defender of the faith, etc." Each man then signed for himself and all in his family. John Carver and Stephen Hopkins each had eight in the family. Hopkins' name is appended through a descendant on the Declaration of Independence. Other names we notice in this list are Bradford, Winslow, Brewster, Allerton, Alden Fuller, Martin, Mullens, Warren, Eaton, Chilton, Crayston, Goodman, Priest, Williams, Mason, Brown, Butteridge, Soule, Tilly, Cook, Tinker, Ridgedale, Clark Gardener, Rogers, English, Doty and Leister. These are all the names of the Plymouth settlers, and whoever claims to be descended from them can take his choice. A child named Peregrine White was born in Cape Cod harbor. It has been claimed that the covenant of government formed at Plymouth became the basis of the American system of government. The Pilgrims starting out to explore the sandy country, found an old iron ship's kettle which the Indians had been using to boil corn in. They forthwith took the kettle and dug up a lot of corn buried near by.

BEGINNING OF PATENTS,

Mr. William Bradford, finding a sapling bent to the earth and some acorns strewn underneath, concluded it was some kind of a patent and going up to it, was jerked off his legs. It was an Indian deer trap. The ship's small boat got ready, and thirty-four men started in her to explore the shores. The first place they named they called

COLD HARBOR,

a word well remembered by the soldiers of the peninsula, who used to wonder what queer chaps the Virginians were to call any place there Cold Harbor. The probability is that some emigrating Yankee, up in the history of Plymouth, called the spot Cold Harbor, after the first place the Yankees named. The next thing the Pilgrims did was to shoot two geese and six ducks and eat them. They perhaps fell in love with the country when they put their teeth into a canvass-back. They kept on using Indian corn hidden Indian wheat, and a bag of beans which they found. They had a mind to settle on Cape Cod, because it was good corn ground and had whales near by; but it was not a good place for vessels to land.

THE FIRST SMALL BOY.

While they were deliberating on this subject a young cub by the name of Francis Billington concluded to celebrate the Fourth of July, and he got some gun powder and made squibs and set them off, and finding his father's gun loaded, he shot it right off in the cabin, and there was half a barrel of gun powder and a lot of people sitting around the floor. The exclamations of Francis Billington, as he was turned over his father's knee, are said to have been dreadful, and produced the first excitement around Plymouth Rock. For some time the Pilgrims had an easy thing of it. The Indians would catch fish, and, seeing the Pilgrims approach would run away, whereupon the Pilgrims would eat the fish and squeeze the oil out of it with commercial propensities. Continuing their search along the coast the strangers were shot at with arrows, some of which had brass heads. During this Indian fight, where nobody was killed, William White's wife, as has been represented, concluded to bring forth a son, probably under the excitement of the battle. Mrs. White's husband died in a few months, and she then married Edward Winslow afterward governor, and she, therefore, not only brought fourth the first child in Yankee land, but had the first wedding. Peregrine White, the child, died in 1704, at the age of 83. Another life as long as his would have extended to the American revolution. These pilgrims had all the literary instincts of Boston, and wherever anything happened they named the place. They called the place of this first fight "First Encounter."

Eighteen of the pilgrims started out on the 8th of December to find a harbor somewhere, and in the midst of a big storm, when their masts and sails had fallen around their heads, they struck Plymouth. While one of these men was out discovering Plymouth Mr. Bradford's wife

FELL OVERBOARD

From the Mayflower and was drowned. It was on Monday, the 11th of December, when this little band sailed into Plymouth bay, and they came to a pretty running brook and some springs, and found some deserted corn fields. There was a stone down near the water, on which they stepped, and hence the words Plymouth Rock. It is pretty hard to tell the exact date of the settlement of Plymouth on account of the pope. The pope, with malice aforethought, lifted ten days out of the year to make his calendar conform to facts. The pope, infallible as he was, had been going on the supposition that a year was six hours more than 365 days, whereas he was about a minute and a quarter out of reckoning, and this minute and a quarter in course of time amounted to ten days. So nobody but a calculator can tell just when the Pilgrims landed.

DATES MIXED.

I have hitherto proceeded on the supposition that they landed on the 11th of December O. S., but now I find it was the 21st of December. I am entirely unaware how to reckon Christmas, whether it was four days after this finding of Plymouth or fourteen days. The people, uncertain about Christmas, must have had a hard time with the small boys, and I suspect it was for this reason that young Francis Billington shot off his father's gun, suspecting it was the Fourth of July and not Christmas at all. It seems to me that as the boys have taken possession of the house everywhere in this country, and will presently have all the money, that a proper subject for a statue is Francis Billington, with a squib in one hand and his father's gun in another, trying to blow up the Mayflower. The Mayflower lifted her anchor and sailed to Plymouth Rock. Four of the passengers had died at Cape Cod on account of the cold, pneumonia weather. Without any regular precision the Pilgrims went ashore in little parties and picked out a piece of high ground, already cleared, for their settlement. There was a high hill close by for a watch-tower. Somewhere near Christmas day, whenever it was, they began to cut down trees, and they built a sort of warehouse twenty feet square. Some of them had the scurvy, all were cold, but none were allowed to be idle, and they made thatch to cover this house, probably out of brush or grass. Then they built a platform on the hill to put their cannon on and divided up the lots. It seems to have been on the last day of the year 1620 that they named their place New Plymouth, it being Sunday, and they recollected that they had last worshipped in Plymouth, England.

PLYMOUTH TOWN

In course of time became a street along the river. The celebrated Plymouth rock is a little piece of stone inside a railing down by the water's edge. Down past the village ran a considerable stream, with ponds in it, which have been adopted for forges and factories, and it empties into the ocean about fifty rods from Plymouth rock. The street they settled upon is called Leyden street, after the town in Holland where most of them lived. Their members were so few that it is pathetic to read that when they buried their dead they sowed grass to conceal the extent of their loss. There they were surrounded by unknown numbers of unknown men, whose arrows they had already handled. They were a pretty

LONG LIVED RACE

Notwithstanding preliminary complaints. In 1745 died a man 99 years old, who had been intimately acquainted with the first settlers of Plymouth. Perhaps the most singular fact about these Puritans was the immediate and intense affection they took for their new home in the wilderness. None of them wanted to go back to England or to go to any better place. They seemed to have felt that wherever they stopped was a place of importance and they proceeded to marry, to build and to sow, as if they knew that they were the founders of a civilization to last forever. There was nothing Bohemian or fugitive about these people. To this day the descendants of the Puritans are the most loyal Americans, and wherever they go they take root as at Plymouth and their native Massachusetts with almost superstitious fondness. Francis Billington, whether the boy that set off the fire-cracker or his father, is not clear, climbed a tree on the 1st of January, uncertain whether it was New Year's or not, saw water inland. This water was found to be considerable lakes, one of them sixty miles around. The wolves came very close to the settlement and the Indians got down in the swamps and proceeded systematically to curse the strangers with an incantation.

FRANCIS BILLINGTON

Was around again, it seems, for on the 14th of January the warehouse thatch took fire and it was burned down. One old Puritan chap concluded to walk into the woods with a little Spaniel, and the wolves came after the Spaniel and the old man fought them off with a stick, whereupon the wolves sat on their tails and grinned and snarled, but he got off. Miles Standish lost his wife in less than a month. She being out of his way they elected him captain. Seventeen of these poor settlers died in that month of January, and those who were sick had hardly any friends or medicines, and there were scarcely enough people even to wait on the sick, not above half a dozen being in medium health. Yet it is recorded that, as the weather grew along to March the sick people would sit at their windows and hear the strange American birds singing in the woods, and they were delighted. About the middle of March an Indian, the first who would have anything to do with them, walked right into town and said, "Welcome, Englishmen." He was a chap from Maine, and perhaps wanted to sell them ice, and his name was

SAMOSET.

And he had picked some English from fishing vessels along the Maine coast. His courtesy seemed to open a new link between the pilgrims and the savage race. The English not only gave him something to eat, but something to drink. The prohibitory law had not been thought of in those convivial times. The next day the Indian went away, and the settlers gave him a knife, a bracelet and a ring, and told him to come back and bring some more, that there was rum left, and he not stand off. The shrewd settlers however, accompanied this invitation with a request to bring some beaver skins. So the following Sunday old Samoset came back with five Indians, all dressed in deer skins and with painted faces. They left their bows and arrows at a distance, danced and sang for the settlers, and they immediately baked a hoe-cake, calling it so, and therefore the idea that hoe-cake is a cake cooked on a hoe is absurd. The probabilities are that this cake being eaten very hot, the Indian with his mouth full cries "Ho." These Indians had tobacco, too. It would appear that Samoset got drunk, for he did not go away for two or three days, and when he went the English gave him some clothes to wear and a longer tailed shirt. In course of time, say about the 2d of April, the Indians brought their big chief, Massasoit, in at the head of sixty men. The interpreter on this occasion was an Indian named Squanto, who had been violently treated by a white freebooter named Hunt, and carried off captive. A great pow-wow was held in an unfinished house, and a drum was beaten and the trumpet blown, for want of something else to do. The sagacious Indian at once asked for drink. The Indian was very much surprised after he took this drink to see how it made him sweat. Immediately the settlers went into treaty-making with Massasoit. They did everything to call him to some rule, and could hardly take their breeches off without passing a resolution.

MASSASOIT,

Who owned the land, gave the English what they wanted. Miles Standish slipped off and smoked some of this new tobacco so that his breath stunk, and he was detected by the watchful brethren and was the subject of a resolution. Really one-half of these people died during that first winter in the New World, and the Mayflower sailed away on the 5th of April, four or five months after she arrived, and reached England in the quick passage of thirty-one days; yet not one of these settlers expressed a desire to go back in her but were all true to the common pledge they made in Leyden, Holland. They were a stern set, and having found that one of the settlers named John Billington was disobedient, they tried him and tied his neck and heels together and did not let him off till he begged like a dog. That spring the pilgrims planted twenty acres of Indian corn, the first planted in all New England, and it grew magnificently, unfolding its long green leaves and silken tassels to the ocean breeze, while the English corn they planted did not grow at all. The new world was already seen to have its own characteristics and to take quickly to foreign substances. Old Governor Carver died in April, being taken sick in the field, perhaps with a little fever and ague. He was a man of fair substance in England, and had voluntarily gone with these Pilgrims both to Holland and America. He must have been a good man, for his wife only survived him six weeks, really dying of mental misery. Carver has left a very large posterity, and one of his grandsons lived to be

ONE HUNDRED AND TWO YEARS OLD,

And it is said that this grandson, with his son, grandson and great-grandson, were all seen working in the field together, while an infant of the fifth generation was in a neighboring house. To this I may add that Mr. David H. Hildreth told me some time ago that his son once had eleven grandparents living. I cannot quite get this through my head, but it must be so. For instance, he might have had both grandfathers and both grandmothers alive, which would be four. If their parents were also all alive that would make eight more.

The first public trial was of two duelists, the servants of Stephen Hopkins, who had fought with a sword and dagger. The pilgrims made short work of these bullies, who were not of their company proper. They tied their heads and feet together for twenty-four hours with nothing to eat. They stopped dueling right away, as there were no newspapers in those days to fan the vanity of bullies of that kind. In the middle of summer some of the settlers went off forty miles with presents to see Massasoit. The Indians must have lived well, for they immediately fed them with

SHAD ROE

Boiled with acorns. From that day to this nothing has been found more delightful to the taste than shad roe. The sensible Indian observed to the settlers that the crows ate their corn, and thought the English guns might drive them off, so the English shot eighty crows in no time. Then the Indians took them out to catch bass in the stream. The Indians also gave them oysters to eat and tobacco to smoke. On the whole they lived pretty well in those days. About a year after they came in another vessel, called the Fortune, of only fifty-five tons burden arrived at Cape Cod with thirty-five more passengers, and I will give these names that anxious people in the interior of the country may identify themselves with the pilgrims: Cushman, Hilton, Conner, John Adams, Tench Cannon, Wright, Hicks, Prince, Eaton, Simmons, Delanoy, probably the ancestor of Governor Hoyt; Bompass, afterward called Bumpass and then called Bump, Briggs, Stewart, Pitts, Palmer, Morgan (no doubt the ancestor of the guerrilla), Flayville, Stacy, Beale, Nicholas, Hamilton, Morton, and Ford. The industrious pilgrims loaded this vessel up with furs, clapboards and sassafras, valued at $500, and sent her back, but the French captured her. The Narragansett Indians sent in a bundle of arrows, tied together with a snake skin, as a challenge for battle. Old Bradford told the sachem, Canonicus, that if they loved war they might begin it, and he sent the snake skin back, stuffed with bullets and gunpowder. Thereupon Plymouth was surrounded with palisades. In a year and a half there were 100 persons in the colony and sixty acres of corn growing and gardens full of vegetables.

I need not continue this description. Many other interesting things happened—wars, courts, explorations, even domestic scandals, for human nature was exactly the same around Plymouth as we find to-day. GATH.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A Basket of Chips Hewn from Other Blockheads.

THE PRODUCT OF THE SCISSORS.

The Humor of the Period Collected from Contemporaries all Over this Comedy-Loving Continent.

RECOVERING A LOST WAGON

In the village of W—— lived a man who had once been judge of the county, and was known all over it by the name of Judge L. He kept a store and sawmill, and was always sure to have the best of a bargain on his side, by which means he had gained an ample competency, and some did not hesitate to call him the "biggest rascal in the world." He was very conceited withal, and used to delight to brag of his business capacity whenever any one was near to listen. One rainy day, as quite a number were seated around the stove in the store, he began, as usual, to tell his great bargains, and at last wound up with the expression, "Nobody ever cheated me, nor they can't neither."

"Judge," said an old man of the company, "I've cheated you more'n you ever did me."

"How so?" asked the judge.

"If you'll promise you won't go to law about it nor do nothing, I'll tell you, or else I won't; you are too much of a law character for me."

"Let's hear! let's hear!" cried half a dozen voices.

"I'll promise," said the judge, "and treat in the bargain."

"Well, do you remember that wagon you robbed me out of."

"I never robbed you out of any wagon," exclaimed the judge; "I only got the best of the bargain."

"Well, I made up my mind to have it back, and——"

"You never did," interrupted the irate judge.

"Well, you see one day I sold you a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well that log I stole off your pile, down by your mill, the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next night I drew it back home, and sold it to you the next day, and so I kept on until you had bought your own log of me twenty-seven times."

"This is false!" exclaimed the infuriated judge, running to his books and examining his log accounts; "you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."

"I know it," said the vender of logs; "by drawing it back and forth the ends wore off until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen shorter than it was the first time I brought it—and when it got so short I drew it home again and worked it into shingles, and then I concluded I had got my wagon back and stowed away in my pocketbook."

The exclamation of the judge was drowned in the shouts of the bystanders, and the log-drawer found the door without the promised treat. And to see a man mad you have only to ask the judge if he ever was robbed.

THE EASY-LYING MAN.

The proprietor of a down-town restaurant, who is celebrated for his dry wit, a few days ago heard one of his patrons complaining rather noisily of the food that was set before him. As he passed the table at which the fault-finder sat the urbane host turned and said: "I always respect a man who, having an opinion, is not afraid to proclaim it to the whole world; I have a large amount of respect for you, sir."

"Wish I could say as much for you," retorted the growler.

"You could," was the cool answer, "if you only lied as easily as I do."—*Harper's Bazar.*

TAKING THE WORDS OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

"Is the art critic in?" inquired a gentleman clothed in neglected hair and shabby frock coat.

The stranger was shown to the picture detractor, and with fear and trembling, unfolded to view a couple of paintings.

"Here," he said, "are two bits that I have just thrown off, and I want you to tell me candidly what you think they are worth."

"Well," replied the art critic, without giving the pictures a second glance, "I think they are worth just what you say they are."

"Just what I say they are?"

"Yes, two bits."—*Boston Transcript.*

A CONEY ISLAND INCIDENT.

Personally, the most amusing thing which I enjoyed at the seashore didn't cost me a cent. There was a crowd along the beach. The German mother of five children lost their father in a jam, and for an hour rushed to and fro in search of him. Then she sat down to rest, and the three larger children deployed within sight.

"Mother, come here!" cried one excitedly.

The youngster pointed to a sonorous indentation in the sand. It had been made by pressure, not by scooping. The woman eyed it critically.

"Yaw!" she presently remarked, "your fadder made dot py sitting himself down. I know dot!"—*New York World.*

"BOY TALKA LIE."

A gentleman dropped into a celestial laundry yesterday and was greeted by the proprietor in the following style:

"What day you talka dis day?"

"Why, to-day is the Fourth of July," replied the customer. The knight of the tub, with an injured expression, closed the conversation by saying:

"Oh boy talka lie—boy talka me dis day Clissmas; obby man eata turk."

A CREATURE OF HABIT

The New York *Sun* says that a guest in a down-town restaurant, the other night, after he had finished his meal and wiped his lips, stood up and turned off the gas.

"What did you do that for?" asked a waiter. The guest for a moment stood aghast.

"Well, you see," he said finally, "I generally get home late at night, and my wife always leaves some meat and bread on the parlor table for me. When I have eaten my supper I put the light out and go to bed. I forgot where I was just now. After all, what am I but a mere creature of habit?"

A SCHEME TO MAKE WOMEN BRAVE.

"Father," observed Melancthon Marrowfat to the old gentleman one evening, after his mother had gone out of the room, "I've been reading a good deal about panics lately and it seems to me that many of them might be avoided."

"There's millions in it if you can tell how, my boy," said Mr. M., shaking his head as if the problem were utterly incapable of solution.

"All it needs is," continued Melancthon, "for women to be brave."

"But they ain't brave," remarked his father firmly, "and how are you going to make them so?"

"Easy enough," returned the ingenious lad. "Give them mice for pets when they are children."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE QUIET MAN IN THE CORNER.

All hands had been telling long stories of what they had done and would do in the event of a smash-up on the road, with the exception of one little man, who had listened attentively to the narratives, and taken them all in without a word.

"Ever been in an accident?" asked the patriarch of the party, noticing the little man's silence.

"No," replied the little man quietly.

"Then you have no idea of what you would do in the fracas?" continued the patriarch.

"No I don't," replied the little man, sadly, "with all you big heroes blocking up the doors and windows in your hurry to get out, I don't know exactly what show a man of my size would have."

And then there was a deep silence—so deep you might have heard a cough drop, and the little man was troubled no more about the possibility of accidents.

THE WHIM OF A WHITTLER.

A wealthy German who owns a majority of the stock of a leading western railroad has a habit of whittling whenever he is talking business with anyone, and is so addicted to the practice that he usually carries with him a stick about a foot long, which he hands out and hacks wherever he may be. Not long ago, while traveling on the road in which he is interested, he became earnestly engaged in conversation with an acquaintance. Suddenly he drew out a formidable jack-knife and gazed absently around the car, apparently seeking something. Finally his glance fell on the elegant moulding around the window near him, and, prying off a strip, he gave a grunt of satisfaction and began whittling vigorously. Presently the conductor came through, and seeing the floor covered with slivers, exclaimed:

"What do you mean, sir, by cutting up the car in that manner?"

The German millionaire quietly looked up and said:

"Tond: you know who I vas?"

"No, sir!" excitedly replied the conductor, "and what's more, I don't care a cuss. But I want you to understand that you can't destroy property that is placed in my charge. I never saw such audacity in my life."

"Vell, you dake dis," handing out his card, "und you gif idt to der superintendent, und dell him dot I vas der veller vat chewed oup dis car. I guess I can shplit und cut mine own broberty, ain't it?"

When the conductor saw the name he at once recognized the owner, and was about to apologize, when he was interrupted with:

"Dot vash all righdt. You didn't know some potter, so I'll oxcuse you." And he continued whittling until he arrived at his destination.

SHINGLING WOMEN'S HAIR.

"Oh, no, it ain't the dudes that have their bangs shingled," said a Philadelphia barber to a *Record* reporter. "Some dudes wear bangs, I know, but they don't have 'em shingled; and all the shingled customers I have are ladies, who ain't able to shingle their own heads.

"What's shingling? Well, it is just taking the hair from the middle of the head and letting it fall over in front and then cutting it so that it looks like a shingled roof, that is, in layers, each one a little shorter than the one in front of it, so that when the job's finished the lady's bang is nice and fluffy, and looks as if it was bubbling up from the top of her head and running down to her forehead in little ripples. Oh, it's most becoming I tell you, and I do a big business in shingling."

"Do the ladies come here or do you go to them?" asked the scribe. "Well, most of them get me to come to their houses, but I have some customers who don't seem to mind coming to the shop and going through the operation seated on a chair with a towel around their shoulders, though there may be three or four gentlemen getting shaved at the same time."

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

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CHINESE "FUTURES."

There is no such speculation in China as buying and selling futures. Two or three years ago the chief official of a province heard how Americans raked in showers of golden ducats in this manner, and he used the funds of the government to speculate on the outcome of the opium yield. He sold short and was busted all to shingles, and soon found himself in the presence of the chief whangdoodle of the flowery kingdom.

"Where them cash?" was demanded in a voice of thunder and lightning.

"Slid out," was the reply, in tones which betrayed a desire to go off on a blackberry excursion as soon as possible.

"How for you are a defaulter; get ready to see the angels!"

And he was taken out and his paper collar torn off without regard to his ears, and a Chinese Sullivan walked up to him and spit on his hands and clutched a sharp sword and whacked his head off as slick as molasses running down the outside of a jug. Since that little episode no Chinaman wants any "future" in his. If he knew that the country was certain to raise 500,000,000 bushels of turnips he wouldn't dare sell for November delivery at $10 per bushel.—*Wall Street News.*

A CHILL IN WHITE HOUSE FRIENDSHIP.

A good story was told me yesterday of a recent visit by Tom Murphy to Washington, which shows that Col. George Bliss isn't the only person who has the ear of the president. Fred Phillips was taken from a clerk's desk and made private secretary to the collector when Murphy ruled the roost here. He was retained by General Arthur, and upon the latter stepping into the white house Fred was made his private secretary. Murphy was in Washington last week, and, calling at the executive mansion, desired to see the president.

"Will you please send up your card, sir?" asked Phillips.

"I came here to see the president, and I'm not in the habit of sending cards. Phillips, tell Arthur Tom Murphy wants to see him. Do you understand?" was the emphatic rejoinder. Phillips obeyed instantly, and in less than three minutes time by the watch Murphy was told: "The president desires you to step up stairs at once."

So you see Murphy has still a big pull with Arthur.—*National Republican.*

THE STATE OF SOCIETY IN ARKANSAS.

A traveler on horseback, attracted by a large number of children huddled around the door of an Arkansas cabin, stopped and asked of a woman who suddenly appeared:

"Is this a school-house?"

"Did you take it for [illegible]?"

"Yes, considering the number of children."

"Well, I reckon you're a right to your opinion."

"But is it a school?"

"No, it ain't."

"Are all those children yours?"

"I reckin they air. 'Pears to me that way, anyhow."

"How do you make a living for all of them?"

"I don't. I turns 'em out an' lets 'em scratch."

"Where's your husband?"

"In town."

"In business there?"

"Yes, I reckin."

"How long has it been since you saw him?"

"About a year."

"Why doesn't he come to see you?"

"Well, you see, them deputy martials came along one day an' seen him bilin' some corn in a kettle, an' 'lowed he was makin' whisky, so they took him along. Look out there."

The stranger dodged, but not quite soon enough. A boy fell from a tree under which the stranger had stopped, and struck him on the shoulder.

"I didn't know you was there," said the traveler, regarding with astonishment the youngster, who arose to his feet and began to throw dust at the horse.

"I don't reckin you did," the woman replied, "but lemme tell you; the woods is full of 'em, an' they're liable to drap on you at any minit, an' as it ain't safe to stay in the timber, you'd better take the big road an' mosey. Good day. You Ike, put that lizzard down. Eph, that ar' tarrapin 'll bite you if you put your finger in his mouth. Drap that scorpion, John, an' blow Tommy's nose."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A MEAN TRICK.

A man who probably hailed from Buffalo played a powerful mean trick on a Detroit bridal couple at Niagara Falls the other evening. They went to a hotel and registered, had supper, and then started out for a night view of the Mighty Roarer. They had not gone far when a man called to them and said:

"Have you just been married?"

"We have," answered the groom.

"Going to stay here a day or two?"

"Yes."

"Having registered at my hotel, you probably intend remaining there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want to say a word to you. I don't want any ducky-deary nonsense around my house. I want no popsy-wopsy business on the veranda. I want no squeezing hands on the balconies, or feeding each other at the table."

The groom let his arm fall from the bride's waist in a slow and painful manner, and the stranger continued:

"The first time you call her peaches and cream, and she calls you her darling, out you go!"

"Y-yes sir."

"She's no sweeter than 10,000 other girls, and you're no more of a darling than I am, and I won't stand love-sick nonsense."

He walked away with that, and people at the falls who knew the bridal couple, were amazed to hear them address each other as Mr. and Mrs. and to see what precautions they took to prevent touching hands or betraying any symptoms of love. They [illegible] in two or three days and it was only as they were upon the point of leaving that they discovered how a base villain had duped them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BRIEF [illegible].

"When I first came to Cleveland," remarked a liver-tongued member of the Cuyahoga bar, a child of the land of Burke and O'Connell, blowing the froth from a glass of beer and setting it down on the bar to settle, "when I first came to Cleveland I was fresh from teaching school, and by no manner of means the wide awake lawyer I am at present.

"Wan day Jim Corrigan, a sailor, rushes into me office and said he had been sued fer $2 50 by Charlie Hutchinson, keeper o' the St. Charles boarding house. 'I want yez to defind me,' sez he. 'Do yez owe the claim?' sais I. 'Av coirse I does be owin' it,' sais he. 'Thin go pay it,' sais I. 'Pay him is it?' sais Corrigan; 'Bad luck to him. I'd spind twinty dollars before I'd pay that bill.' 'Mr. Corrigan,' sais I, 'there's no use in litigation; yez owe the bill an' he'll have you in the end.'

"So he went over to Bob Johnson and stated the case till him. 'Do you owe the money?' sais Bob. 'Faix I do,' sais Corrigan, 'but divil the color of my money will Hutchinson see. I'll spind twinty dollars to bate him.' 'Give me the money,' says Johnson. 'Kin you bate him in the law case?' asked Jim. 'As aisy as breaking sticks,' returned Johnson. 'Give me thim twinty dollars.'

"Wid that Corrigan counted out the money and lift, promisin' to be around the next day at 9 o'clock to attind the case. As soon as ever he was out of the [illegible] Johnson went down to Hutchinson's and paid the claim; then he went up to Kolb's and paid the costs, which amounted to $2, and put the $15 50 in his pocket. The next day Corrigan kem around and together they went over to Kolb's. By that time an exception of the other side was raised, and Johnson had the case called and dismissed, and Corrigan went home puffed up with pride over his success.

"Since that time," continued the smiling barrister, after putting the lager where it would do the most good, "I've never advised a defendant to settle the claim."—*Cleveland Herald.*

George Sand and Chopin.

Temple Bar.

How often does it happen in life that a trifling circumstance has an important influence on our destiny. Chopin, one evening ascending the stairs of an aristocratic friend, heard the rustling of a lady's dress behind him, and a perfume of violets overcame him, so that he instinctively felt an attraction which impressed him ominously. He did not turn round, however, but sat quietly in the countess's salon listening to the conversation, and it was not until a great number of people had departed that he went to the piano and before the more intimate friends of the house began improvising. When he had done, the violet perfume overcame him again, but the lady whose dress seemed the source of this all pervading fragrance to him approached him. Although her dark eyes seemed to pierce his very soul. A few minutes later Liszt advanced toward him, that very lady on his arm, whose low yet refined, uttering words pronounced with that deep, warm, sympathetic contralto organ of hers, completely upset the excitable young pianist's brains. I need not say that this was George Sand. He loved her after two of his countrywomen had treacherously jilted him [illegible] in true—whereas her love for him was passionate, wild, uncontrolled, and went the way such outbreaks always go. He loved her without [illegible] protestation to the end of his life, her ardent fire rose up like a column toward heaven, and burnt itself out in no time. She was the woman of whom Alfred de Musset, another of her ephemeral flames, said: "If I no longer believe in tears, it is because I have seen her cry (Si je ne crois plus aux larmes, c'est que je l'ai vue pleurer)."

Chopin was 27 years old when symptoms of consumption appeared so decidedly that a sojourn in Paris was thought impossible, and he went to the isle of Majorca with her—Mme. Amantine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, in literature known as George Sand, who accompanied and nursed him, as only a woman can nurse the object of her affection. Chopin was both attracted and frightened by the superiority of this gifted woman, and avoided at first the [illegible] type which is a rule he abhorred. But George Sand had made up her mind to find her ideal in him, and the slight resistance only increased her determination. [illegible] have no voice in the matter, as very rarely men have. I remember asking an exceedingly elegant young Frenchman, who was celebrated for his numerous *bonnes fortunes*, how it was that he, so fond of the fine golden hair, had had several well-known adventures with raven-haired ladies, and at last married a very dark brown girl. [illegible] he said: ("Because they willed it so.") A man rarely marries the woman he desires, but the woman who wants him to want her. She struggled with Chopin's disease and vanquished it for a time. Is it not very suggestive that women are the stronger sex, that they can do what no man could do, remain with the same perseverance, the same inexhaustible care and unbearable sweetness of temper for weeks or months at the bedside of a patient, be it a child, or the man they love, without showing any fatigue? But if Mme. Sand was a woman and capable of all that sex's supernatural abnegation, she was French too, which excludes constancy but recognizes only one desirable object: *autre chose* (something else). It is not because they want a republic that a French revolution [illegible]; it is not because they want a king that they try to upset the republic. It is because they want—something else. The proof of this is that the moment they have it their hearts [illegible] after what they just left because that in its turn has become the ever-desired—something else. That national fickleness overcame Chopin's friend too, and although its adoration of the "genius who had conquered him from death" never diminished to his dying day, she suddenly found that she had to leave him to his cough and to his muse, and as the French says "*Ce que femme veut, Dieu le veut*," as she had decided so she did. As to himself, he died from it—that is all.

Prayers and Business.

Wall Street News.

He was a meek and humble looking man wearing a stand-up collar and a white tie, and seeming to be always on the point of giving out his text. After clearing his throat and hesitating a while, he suddenly asked:

"If I had a margin up on Wabash, and Wabash should go down, down, down, do you think that faith and prayer would have any effect?"

"My dear sir," replied the man in the white hat, as he came to a standstill in his walk, "if you had a margin up on Wabash at, say, 25 cents, and it was to [illegible] all the faith and prayers you could dump into a hundred-acre lot wouldn't save you from putting up more or being closed out."

"Don't you believe in the value of prayer, sir?"

"Not in a business way on Wabash—not at all. If you are thinking of buying stocks, sir, be ready with your margins, look out for [illegible] backs, watch the [illegible], and hire some cheap man to do all the praying away back in some cheap town. Don't give him over 25 cents per day, and make up your mind at the start that it's money thrown away."

Cattle on the Highway.

A land-owner gives the following reasons why cattle should not run in highways. First—They have no right there. Second—they prevent his setting trees along the line of his land as it will cost too much to build a fence around every tree to protect it. Third—he cannot leave his gate open for a minute for fear some unruly animal will plunge into his garden or fruit orchard. Fourth—In drawing [illegible] he must open and shut gates every time, requiring hindrance and labor. To which he might have added that as street cattle are valuable on account of their skill in [illegible] a living, they will break gates even if they are shut; and the food they eat in gardens is rather costly. Besides they frighten little children on the way to school, and they spatter the foot paths with manure.

Tuscan Brigands.

[illegible] Letter.

An incident of by no means good omen has stirred the community considerably within the past week. A wealthy Italian gentleman, owner of a silk factory between here and [illegible], was visiting a plot of land near his factory with the intent to purchase. The head man of the small village was with him. Suddenly they were surrounded by brigands and carried off to the mountains near by. The same evening the villager was released and sent to bargain for the ransom of M. Corsi, the sum demanded being about $1580. The money will be paid and the gentleman set free, but it does not speak well for the security of the country at large for such an affair to take place so near the capital.

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

What a New York Feuilletonist Says of Histrionics in General.

"THE PASSING SHOW."

Minnie Conway's Divorce From Levy, the Cornet Player—Lillian Russell and Her Troubles With London Managers.

Music and Drama of Aug. 4, 1883.

Since the managers have been foolish enough to close their theaters during this summer, when we have had only half a dozen hot nights, the only thing that remains is for them to reopen as soon as possible.

Harrigan & Hart lead off, next Monday, at the Theatre Comique, with a revised version of the "Mulligan Guard." The play will include a new encampment scene, caricaturing the exploits of the Seventh regiment at Peekskill and will end with the famous ball, which used to shake the little old theater with roars of laughter.

Dave Braham has not composed any new music for the revised play, rightly believing that the old tunes are good enough. Still, I think our local Offenbach might have given us two or three new songs to enliven the picnics and dances which will wind up the summer. But Braham only composes under pressure.

The next novelty, a week later, will be the nihilistic drama, by Oscar Wilde, at the Union Square, with Marie Prescott as the star. I understand that all the officials of the American News Company have bought front seats for the first night.

Oscar is now upon the ocean, coming over to superintend the rehearsals of "Vera." He brings a real Russian cornfield along with him. He also has some peculiar ideas about the other scenery, and is said to object to Tom Knox's samovar as being out of character with the other Russian properties. But I cannot conceive of a Russian play in New York without this tea-kettle on the stage.

At one of the Lotos Club's receptions, a young lady asked another: "Have you seen Col. Knox's Samovar?" "How can you talk so!" was the indignant reply; "I wouldn't have looked at it for worlds!" The Lotos-eaters who overheard this conversation have never ceased to wonder what that young lady supposed a samovar to be!

Talking about "Vera," at a recent party in London, Oscar described it as a tragedy too deep for tears. "Indeed," he continued, "I shall make arrangements to have anybody who weeps audibly at once removed from the theater." "But what if they laugh at it?" asked Adelaide Detchon, innocently.

Miss Detchon is very fond of asking such innocent questions. At a supper after the theatre while she was playing at Wallack's, somebody inquired whether she would prefer champagne or beer. Looking up with her blue eyes made very round like a child's, Miss Detchon said: "I don't know, really. Pray, what is beer?"

A while ago the regular company at the Union Square was announced officially, with Minnie Conway as the leading lady, McKee Rankin as the leading man, and Maud Harrison as the soubrette. Now, it is all unsettled by the same papers.

Last Sunday a paragraph was sent out stating that Alice Dunning Lingard would be the leading lady. Manager Frohman, of the Madison Square, denies this emphatically, and declares that Mrs. Lingard is engaged to him whenever she returns to this country.

I presume that the new phase of Minnie Conway's domestic affairs accounts for the withdrawal of her name from the Square list. The courts have decided that she is not married to your friend Levy, the cornetist. The courts have also granted Mrs. Tearle's divorce from the gallant Osmond. There is now no just cause, or impediment to prevent the speedy marriage of Osmond and Miss Conway, outside of the state of New York.

But Levy, whom I have always suspected of bringing Mrs. Tearle over to punish her husband, has not yet exhausted his resources. He publishes a batch of letters from Minnie Conway which must be awful reading for Osmond Tearle. These letters purport to be written at Paris last July—the very time when Osmond was raving about Minnie in the terrible letter to his wife, which has cost him $100 a week for the rest of his life.

"My darling boy," wrote Miss Conway to Levy, "every one envies me my husband. The more I know you, the more I appreciate God's goodness in bringing us together. A million billion kisses, my darling. I will tell you how much I love you when I see you in London."

It must be a hard heart which does not pity Tearle when he reads over these letters, written only one short year ago. No woman can go much beyond a million billion kisses. After that I hardly think that Mr. Tearle and Miss Conway will ever be united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Neither will the matrimonial project which induced Miss Lillian Russell to accompany little Solomons to London ever be carried into effect. There may be reasons why they ought to marry, but Miss Russell has an American husband, and the English wives of Solomons are cropping up as plentiful as blackberries.

Howe and Hummel have succeeded in procuring an injunction restraining Miss Russell from singing in London in September on account of her Standard engagement here; but this injunction will probably be so modified as to permit her to appear under D'Oyly Carte's management.

Being interviewed upon the subject, Messrs. Brooks and Dickson are reported to have said that "Miss Russell is no longer of any earthly use here;" that she "has killed herself in this country by her escapade with Solomons." This is a very absurd mistake and it shows how little Brooks and Dickson know about this country. Did Mrs. Langtry "kill herself by her escapade" with Freddy? Was she "of no earthly use here after Mrs. Labouchere's exposure?

No; if Lillian Russell can be induced to return and create "The Merry Duchess," at the Standard, all will be forgotten and forgiven by the majority of the public; and the dudes and curiosity mongers will follow her more eagerly than ever.

It is the knowledge of the fact that notoriety is as profitable as celebrity which is one of the saddest characteristics and greatest dangers of the profession. Bernhardt has found her "little accident" no drawback; the most horrible scandals are regarded as clever advertisements, and success, not virtue, is its own reward.

But I have drifted away from the Union Square company, which is sure of a leading lady anyhow, even if Minnie Conway withdraws and Mrs. Lingard be engaged elsewhere, for there is pretty Maud Harrison, who aspires to be something more than a soubrette and another Sarah Jewett the leading business.

Miss Harrison proved in "The Danicheffs" that she can play serious roles admirably. It is said that she wants to go with Edwin Booth and tackle Ophelia and Desdemona, alias same Sarah Jewett; but Shook and Collier can easily arrange that by promising her Jewett's vacant place at the Square.

I intended to tell you, last week, about the struggle between your old friend Louis Engel and the royal family of England; but space forbade.

The gist of the matter is that the Prince of Wales sent the comptroller of his household to request Patti not to sing one of Engel's songs at a concert, and Patti was constrained to comply with this royal request in spite of her friendship for Engel and preference for his song.

What, then, was Engel's offense? Why, he has learned, as you have, the difficulties in the way of telling the exact truth about music and musicians. The Duke of Edinburg is a violinist, and Engel suggested that he knew no more about fiddling than about seamanship. The Prince of Wales has a hobby, called the Royal College of Music, and Engel insisted that this hobby was unnecessary, impracticable and ridiculous. Hence the anger which dwells in the royal minds and which prohibited Patti from singing Engel's song.

But it appears that this is not the first time that Engel, the composer, has been punished for the offences of Engel, the critic. Writing for the London *World*, he has found fault with the Covent Garden operas, and so Gye has been after him with a sharp stick.

Last season Patti requested Mr. Engel to accompany her "Ave Maria" upon the harmonicon, of which he is so acknowledged a master that he has been appointed harmonicon player to the queen. Gye refused to allow Engel's name on the bills, and Patti sang to some other accompanist.

Two years ago, Herr Kuhe put one of Engel's orchestral compositions on the programme of his concert. Gye immediately struck it out, saying that it would be an insult to the Covent Garden orchestra to ask them to play one of Engel's compositions after the manner in which Engel had criticised them.

Three years ago, at a Covent Garden concert, Engel's song, "Farewell," was selected by Sig.

The above is from [illegible] daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. [illegible]

WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED [illegible]

Wholesale Butcher and Packer. [illegible]

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rel to sing, but Gye would not ... ause he said Engle has not ... eater ... Maurel was choked ... since been

... years the Prince of Wales ... dinburgh the whole royal family ... queen who is too ill to count ... taken the field against Engel ... tly retreated to Vienna to ... prepare for her autumn campaign.

... parted Engel let fly a quiver of ... s against [illegible] He says that ... a stubborn clever man — but ... care not to marry a prima ... ughs at Madame Albani whom ... one of the inventions of the ... n invention which did not ... lares that Madame Albani has ... America this year because no ... her an engagement. This is ... r into Gye's Africa, and if Gye ... l letters about Colonel Mapleson ... expect him to surpass himself.

... RIOTS OF 183...

... rkers Amused Themselves by Mobbing Abolitionists — Recollections of Slavery Times

Philadelphia Record

... tions n tice in one of the morning ... ounce s that the fiftieth anniver... York city Anti Slavery Society ... be held in Tabernacle church ... tober next. To the new generation ... this [illegible] slight ... racial ... lavery they only know that it ... more than twenty years ago and ... agine that it once so ... vulsed ... at men of [illegible] and bus... ... proved the threatened destruc... uses of abolitionists and of the ... hich their [illegible] ... upheld ... [illegible] ... Tappan brothers ... advised by ... nd other influential sympathiz... themselves into a society for the ... sting the extradition of fugitive ... but the great riot oc... rs later. The year 1835 was an ... no less than four having caused ... having to be put down by the ... The election riot stone-cutters' ... riot and the broad riot in which ... re sacked and thousands of ... stroyed ...

... abolitionists in New York were ... ve set of men. They opened ... in 1835 by posting an incen... on all the dead walls headed ... Kidnapping" and followed by a ... g a negro driver on a horse, ... thonged whip driving before ... man whose weeping family ... his knees. This was accepted ... of war. Meetings of the aboli... attacked and broken up and ... anized mob proceeded to the ... Arthur and Lewis Tappan in ... d of other abolitionists in other ... them breaking furniture and ... ings. A troop of cavalry tried ... rioters and finally the mayor ... 27th (now the 7th) regiment, ... fused to move until they were ... all cartridges. Demonstrations ... de by the rioters against the ... ng street and the Presbyterian ... ch and Varick streets (both of ... ll standing) and against ... cupied by the Rev Dr ... [illegible] ... church ... parsonage ... street church had been already ... the military charged through ... d spersed it and afterward dis... [illegible] ... Cornelius W Lawrence was ... [illegible] ...

... But there are enough gray ... women hereabouts who remem... contempt the word abolition... d in society when they were a ... al constellation to mate the ... able one. It would have been ... of the semi-centennial meet... ld in the Laight street church ... Cox's battlefield — which still ... ed, but which in an other year ... before the march of improve...

Stirring Times.

Harper's Magazine

... ncident occurred not long since ... wn which was a sort of shut... two armies during the war and ... m federals to confederates so ... scarcely be sure to this day ... are or to whom it belongs. ... de of battle on one occasion ... g a number of other men a ... fficer severely wounded in the ... nto the hands of some kind peo... lly nursed him until he died, ... in the village cemetery. About ... n old woman who was house... leman's house in the neighbor... n stairs fractured her skull, ... buried near the soldier. Here ... tly enough until lately when ... the former concluded to have ... ck to his own home and buried ... n people. The remains were ... ed (as it was supposed) by the ... ead, and duly carried to his ... ore partly from his belonging ... family, and partly because he ... distinguished himself by his ... were met by various military ... tives friends and hundreds of ... ken out to the cemetery and ... ll the honors of war long ... arious orators tons of flowers ... ow of patriotic feeling on the ... de

... r the brother of the defunct ... rmined to move his sister into ... l recently bought in the ceme... ed the body to be exhumed ... ut that the good old soul who ... lived in "stirring times" but ... pped" anything but cream or ... tuan cakes and omelets had ... a hundred miles and more and ... pomp and circumstance as a ... cavalry officer. The brother ... discovery and threatened to ... she was immediately returned ... was [illegible] ... as possible ... was laid to rest as very ... have preferred [illegible] with only ... from those who loved and ... nd the worthy woman who had ... ng as a man of war and who ... her second funeral in spirit ... properly astonished by all that ... was restored to her indig... d for the third time committed

How He Made It

... f and hotel keeping a source ... quired a New Yorker of a ... hom he met in Chicago ... se the hotel has no expenses, ... re was the reply ... me you have made $300,000." ... se I have a saloon attached ... a silver mine attached to the ... r room attached to the mine ... ge at all horse races and ... prize fights. Oh we don't ex... tel to make a dollar. — *Wall*

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING AUGUST [illegible] 1883

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL SONG OF TRIUMPH

San Francisco News Letter

The clouds are clearing fast away
Hope's sunshine bids the vapors fly
As is the Lord's a brighter day
Begins to fill my special sky
A [illegible] the space and lo
I shall receive the crown of life
When from some church I'm free to go
My dear late sister's husband's wife

I've waited for the boon so long —
So long I've raised aloft the Prayer
And held the bigot's shout throng
Fit subject for my harshest [illegible]
But now hey presto, what a change
I am the victor in the strife
And soon about the world may range
My dear late sister's husband's wife

All doubt my festive spirit spurns
Towards certain [illegible]
I do not care a straw for Cairns
And Benson's knocked quite out of time
My blessing on Dalhousie's head
Who lent my bow with legal knife
And let me at the altar stand
My dear late sister's husband's wife

THE RAM ARKANSAS

How she Passed through a Whole Federal Fleet

Perhaps the construction of the ram Arkansas together with her brief but astonishing career furnishes one of the most curious incidents in the history of the confederate navy. The construction of the ram was begun at Memphis but her hull had scarcely been launched when it was found necessary to tow it away to a place offering greater security. One federal fleet had sailed up the Mississippi almost to Vicksburg while another was pounding away at Fort Pillow above Memphis and the skeleton of the Arkansas was towed down the great river and up the Yazoo to be finished. The Yazoo was for some months a safe retreat for a considerable number of vessels, government and private but the Arkansas was the only one which the federal fleet was troubled about.

After the upper federal fleet had captured Memphis and the lower one had reached Vicksburg the confederates began the work of locking up the Yazoo river. It is a very sluggish stream its banks low its bottom a bed of mud and snags, and at that period when the few plantations up as far as Yazoo City were being deserted and all traffic on the river had ceased no locality could have presented a more desolate aspect.

The federals would soon know what was going on up the sluggish stream, and the most active precautions were taken to prevent a visit. Gangs of men were detailed to fell trees and construct rafts at various points little camps of scouts and sharp shooters were established along the banks, and when the work was declared finished it had been so well done that a federal gunboat could not have made her way from the Mississippi to Yazoo City in two weeks time if allowed to pass unmolested.

The Yazoo being narrow the confederates had a great advantage to begin with. There was no rapid current to contend with in placing their rafts and when one was secured in position it could be depended on to remain there. In one spot in the river near its mouth was an almost solid raft half a mile long and so secured that a hundred locomotives could not have pulled it apart. All the rafts were of green timber, thus baffling any attempts to burn them out and the sharp shooters in the woods could easily pick off any men landing from a craft trying to make its way up the river. The Yazoo was securely locked up but the federals consoled themselves with the idea that they held the key. They could blockade its mouth and if they could not go up the confederates could not come down. The Arkansas was powerless as long as she was hidden away up the stream and if she came down she would find a welcome duly prepared for her.

The men in the camps scattered along the river were sorely tried. There was a weirdness and desolation that checked all enthusiasm. The stream was full of alligators — great slimy reptiles which slept in the summer sun by day and fought and bellowed along the banks by night. The chirp of a bird was a rare thing in places, of it was the lonesome scream of the crane as it sailed above the trees and the angry hiss of the cotton mouth and moccasin as they found their haunts invaded. The mosquitoes were a plague that at times threatened to drive every camp from the river. Under the dense shade of the banks they knew no rest but swarmed in great clouds and bit with the fierceness of snakes. Men who could stand marching and fighting were used up by these pests and had to be relieved from their posts. It was expected that the federals would make attempts to get up the river, but the only expedition sent out consisted of scout boats to examine and report on the obstructions.

All things considered the further completion of the Arkansas was a matter of wonder. A shipyard had to be improvised and every spike bolt, rope clamp or piece of iron of any sort must be sent away for. The nearest point where any of these things could be obtained was Vicksburg and the nearest railroad was at least thirty miles away. To finish the ram required nails from one point bolts from another, iron plates from another, and indeed the whole confederacy may be said to have contributed.

Had the Arkansas been built at Charleston or New Orleans and the designs of the draughtsmen carried out she would have been a much more formidable craft than the Merrimac and at least the equal of the Tennessee. It was designed to provide her with powerful engines but after she had been hurried up the Yazoo Commodore Lynch could find nothing better than the engines belonging to a river steamer. While these would drive the steamer ten miles an hour they would not push the Arkansas over four. Her great weak point was in her speed the second in her roof and plating. There were a dozen vulnerable spots and those who looked her over carefully when she was ready to sail declared she would be sent to the bottom by the first federal gun boat which got within range. The ram was provided with ten guns manned by a volunteer crew and about the middle of July 1862 was ready to run down the river and make the attempt to reach Vicksburg. She was placed in charge of Lieut Com Brown, and he gave the crew to understand that the ram should go to the bottom before hauling down her flag. The crew was then culled over, and such as did not take kindly to this desperate proposition were replaced by others.

Scouts deserters and negroes had kept the federal fleet posted in regard to the progress of the Arkansas and when she was ready to drop down the river her reception was likewise ready. An ironclad and two rams had run up the Yazoo about a mile to have the first dash at the confederate and just below the mouth of the stream the entire federal fleet consisting of ten or twelve craft were drawn up in a double line. If the Arkansas got into the Mississippi she must run the gauntlet through this fleet, exposed to the full broadside of each ship at short range. There was a determination to destroy her at every hazard, and no one doubted that she would be blown out of water by the terrible fire that could be concentrated upon her.

The iron-clad Carondelet, assisted by the Tellor and the Queen of the West was waiting in the Yazoo when one morning the Arkansas was suddenly sighted coming down. She had passed the [illegible] in the night, and the heavy timber along the banks had concealed her smoke until she was close upon the federals. The fight opened at once and with great vigor. The Carondelet moved up to meet the ram, firing as she advanced, and her two companion craft opened fire from their bow guns and began a fire of musketry at the port shutters of the ram.

The Carondelet had not fired above four shots when a solid shot from the Arkansas disabled her engines, a second entered one of her ports and killed five men and in less than ten minutes she had fourteen men killed and wounded and was aground on the bank. It is claimed by the confederates aboard the ram and by others watching the fight from the shore that the Carondelet struck her flag. This issue is avoided by some federal historians and denied by others. She was certainly crippled and run ashore and her two companions were driven down into the Mississippi. Had the trio run down their flags in token of surrender the Arkansas would now have gained a point. Her destination was Vicksburg and she must reach that point to be of any benefit to the confederacy. She passed the disabled Carondelet within twenty feet steaming as fast as she could and [illegible] miles and [illegible] when she [illegible] the Mississippi [illegible] sight of 10 000 spectat[ors] on the bluffs at Vicksburg.

The federal [illegible] was ... Arkansas ... was ... [illegible]

were given the engineer to give her all speed possible and the ram took the center of the river and steamed ahead.

The moment the confederate appeared every federal gun which could be brought to bear opened fire and the ram was hit five or six times before entering the lines. When the broadsides were brought to bear the effect was tremendous. It seemed to the crew of the ram as if she was being lifted bodily out of the water by the heavy concussions. Her speed was slow but she was retained under her own [illegible] ordinary vessel would [illegible] and the stifling smoke and [illegible] advantage.

When it was seen that the Arkansas was likely to pass through the lines unscathed the vessels ... but she did not deviate from her course and the vessels in her path had to move aside or take the chance of a collision with her iron beak. When the ram finally opened fire she had plenty of targets all around her and her guns were worked rapidly and with telling effect. She entirely disabled a other gun boat, beat off two of [illegible] rams and paid her compliments to almost every vessel in the lines. [illegible] never slackened for a moment, and [illegible] after she had run the gauntlet she was [illegible] up until she was under the guns of Vicksburg.

[illegible] was probably [illegible] first time and there were not twenty men aboard who had ever before assisted to fire a cannon. Many of the crew were repeatedly knocked down by the concussions and in two instances they became so terrified that they fell [illegible] and remained helpless throughout the affair.

The Arkansas was moored to the banks by chains and ropes her crew reinforced, her [illegible] repaired and then she was ready to take part in the defense of the city. She had run the gauntlet with three killed and two wounded and had been penetrated by five or six solid shot but not materially damaged.

The two federal fleets — the one above and the other below the city — now planned to destroy the Arkansas at the bank. The one above moved down and the other up on the 21st and suddenly opened a terrific bombardment against the confederate batteries the object being to silence them until the ram could be destroyed. Neither purpose was accomplished. The city was shaken as by an earthquake and tons of metal were hurled back and forth but the fleet ultimately withdrew without having accomplished anything. Three or four vessels hurled shot and shell at the ram for more than an hour and she replied with every gun which would bear but the conflict added only three or four to her list of killed and wounded and nothing of account to her damages.

Again on the night of the 22d the fleets engaged the batteries as before and Porter made for the Arkansas with the Essex believing he could strike her a blow which would crush in her side. He approached with a full head of steam on made a dash for the monster and struck a glancing blow which ran the Essex ashore and secured her a terrific pounding before she got off.

The Essex however was to be revenged at a later date. When it was realized what the Arkansas had accomplished the confederates determined to use her to recover possession of Baton Rouge. A land force moved to co operate with her but from the hour the ram left Vicksburg she was the subject of disaster. First one part and then another of her engines gave out and had to be repaired in a rude way. She got aground several times, sprung a leak twice and was once on fire. Just above Baton Rouge her engines were again disabled and she had to make fast to the bank. While in this condition the Essex and other crafts advanced upon her and opened a hot fire. The career of the ram was ended. She was at once abandoned several fires started to consume her and when the flames were well under way she was turned adrift to go to destruction. The Essex had the credit of her destruction and the monster which had caused so much anxiety for long months was finally out of the way.

M QUAD

SPENDING MONEY AT SARATOGA

The New York Morning Journal

The Saratoga season is at its height just now said a clever looking young man to a Journalier yesterday.

You have just returned? was asked.

Came home last evening and am dead broke. Spent every cent I had and had to borrow so [illegible] I am [illegible] for days you know. By Jove that's the place [illegible] I had $100 [illegible] go

How did you come to spend so much

Well I'll just give you my bill [illegible] the day [illegible] in the morning and [illegible] to the Grand Union. I've got two cousins staying there and then it's a swell hotel. Well for four days my hotel bill came to $40 that's counting my money for boot blacking, shaving, drinks etc. Then I had to take my cousins out driving every afternoon and they cost me $10 every time that is $40 more. Then I lost $20 on the races and spent the other $10 in candy for the girls a new necktie and cigars. Altogether I don't see how I could have gotten along with less. I wouldn't like to appear close you know. But I had a jolly time although it took me a whole year to save that $100 and I spent it all in four days

I think you are extravagant George for a man in your position said a youthful companion with him. For my part he continued I think it's much better fun to go off on a fishing or hunting excursion in the Adirondacks and let the springs alone. But I had to go up there last week for my vacation

"Strange I did not see you, old fellow" said George

Oh no not at all. I staid five days and I'll tell you how I spent my money. I knew I'd have to be economical but I enjoyed myself all the same. In the first place when I got out at the Saratoga station, I held on to my own traveling bag and carried it to my boarding house. That saved me fifty cents. I didn't go to the Grand Union. I went to a boarding house in one of the side streets, a nice quiet place for sleeping and eating and paid $6 for my four days' board and I had a nice little room too — better than I could have gotten at the hotel. I took a friend out riding one afternoon that cost me $4. Carriage hire is preposterous there and my other expenses were small ones. I didn't bet on the races and I only spent $15 for my five days trip and had as good a time as you?

I should like to find out how much money a girl would spend in Saratoga in a week was observed by the Journalier.

She could spend a cool million in dresses and she'd if you'd give it to her remarked George who has five grown up sisters. But I'll take you up to see my sister Mollie and perhaps she can help you out.

So to Miss Mollie the matter was presented in the evening. She was rocking herself gently to and fro and putting white lace ruffles into the sleeves of a black silk dress. When asked how much money she would need for a week in Saratoga she replied

I cannot tell exactly. Of course if I were to count up all my dresses and gloves and hats and my new red parasol and beaded slippers for the hops it would amount to a great deal

Where are you going to stay?

At Congress hall. I believe we are to pay $25 a week for each one's board but then papa pays that. Then I expect to be invited to drive most of the time so that will not be an expense and for novels flowers and new gloves I have $10 given me by papa. We are going to stay two weeks

How much did you spend on your dress? asked her brother

Oh papa gave Sue and myself $100 apiece and we have some lovely dresses. We made most of them ourselves as they are white wash goods and nun's veiling. You know white always looks good you can wear the same dress a dozen times and it is not conspicuous. Now we might each have gotten an elegant pink or blue silk but if we did we'd have to wear them six or seven times. So Sue and myself bought each six white dresses at ten cents or fifteen cents a yard and ten yards in each and a quantity of oriental lace to trim them with. We have each a blue and pink nun's veiling and Sue has a blue parasol and I have a red one. We have two Spanish lace scarfs and lots of large and small hats trimmed with mull or velvet and silk gloves and mits. We will get along nicely and make a good appearance.

Yes you know said George last year they were known as the two pretty sisters who always dress in white.

Of course continued Miss Mollie you can spend as much as you wanted to there. Why I knew a girl last summer who [illegible] spend $100 a week on [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]

STREET FIDDLERS.

The Quirks and Quaintnesses of a Roving Tribe

CHARITY AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

[illegible] Classes and [illegible] Among Them [illegible] Three Classes and [illegible] the Same of Fakirs.

[illegible]

Now gentlemen [illegible] questionably the best soap in the market. It removes tan sunburn freckles and blotches rendering the skin as white as [illegible]. I could not say any more about it if I talked from now till midnight unless I told a lie — a thing I have never done all the time I have been at this business. Any other gentleman want a package — only ten cents. I'm going to close up. The aldermen of this city have kindly given me permission to sell here for six weeks and if any of you buy of me [illegible] is not as represented you can have your money back and I will return your money [illegible]. I manufacture this article myself. Now any other gentleman want a package? So spoke a vender of soap at the corner of [illegible] and Court streets Saturday night. A [illegible] reporter waited until he had extinguished his naphtha lamp and was moving off and then accosted him. Together they sought a neighboring retreat and sat down.

Yes he said. I think myself that the experiences of a streetman ought to furnish material for an interesting news [illegible] if it could be put into shape. [illegible] I had an engagement with a fellow on the Sound [illegible] but he used to [illegible] too much and didn't keep his appointment that night and I [illegible] disgusted and I [illegible] after it

In the first place, there are castes in my profession as well as in any other. We can be divided into three classes and the upper class looks down on the others and rightly too. I for instance claim to belong to the foremost class of streetmen. Yes streetmen — that's our proper name some who don't know us class us all as fakirs but that's wrong. A fakir is some kind of an East Indian juggling priest and a first class streetman would as soon be struck on the jaw as called a fakir. As I was saying we've three classes the first-class men are those who sell an article on its merits alone as I am selling my soap the second class men are those who give away jewelry and prizes with what they sell they don't depend on their language or the value of their article at all the public buy the prize package or the jewelry, then the third class are the hawkers who go about with what they lay in front of them. Now the first class men you see have a right to look down on the others because they must possess at least some education to make their speeches agreeable to their audience. Now for instance, I size up an audience and tell whether there's much cultivation and education in it and if there is I go into the analysis of the soap and describe its composition. If the audience is not refined and cultivated I intersperse jokes and witticisms that take with the masses. When I'm in the country I take a guitar and sing — tenor voice accompanying myself and sometimes I do some tricks — simple common ricks but they serve my purpose of collecting a crowd and when the crowd is collected I begin to sell.

Oh yes I have a trade silver plater here in Brooklyn. I work at it in the day now but I'll leave it and go on circuit shortly. I wouldn't stay in town for $50 a week when the country fairs begin. That's where we make money — the country fairs. The people there are not like they are in the city. Every one who goes to the fair goes to buy something, and it don't matter what article is offered they will buy it. Now here in the city they are not so liberal and they are more sophisticated.

Yes I've roamed pretty much over the west and south and know all the good street men in the business. When I say the south, I might as well tell you that I mean comparatively south [illegible] further in that direction than Memphis. I was there [illegible] years ago [illegible]

Of the [illegible] kinds of men at the [illegible] who [illegible] $1,000 or [illegible] Hot Springs [illegible] Cleveland [illegible] the same as ever. He [illegible] and paid [illegible] city or town [illegible] principal druggists saying I'm going to advertise this soap of mine [illegible] take some and [illegible] them more [illegible] then he [illegible] drives to a [illegible] telling them about this soap and where it can be bought. Never spent a dollar in his life in newspaper advertising [illegible] but that's not true. I see his advertisements in newspapers all the time.

We people are pretty much like actors we roam about a [illegible] life. In all its shades [illegible] many of us are careless and some drink but there is a strong bond of fraternity between us, we sympathize with each other we help each other we rejoice with each other, and we are strictly honest with each other. Now for instance I lent another streetman $15 over in Jersey he was in hard luck and wanted to send money home to his wife and children. I didn't see him for three years but when I met him then he immediately paid me though I never asked him for the money.

Yes, all kinds of men in the business. I know one parson or at least he was a parson before his congregation threatened to lynch him for running away with another man's wife. I met him in a Connecticut town — a tall lean chap selling stationery packages. He was the biggest liar on the circuit. I didn't fancy him much. Then I know two journalists. One was a reporter on the *Courier-Journal*, of Louisville. [illegible] fellow he drank himself out of that situation and he drank himself out of the street business and he died — a brilliant man too. [illegible] seven hundred [illegible] fellow I never [illegible]. Then there are lots of college graduates. Why one of the best men in the business is [illegible] in fact the best man in the street business is Diamond Charley a western man, educated at Harvard. The biggest dare devil and the most original chap I ever saw. I came across him in a Texas town where I had set up and was doing a fair business. He came riding through the town dressed like a Mexican with pistols at every jump of the horse and a belt stuck full of pistols. Swept by me like a hurricane [illegible] he was the only man to match him — and [illegible] on the other side of the square. All the people ran after him and left me. In an hour he had sold out all his [illegible] was a dollar — and I had a hundred [illegible]. I was standing by my lamp alone feeling pretty sore for I was out of luck and needed money to send to my wife and family and it was Saturday night the best night in the week for me and I knew my business was busted for the time being. Charley put up his box — came over and said My friend come and take a drink with me, and I went along. We had a drink and then Charley turned to me and said, I spoiled your business to night. Said I well I'm afraid you did. He walked once up and down the room and for the life of me I couldn't help admiring his jauntiness and his long black hair. Then he opened up again and said How much would you have taken in? Well, I don't know. I said Saturday night you know. Come he said you wouldn't have made more than $10, would you? That what I calculated on said I. Well here you are said he putting out a roll of bills and handing me $20. Of course I declined it but he insisted so kindly that at last I took it. Why should I injure you? he said.

I met Charlie after that many times. Oh he was a daring cuss — do anything to attract attention. Some times out of ten he got himself arrested when he went to a town and was fined $10. Just what he wanted you know — made him remarkable right away. Then the local papers would get after him — call him a lunatic just what he wanted again — made him still more remarkable. He used to wear a thousand dollars worth of diamonds — genuine they were I know for a fact because I went once with him and a crowd in Richmond to get them examined on a bet by a trustworthy jeweler.

After Diamond Charley, the next best street man in the medicine line is Dr Newsky. You might have seen him here. He's a great [illegible] and a great salesman. He takes a thousand dollars in money and puts it out on his box — a standard offer to any physician or chemist who can analyze his medicine and find anything in it [illegible] or hurtful in it.

Oh [illegible] commonly in this street [illegible] [illegible] 60 cents to [illegible] [illegible] early and I have [illegible] [illegible] taken in [illegible]

right human [illegible] of [illegible] he'll do well

The [illegible] articles [illegible] articles of utility [illegible] medicines [illegible] $1.00 [illegible] for 25 cents [illegible] without [illegible] other things

Why [illegible] for [illegible] the M Brae [illegible] street [illegible] jobbers [illegible] wonderful sale [illegible] the jobbers were forced [illegible] at last

Another article that [illegible] perfume [illegible] [illegible] I'd feel well [illegible] good

[illegible] get [illegible] He expects an [illegible]

Old Smith the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] surly [illegible] though every reporter [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] all packages [illegible] I'll tell you how [illegible] If the recipe [illegible] the outside of the bottles they [illegible] mud [illegible] [illegible] that no man [illegible] earth ever heard [illegible] and put it on the [illegible] and revenue officers came and [illegible] very wise said it was [illegible] went away satisfied

The best school in the world to learn human nature sir. The qualifications necessary for a streetman are patience energy nerve and check or push. I mean check in the inoffensive sense. Americans make the best street men. Irishmen are away behind and the [illegible] American accent goes against him especially down east among the factory hands. Oh my gracious! yes we speak evenly much longer than campaign orators. I have spoken three and a half hours at a stretch. No public speakers keep it up as long as we do and do you know I find that it rests my voice to sing as I told you I did in the country. After I've sung I go at speaking again as fresh as a lark. Of course I take care of my voice.

How do we train? Well I don't know how other streetmen train, but I'll tell you my experience. I began in a debating society at the Cooper institute years ago and afterwards I figured in political meetings and as a campaign speaker. Yes a man must be specially called or he'll never make a streetman. I knew a fine young fellow in this city three years ago. He was attending college in New York and his folks wanted him to be a lawyer. Somehow though he hankered after my profession and begged me to let him travel with me. I told him to be careful what he was doing but there was no persuading him and as I liked him and thought he had the right stuff I said I'll give him a trial. He wrote out a speech — a gag on the soap and read it over to me. Oh it was fine. I never heard anything better. I was just boiling over with delight and so was he. He was to deliver it that night. We had [illegible] at the corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty fifth street this city and when the time came he mounted the stand. Poor fellow I'll never forget how mortified I felt when I saw him stick before [illegible] the selling part and then break down. I took the stand and carried the thing through to the sales but oh [illegible]

I think I told you that a man in my line of business had to be very drink [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the

Numerous [illegible] small [illegible] where [illegible] I had [illegible]

[illegible] lot of roughs in [illegible] Wilmington. Oh [illegible] hold of the shafts of my wagon and [illegible] [illegible] threaten the [illegible] streetmen have been killed by these hoodlums. It was only two years ago I think since the [illegible] at the corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty third street Brooklyn was pitched on his head and [illegible] neck through a crowd starting off with his wagon the same as they [illegible]. Another in Troy was shot by a [illegible] the other day.

Well I guess that's all I can think of to night some time when I meet you again I'll have something interesting to tell. Good night

Fruit in Summer

From the British Medical Journal

[illegible] is the [illegible] essential alike in the food and drink taken in warm weather. There is less work to be done less waste of tissue less need of the preeminently muscle forming, and heat producing substances meat and bread, and fruit as being both palatable and easily obtainable is much in use. Its advantages are that it provides a seasonable change of diet light and wholesome if well chosen and a palatable to the [illegible] stimulant [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] For diabetics the only fruit [illegible] certain nuts and almonds are available all [illegible] as containing sugar being forbidden. Sufferers from acid dyspepsia must select carefully and limit their consumption of the least irritating, a [illegible] Diarrhoea and dysentery preclude the use of all fruit. On the other hand for [illegible] persons, it is at times the invaluable remedy which they can use continually [illegible] [illegible] disease [illegible] [illegible] A [illegible] generally take [illegible] well and feel the better for its excessive property. The [illegible] healthiest [illegible] eat almost any ripe fruit. The [illegible] varieties are the most wholesome and nutritious — strawberries apples pears [illegible] and gooseberries. The last named however with currants and raspberries are less wholesome than the [illegible]. Stone fruit are apt to disagree with the stomach but the more watery as peaches and large plums are better than the smaller and drier as apricots and damsons. The pulp of oranges renders them heavy. Among other foreign fruits bananas are wholesome. Dried fruits and the skin of fruits in general, are indigestible. Nuts the edible part of which is really the seed contain much albumen and as much fat in a condensed form and are particularly difficult of digestion. Fruit may be taken with a meal or on an empty stomach. In the former case it promotes digestion by its gently irritating effect on the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestine. If an aperient effect be desired it had better be taken in the morning before breakfast or between meals. A succulent and pleasantly acid variety is best for both of these purposes while it is also a [illegible]. The quantity of fruit which should be taken depends on the kind. If it belong to the bland nutritious class a healthy person may use and then partake of it freely as of any other wholesome food but he will gain most benefit if he take only a little, and take it regularly. The same may be said of the invalid with whom fruit agrees. Cooking removes much of the acidity from crude fruit and renders it lighter as well as more palatable. So treated it is productive of good and no harm. But it is a fundamental principle that whatever fruit is eaten uncooked must be fully ripe and not overripe. This may sound trite and [illegible] the principle is commonly admitted, but not [illegible] would seem by all for we still find people and not a few who will themselves deliberately take and worse will give to their children green gooseberries green apples etc the very hardness of which [illegible] can their acid pungency suggest their unfitness for digestion such people use as food [illegible] acrid [illegible] poison whose necessary action is to cause excessive intestinal secretion with more or less of inflammation. Hence arises diarrhoea. On the other hand fruit which is over ripe in which fermentation has begun is a frequent cause of this disorder and equally to be avoided and [illegible] perhaps also more difficult to avoid because the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

BILLIARD BALLS

The Tusks of Wild Elephants Preferred to Those of the Elephant Walked on Rope.

[illegible] a manufacturer of ivory billiard balls. "Only the tusks of wild elephants [illegible] make good hard balls. [illegible] will [illegible] and [illegible] the tusk [illegible] for this purpose. H[illegible] Meyer [illegible] Hamburg [illegible] has the largest deal in ivory in the world. He sends men into Asia Africa and India to buy up supplies and [illegible] sale at public [illegible] not every three months and [illegible] which set the standard for price over the whole world.

I [illegible] ivory [illegible]

[illegible] billiard balls those parts of the tusks that are of sufficient diameter and [illegible] blocks representing the diameter of the ball and are shipped [illegible] that shape.

[illegible] the workshop it was found that the blocks were [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible], before work is begun on the ball proper. After these rings are taken off along with the [illegible] of the tusk one eighth of an inch thick the [illegible] laid away [illegible] not less than six months to fit it as liable to crack and shrink if used without seasoning. To [illegible] the ball from the rough a [illegible] of hard [illegible] [illegible] the ball is well chalked and the ball [illegible]. The rotating motion causes the ball [illegible] firmly to the wooden socket and [illegible] with a sharp [illegible] the [illegible] the globe [illegible] perfect symmetry. With a sharp [illegible] first [illegible] [illegible] cut with a sharp [illegible] [illegible] exact depth of the diameter of the [illegible] practical [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] depth [illegible] any [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] brass [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The ball is placed in this [illegible] light in such a manner that the [illegible] wherever the [illegible] After [illegible] then pumice stone and water and the ball is finally polished with whiting and alcohol. To make the little black spot on the white ball a small hole is drilled and a piece of ebony wood forced into it. To color the balls they are first placed in a bath of muriatic acid and then in the coloring matter while boiling hot. The compounds of coloring matter are trade secrets.

"What should be the treatment of billiard balls?" asked the reporter.

[illegible] should never be bought in the winter was the answer [illegible] ivory even after it is well seasoned is susceptible to the influence of the weather expanding and contracting with each change of temperature and if these changes are at all violent they are sure to crack the balls. They should always be kept in a place of even temperature such as a room always comfortable to live in. When they become cracked they should be well rubbed with [illegible] oil

"What are the sizes and prices?

We make them from 2 5 6 inches to [illegible] inches in diameter. The American standard among the professionals is 2⅜ inches. South America and Cuba require a larger ball. They cost from $20 to $30 a set depending upon size

How are different colors put on pool balls?

We have tight fitting brass caps to put them in with openings like stencil plates and the exposed part of the ball is touched with acid and subjected to a bath of coloring matter

The manufacturer had nothing to say in favor of composition balls. They are less elastic and durable than ivory besides being highly dangerous as they are composed of gun cotton and camphor. This renders them liable to explode or burn if brought in contact with a lighted taper. A piece of compound on [illegible] was ignited and emitted a strong smell of camphor and it burned as freely as [illegible]

In the manufacturer's show window of the [illegible] stand a pair of immense elephant tusks the largest in America. They are seven feet six inches from tip to base and weigh 147 and 12[illegible] and respectively and are worth $800. These were taken from a [illegible] that had been made to assist in [illegible] and unloading vessels and great grooves were [illegible] sides of the tusks where the [illegible] [illegible]

Midnight Sunsets in Norway

From the [illegible]

A correspondent writes. Wayfarers on the coast of Norway are classed as [illegible] tourists and midnight sunners. The first class comprises the [illegible] of salmon streams the second the occasional visitors of the fjords, the third are those who [illegible] and then leave [illegible] at [illegible] penetrate into the interior and the last consists of those who go direct to the North Cape by the excellent steamers starting from Molde or Throndhjem and having for their [illegible] object the sight of the midnight sun and the satisfaction of standing on the most northern point of Europe. The sequence in which these classes are enumerated indicate their relative social importance and the degree of respect they receive in the tourist world. Notwithstanding that the midnight sunner is lowest on the scale his lot is one by no means to be despised and there is good reason for believing that when this eminently comfortable interesting and economical route becomes better known in Great Britain the ignorance which is there so pretty generally diffused regarding the north of Norway within the arctic circle will become dissipated by the tourists who seek those regions in as great flocks as those who now seek the highlands and islands of Scotland. From the 21st of June to the 18th of July the Bergenske and Nordenfjeldske steamship company start a boat from Molde every Wednesday and from Throndhjem every Thursday. These ports are reached direct either from Hull or Newcastle or Leith steamers being changed at Bergen and Christiansand. The boats are in every respect comfortable and even luxurious. A good table is kept and the comfort of passengers is in every way considered. Leaving Throndhjem in the evening the steamer coasts in sight of the magnificent mountain ranges of the mainland till the island of Torghatten is reached where the tourist is landed and has ample time to visit the cavern or tunnel which perforates the rock. Winding in and out among numberless mountainous islands occasionally escaping through sounds little broader than twice the breadth of the ship and skirting The Seven Sisters of Alstenø and Hestmandoe the boat arrives at the Glacier Svartisen where again a landing is effected and the immense ice river is easily visited. Bodo is generally reached on Saturday morning whence the course is laid over the Westfjord and in about four hours the tourist finds himself among the wonderful scenery of the Lofoten islands. The visit to this grand region is by no means a perfunctory one for the steamer threads its way through narrow channels to the west coast, and after skirting its great mountain ranges it again reaches the east coast by the wondrous Rafte Sound. On Sunday the pleasant town of Tromsoe is reached where a party of Lapps with their reindeer are brought down from the mountains for the inspection of the tourist. On the following day the ship anchors at Hammerfest for a couple of hours and then sails for the North Cape. Here the passengers can ascend the cape after which the return journey is begun and the [illegible] by constant steaming with a constant detour in the Lyngen Fjord arrived at Molde on the following Sunday. The sun never sinks below the horizon for many nights during the most northern part of the trip and it is needless to say that the effects produced are most picturesque and extraordinary. The rate of passage from Throndhjem to the North Cape and back provisions included is £12. This for ten days of a most pleasant and novel experience. The whole trip from England and back need not exceed £30."

American Women in London Society

A number of fair Americans are conducting the campaign of a London season with great address, that countrywoman of ours who for the past year has been so much admired by the Prince of Wales, and whose use of cosmetics, by the way is surveyed with reproving glances is now eclipsed in the royal favor by another lovely child from the far west whose sweet simplicity attracted the experienced gaze of the susceptible heir apparent. Apart from these [illegible] however a charming girl from New York — the same who was once engaged to the young gentleman whose devotion to a professional beauty has since made him [illegible] [illegible] who broke off the match on [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] begging her acceptance of [illegible] fruits (?) [illegible] to be [illegible] [illegible] of the aristocracy. Her sister is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

an American however [illegible] [illegible] late me [illegible] [illegible] Lady [illegible]

[illegible] you [illegible] Her [illegible] at this [illegible] him [illegible]

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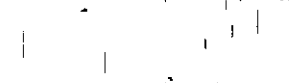

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A Direct Shipment of the Celebrated

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Orders from the interior carefully and promptly attended to.

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[illegible] RY.

[illegible] HAVE JUST RE[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] OF [illegible]

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Laths, [illegible], etc.

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SEAL ENGRAVER, [illegible]

[illegible] set, refreshed and assisted in saving property. [illegible] inflammation disorders, blood, general debility, many chronic diseases pronounced incurable are cured by Brown's Iron Bitters

[illegible] an almost hopeless condition. Dr Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment at same time and it makes the skin white soft and smooth. It contains no poison [illegible] drugs. [illegible] druggists

ages that are [illegible] of five is also large by comparison and there are more people whose age was given as even [illegible] than odd. Ask your druggist for a *free* Trial Bottle Dr King's New Discovery for consumption

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The above is from a very reliable farmer whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years and [illegible] until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale and they are making remarkable cures. W. H. BISHOP & CO

the republican policy, they will retain that party in power [illegible] [illegible]

Ayer's Pills cure headaches by removing obstructions from the system, relieving the stomach and giving healthy action to the digestive apparatus.

[illegible] a tailor [illegible] magnificence and her [illegible] masquerading as a Spaniard, [illegible] London [illegible]

Thousands of women have been restored to perfect health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Jewelry, [illegible] Silver ware, Table Cutlery, etc.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1883.

RIVAL TOWNS.

Almost every town of the northwest still imagines that it is going to outgrow all the rest, and that the overshadowed places will be greatly dwarfed, if they do not wholly die. Every other place pities Portland especially, which is very kind of them, though in some instances they are not so kind to each other. We have just been reading something about the cities which are located in what was known one hundred years ago as "The Far West." It affords an instructive lesson as to the situation here. In an historical account of the city of Louisville, written for the recent exposition of that city, the *Courier-Journal* said:

It has been just about one hundred years since the observing Frenchman, Crevecoeur, wrote an account of his trip from New York to Louisville, and found it necessary to explain where Louisville was located. It took him eighteen days to travel from New York to Pittsburg and two weeks more to reach Louisville. Then Pittsburg made a showing of seventy-eight houses, and Louisville presented the aspect of a few straggling log cabins and frame houses sandwiched between the frequent frog and duck ponds, which have not, in fact, been entirely obliterated even at this late day. To reach the ultramontane region of Virginia was a journey of no trifling dimensions, even when the helpful current of the Ohio was used from Pittsburg down, and until Roosevelt, Livingston and Fulton launched the steamboat "New Orleans" at Pittsburg, in 1811, and demonstrated the practicability of steam navigation, the voyagers on the Ohio had to content themselves with keel and flat-bottom boats.

The first commercial return of importance in that quarter was in 1782, when two flat boats, loaded with 1000 barrels of flour, were successfully landed at Natchez, from Louisville. Six years later the Spanish government authorized the introduction of Kentucky products into New Orleans, and that gave the incipient tobacco business of Louisville a decided impetus. It was on the first of October, 1811, nearly seventy-two years ago, that the first steamboat arrived at Louisville, and Mr. Roosevelt demonstrated to an incredulous people that the boat could be propelled by steam. From that day the canoe and the flat boat ceased to be important adjuncts of commerce, and the river towns began to realize what was in store for them. In the rivalries which ensued between the various communities along the Ohio, it became a favorite theory that one or two favorably located cities must swallow up all the others. Louisville was to be wiped out by Cincinnati and St. Louis, while Wheeling, being at the "head of navigation," was sure to absorb Pittsburg.

The reader will note how closely the sage speculations so common have now agreed with those which were prevalent in the Ohio and Mississippi country say three-quarters of a century ago.

ALLEGED MIRACLES.

If we believe all that we read and hear upon the strength of testimony which we would accept without question in relation to ordinary occurrences, we must admit that the age of miracles is by no means past. Just now we are hearing a good deal about them. A man in Hudson, N. Y., recently told a *Sun* reporter he was cured of a four years' blindness through prayer, after seventeen doctors, including eminent oculists, had given his case up as hopeless. He had believed that he would recover, but was shocked to overhear his wife say to some friends that she did not expect him to get well, and falling upon his knees he prayed as he had never prayed before. Suddenly he heard a voice say: "Get some clay." The clay was brought, at his request, but his wife objected to his making any use of it, and it was kept under the stove for five days, he not knowing how best to apply it. He prayed earnestly for guidance, and on the fifth day the voice commanded him again to "get the clay." He took the pieces from under the stove and found that they had been baked hard, and applying them to his eyelids they clung like leeches. The removal of the clay was followed by a complete restoration of his sight. We have no comment to make upon the story except that it is wonderful, if true. But miracles are apparently being performed in many places and upon many people. The blind see, the deaf hear, the sick are restored to health, the lame recover strength and command of muscle and limb, and all rejoice in their sudden release from various infirmities. The Boston worker of miracles, Dr. Cullis, has been holding a faith convention at Old Orchard, at which many stories were told, one being that a woman who had been afflicted with total deafness for twenty years was cured. She "first felt an itching sensation, and then a crackling sound in her ears, and suddenly the voice of the speaker burst upon her as though shouted through a trumpet." A woman with a shrivelled leg was recently reported cured while kneeling at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre in Montreal, and among the thousand of her fellow pilgrims many other as miraculous cures were effected, according to the testimony of priests and people. We confess that we have very decided doubts about the genuineness of all this. We say *all* this for the reason that if we believe a single instance there is just as much reason why we should believe every instance. Others may believe if they will, but our faith is not up to the curative point. The miracle business is not wholly new, even in modern times, and has been worked in quite as wonderful a way, independently of religious pretensions, as in connection with them. We doubt, furthermore, whether the interests of religion gain anything by being put to such a questionable use. It may satisfy the Tyndall prayer gauge, but beyond that it seems like trifling with sacred things.

POLYGAMY TRIUMPHANT.

The Edmunds bill, which was expected to give polygamy the death blow, has failed. Utah has been given an opportunity to redeem itself, but the aggressive strength of the Mormon priesthood has infused power into its followers and spread discouragement among the Gentiles. The country is again confronted by the polygamy problem, and the next session will undoubtedly witness prolonged controversies over proposed methods for the suppression of the iniquities of Mormonism. There can be no question as to the duty of congress in this matter, and there is little room for reasonable doubt as to the extent of the power which may be exercised. The sole ground of debate must be on the question of methods of procedure. The opportunity is offered for the introduction of a decisive measure which will commend itself to the country and to congress as fully adapted to the Utah case. Senator Edmunds' plan was the product of a dispassionate and judicial mind. His estimates omitted the elements which make the Utah situation what it is. He was legislating for men and women like those around us, not for a population bound up in iron fanaticism and ruled by a theocracy possessed of medieval power. The plain truth with regard to Utah must be faced and fully comprehended before the remedy can be applied, and then the country must not hesitate if the remedy is an heroic one.

Mormonism is a compact, determined, perfectly organized power, with a government eminently well adapted to command awe, enforce obedience, and execute its designs with secrecy and instant dispatch. It recognizes no real dominant authority in the federal government as entitled to its respect. Rebellion would not be shrunk from if anything could be gained by force. Political trickery, the use of every means of delay, false appeals to public sympathy, have been and will be used to defeat the object of the general government. It will be a blow at the supremacy of the federal authority if even a temporary victory is allowed the Mormon church as the result of this farcical election. Polygamy has long been declared a crime, under the statute which applies to the territories, and by the Edmunds bill bigamists are disfranchised and deprived of the right to hold office. This has not stopped the iniquity, and the responsibility for its continuance will rest upon the country until it is stopped. The people will support any measure which deals with this question effectively and constitutionally.

The continuance of the territorial courts and other branches of visible government into what congress has temporarily erected in the territory of Utah, depend for their longer existence on the pleasure of congress and the president. All the provisions of law which go to make Utah to-day a legally organized government, hang on the provisions of the statute law of the United States, and all of these provisions are open to amendment or repeal. If polygamy cannot be checked in any other way, let the Mormon settlement be uprooted, the Utah of to-day be dismembered, its fragments given to adjoining governments, and its name be forgotten.

H. W. S.

LEGISLATION FOR ONESELF.

In these times of strikes and of antagonisms between labor and capital everyone is asking for a remedy, and almost everyone is ready to give one. Of course the majority adopt the argument. But the fact that no remedy of this supposed cure of every ill-legislative enactment kind is worth a farthing. What is the situation? Organized capital has taken the place of the old baron, and the workers are his subjects. Strikes are their rebellions. Of course the baron monopolist and the striker are wrong. Neither understands what is good for himself and still less that equity and the true idea of justice, which will not dawn upon them till both have suffered the evil of a wrong course. A strike is a crude method to right a wrong. A brotherhood is an army of misdirected soldiers not seeing what they are fighting for or not fighting in a proper way. The conflict between capital and labor existed before Jacob worked for Laban, and will only end when both find that honesty is the best policy, that it does not pay for each to cheat the other. What then is wanted is intelligence—wisdom to see the right and moral force to do it. Knowledge alone will bring about an adjustment. Laws are futile, and legislative enactments are a mockery. Nature has made the law of development, and according to this law we must advance or die. The handiest, hardiest, readiest, quickest brain are the fittest to survive, and so will live all. At present capital has sagacity. Labor has little. Here is the trouble. Here is the cause of the conflict between the two. It is the law of the strong to impose upon the weak. Intelligent capital tries to get the most out of labor, and the latter will stern force, but with little guiding intelligence, resists. What the working man needs then is education—a kind that will not only make him efficient in his handicraft, but teach him social relations, the idea of equity and how to do the right thing in the right way in all his conflicts with exacting capital.

As civilization advances, the strain for existence becomes harder. A man is not educated unless he has that intelligence that enables him to make a living and get the most for his labor. He will learn in time that he can do that most effectively by developing a capacity to make the most of his own talents and powers. These combinations on which strikes are effected bring the highest talents and powers down to an equality with the lowest. Intelligence and activity have no chance to assert themselves. Individuality is crushed out. Workmen necessarily compete with each other, and therefore they cannot rise by combination with and dependence on each other. This one day will be accepted as a primary truth, and then the blind and futile effort known as the strike will no longer be employed. Each man, looking to his own interest, will strike for himself or continue in his employment, as he may think best, declining to allow any committee of his fellows to decide what is best for him. The true principle of legislation in these matters is legislation for one's self.

Writing on the telegraphers' strike, the *American Literary Churchman* says: "It throws considerable light on the passionate attachment of the working classes to the Lord's Day. We are continually assured that Sunday is the workingman's day; that, in primis, it above all others, and that any relaxation of Sunday laws would be a deadly wrong to the workingman. We have often expressed a very confident opinion that all this is mere fudge. In fact, it is notorious that Sunday excursions and amusements, whenever they can be had, are patronized almost exclusively by the 'working classes.' The telegraphers have no objection whatever to work on Sunday." There is cold truth in this statement in refreshing contrast with much of the cant uttered on the subject.

The question of restricting the liquor traffic in Victoria is occupying a large share of attention there. The *Chronicle* asks: "Are the sixty odd gin mills that flourish in Victoria engaged in a work the tendency of which is to elevate the standard of public morals, to bring peace, plenty and happiness to the homes of our people; to prepare our young men for the active duties of life as citizens and heads of families; and generally to commend them to the support and sympathy of all good people?"

There is to be said about the system of street improvements pursued in this city, to-wit, the macadam, though it produces dust in summer, and a thin mud an inch or two deep in winter, is the best improvement the city can afford for the greater part of its streets, and it is enough better than none at all.

A large number of confederate bonds are stored in the treasury building at Washington. To make room for matter of more value, they will soon be destroyed by order of Secretary Folger.

This week the rails will be joined between Missoula and Helena, and the northwest will no longer be "remote" or "unfrequented," and, let us hope, neither "melancholy" nor "slow."

Mr. J[illegible] has lived to show "the boys" of between forty and fifty years of age how much work and enjoyment, and vigor a man may have between seventy and eighty.

Ancient Troy is chiefly known to modern times as the scene of a society scandal of huge dimensions, which involved a royal family and led to wars and other distressing events. It has been described in pleasing verse by Homer, a lyrical reporter of that day, who had the inside track in getting the news.

A veteran oculist of Chicago prides himself on having sold Abraham Lincoln his first pair of spectacles and straightened the eyes of young Robert, who was born cross-eyed.

LITERARY MATTERS:

The *Atlantic* for August contains an interesting article by the Rev. Brooke Harford on the trustworthiness of tradition as compared with historical records. The great historians who like Grote, repudiate early oral tradition as something altogether beyond the pale of history, make the mistake of imagining the tradition of primitive times to be what it becomes after writing is invented. In the modern world tradition is regarded as untrustworthy, because everything that is worth remembering is written down and thus preserved and nothing is committed to tradition except idle rumor, gossip or scandal—and remarkably little, a cynic might add, even of this. In primitive times, however, before the invention of writing, or permanent records of any kind, the agent used by mankind to preserve facts is the memory. The trained human memory, transmitting all important facts from generation to generation, must be relied upon, or else all these matters, like dynasties, genealogies, conquests, boundaries, to which primitive man attaches so much consequence, would be involved in inextricable confusion. Among primitive peoples we know that this is done at the present day, the Vedic books in India, for instance, being transmitted from one generation of priests to another, solely by means of the most carefully trained memory. The Homeric poems were preserved, of course, in the same way. As civilization advances, and writing is introduced memory is used less and less for the purpose of preserving tradition, and finally falls into great desrepute, as with us, who have an absolute distrust of it, and hesitate to rely on it even for ordinary purposes of quotation. Of course Mr Herford's argument all points in one direction, that the narrative of the Old Testament may be relied on with much greater safety than has been generally supposed by sceptical scholars. Probably Grote, were he alive would admit that there is a good deal of truth in all this; but he might say how are we to distinguish in early tradition between what is mythical and what is historical? What shall we say actually took place and what probably took place, and what probably never took place at all? After all, the modern historian has done no more than insist that true history shall be confined to what we know to have happened; and Mr. Harford himself would hardly venture to call the 'Iliad' or 'Odyssey' history. The discoveries of Schliemann have, as he says, done very much to rehabilitate the Homeric poems, and to give them the air of veracious chronicles which they once had in the country of their origin; but the doings of Agamemnon and Achilles and Paris and Hector are so confused with the doings of imaginary persons who we know did not exist at all, that it would be a very bold step to call the expedition against Troy history in the ordinary sense of the word. It must be remembered that the excavations of Schliemann bring to light true historical records, precisely like the early inscriptions of the Olympiads and we have through them a means of verifying the Homeric account which did not in Grote's day exist. He would never have dreamed of denying that anything in Homer which could be verified by such records, might be set down as history.

Prof. W. G. Sellar of Edinburgh has published a volume on the 'Roman Poets of the Republic,' dealing especially with Virgil. It is as good a word as can be said for the representative poet of Roman culture, and is such a book as would have delighted our departed friend, Captain Pierce, had he lived to see it. Here is a glance at the age in question: "The half-century from about 60 B. C. to about 10 B. C. was at once one of those rare and germinative epochs in the history of the world in which a powerful intellectual movement coincides with influences and is influenced by a great movement and change in human affairs, and it is at the same time a period of the rich and elaborate culture in which the inheritance of Greek genius, art and knowledge came for the first time into the full possession of the Romans * * * The masterpieces of the Augustan literature were not the products of that vivid and rapidly-working creative energy which marked the Ciceronian age. * * * Virgil is the earliest in time and much the most important in rank among the extant poets of the Augustan age. It is only in comparatively recent times that any question has arisen as to the high position due to him among the great poets of all ages." And this latter sentence may be taken as Prof. Sellar's text. He is not willing to accept the old exalted estimate of Virgil—an estimate which placed him side by side with Homer, in some instances above the great Greek—and he aims to show what were really the living merits of the singer best known to modern times by the arrangement which has made familiarity with his first three books as in some sense a condition to entrance into modern halls of learning.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of American History* for August is a fine portrait, never before engraved, of the hero of battle and romance, Col. Alexander Scammell, who fell at the siege of Yorktown in 1781. The leading article, 'Clayborne, the Rebel,' is a remarkably entertaining and informing chapter of authentic history, contributed by the distinguished Virginia writer, John Esten Cooke. It reads like a veritable romance. The illustrations, seventeen in number, which brighten its pages, form a curious history in themselves. The portrait of the famous rebel is a study. It represents the face of a man of action and unswerving resolution, who will surely fight to the bitter end. The second paper in this admirable number of the magazine is the conclusion of Captain Porter's able series of essays, "Texas Admitted to the Union;" then follows "General Nelson, Kentucky and Lincoln Guns," a forcibly written and substantial article of twenty-five pages, from President Daniel Stevenson, D. D. of the Collegiate Institute, Augusta Kentucky. The departments—Original Documents, Reprints, Notes and Queries, Replies, Societies, and Book Notices—are filled with varied and readable matter, the whole forming one of the most acceptable issues of this valuable and important historical publication which has yet been issued from the press.

Harper & Brothers have published a monograph by Professor Augustus C. Merriam of Columbia college, on the Greek and Latin inscriptions on the Obelisk crab in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The crab was part of the pedestal on which the obelisk now in Central park originally stood. All the legs and one of the claws were wrenched away and carried off by plunderers long before the time when Lieutenant Gorringe removed it to New York, and the remaining claw (the right one) was found upon examination to contain inscriptions in two languages. Professor Merriam's pamphlet gives a most interesting account of a successful attempt to decipher the inscriptions and to derive from them some information as to the precise date of the erection of the obelisk in Alexandria. The investigations pursued by Professor Merriam afford a most suggestive illustration of the manner in which historical knowledge of unknown periods is wrested from the most unpromising sources by the industry and research of accomplished scholars.

PUNGENT CRITICISMS OF THE MODERN AMERICAN NOVEL.

American novelists have been apt in these days, as we have of late had occasion to observe, to overdo the "analysis" business; the beating out of character (and pretty thin character at that, to borrow an American expression), with an affectation of profound knowledge of it from the inside, to the exclusion of free and pleasant observation of incident and character combined, from the outside. American writers of fiction, who, by certain works of theirs, have gained full and well-deserved recognition on our side of the water as well as theirs, have pushed this dry and empty method to the verge of weariness.—*Saturday Review.*

In Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, America has produced another subtle analyst of character. 'But Yet a Woman,' with a very rudimentary plot, offers a curious search into the springs of human action. The novelist who throws his strength into the study of character too often displays thought and emotion by description instead of by action. He does not conceal his art but invites his reader to watch the progress of rough sketches, and the tedious mixing of colors. The passer-by may admire the artist's skill, but he cannot rest his eyes on a triumph of art. Mr. Hardy's work suffers from this limitation; it is an anatomical diagram, very clear and very finished, yet still a diagram, rather than a picture of life and manners. The book is a very far-reaching analysis of thought and passion, and absorbs the reader's brain the most when it least touches his heart. The author has one painful mannerism—a passion for making almost every one of his characters talk in epigrams. We look for the puppets, and we see only the showman—*The Academy.*

It is not at all desirable that adultery should become a favorite subject with English or American novelists. Mrs. Burnett has no doubt done wisely to keep within bounds; but it would have been better to avoid so dangerous a matter altogether. The one dramatic motive of 'Through One Administration' is that Bertha will yield to temptation and fall into dishonor. If she does not, it is because the man she loves is an honest prig, and because nothing happens in a logical and natural way. Such a story is neither artistic nor moral. Touching pitch it is not the less foolish because it is handled in a feeble way and to no purpose.—*The Spectator.*

If evil, and especially a growing confusion of evil is inevitable, a spirit of toleration, and of ever growing toleration, is necessary, too. You cannot train yourself too soon to be amused with the evils which no one can uproot. Adapt our eye, then, to the twilight; learn to smile at that which it is useless, and therefore unbecoming, to storm at; teach yourself to look for nothing excellent, but to recognize that which is not excellent—which is, indeed, less and less excellent—as probably our lot in life. Such is, we should say, Mr. Henry James' inner creed. Such, at least, is the temper of his many delicately-painted pictures of life; and of his criticism of the two great men whose correspondence he so well describes. 'Most life is superficial all life is a tangle; nothing, then, should put us out; but it is an intellectual duty to expect little and not to fret, even when get less than we expect.' The duty of lucid observation and a low tone of expectation is almost the only duty which as far as we can see, Mr. Henry James thoroughly and universally approves. A sadder remnant of old Puritanism it is not easy to conceive.—*The Spectator.*

LITERARY NOTES.

Grace Greenwood, says the London *Athenæum*, is writing a life of Queen Victoria for the use of American children.

Dr. Deems has assumed the editorship of a newly projected monthly called *Christian Thought*, the initial number of which has just been published. It is the organ of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy.

Lady Eastlake has written a volume entitled 'Five Great Painters,' in which are given studies of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael and Albert Durer. Messrs. Longmans are shortly to publish the book.

Mr. Joseph O. Lum, of Boston, who, it is said, has had much access to much new and important material for a new biography of Charlotte Cushman, has prepared a volume entitle "Charlotte Cushman, the Actress and Woman." It will be published immediately by the author.

The original of the "Orderly Book of Gen. Howe, belonging to the period of his command in Boston, beginning on the 17th of June, 1775, has been recently discovered by Mr. B. F. Stevens of London. The record gives the full details of the campaign down to the close at Halifax. Mr. Stevens will print and publish the book at once.

A new and important collection of English poetry for which Mr. W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard have been gathering material for many years, has just been completed, and is announced for publication by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The work, which will consist of five volumes, will, it is understood, be more comprehensive in its scope, and more accurate in its texts than any similar collection hitherto published. Mr. Stoddard writes an introductory essay upon the period of English poetry covered by each of the volumes and at the end of each volume carefully prepared biographical and bibliographical notes are printed prepared by both of the editors. The work will be published under the general title "English Verse," and the first volume, which covers the period from Chaucer to Burns, will be issued early in the autumn.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's sons have just published the third number of their Topics of the Times, edited by Dr. Titus Munson Coan. It is devoted to studies in literature, and contains five separate papers of various lengths, selected with skill from various leading British magazines. These are American Literature in England, from *Blackwood's Magazine*; Hamlet, a New Reading, contributed by Mr. Franklin Leifield to the *Contemporary Review*; The Humorous in Literature, by Mr. J. Henry Shorthouse, a contribution to *Blackwood*; The Bollandists, by the Rev. J. T. Stokes, contributed to the *Contemporary Review*; Israel of Jerusalem, by Mr. Matthew Arnold, contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, and Concerning the Unknown Public, a contribution to the *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. Thomas Wright. The literature of these papers is for the most part of a high quality.

A NATIONAL CRISIS.

A Dramatic Scene Attendant on Placing the Loan of 1861.

John D. Sherwood in Englewood (N. J.) Standard.

Secretary Chase, with the dignity which belonged to his noble presence, gave the conference a very lucid, frank and masterly exposition of the crisis in its national aspects, and the pressing need of the government for money explaining the act of congress authorizing the loan. The wise old heads listened, bowed in thought and grave apprehension. Naturally timid as are men of experience intrusted with weighty responsibilities, and naturally conservative, even to an excess of caution under new and untried circumstances, they shrank, as was not unnatural, from the assumption of powers which, from the standpoint of average human foresight, might involve their institutions in bankruptcy. At least the situation was novel—the present clouded with doubt and the future unilluminated by any light from the past. The weighty words of the secretary brooded over their spirits, and they sat in a silence at first awkward and then appalling, until a heavy gloom seemed to settle down and paralyze the entire assembly. At that moment sprang up the youthful-looking and animated figure of Mr. Coe, his cheering and ringing tones at once arresting attention and lifting the bowed heads of his fellow bankers. "I move," said he, "that we take his loan. It is not merely the dictate of patriotism, high as is that impulse. It is not merely that of wisdom, which is sometimes greater than prudence and caution. It is simply a commanding necessity—the instinct of self-preservation—which exacts it. In the question of the existence of our government I involved our own. Without a government banks cannot exist, property is without value. Existence itself is undesirable. Let the hordes of the confederacy enter Washington and establish a slave confederation, and New York Philadelphia and Boston become again mere trading ports—insignificant villages. Let this free government go down, and (taking from his pockets a few cents) I would not give these coppers for all your banks, your bank buildings and bank capital. I would not give a five-cent piece for the American Exchange bank with its $5,000,000 of capital. Gentlemen, you must take the loan or barbarism!"

All heads were raised in sympathetic admiration. All eyes sparkled with the ardor and glow of the suddenly inspired orator. The loan was unanimously voted, and the government supplied with the means to begin the war for themselves. All honor, then, I say, to Geo. S. Coe! If no monument in bronze or marble in any of our cities commemorates his patriotic services let history at least keep the record and cherish the name of the man whose promptness and courage in the hour when "men's hearts were failing them," did so much to restore confidence and to save the country.

Twenty years ago Miss Christine Roberts, the belle of Hartford, Conn. was engaged to marry a promising young man of that city, but he died on the eve of their wedding day. She was disconsolate, and never appeared to care for the company of gentlemen until she recently met David Dawson of Morrisonville, aged 72 years, in whom she saw a resemblance to her former lover, and she married him.

An exchange says that abroad Lady Habberton's divided skirt is much worn for bathing purposes, with a jacket of Jersey cloth coming down below the hips. Lady Habberton, we presume, stays in bed while the other woman bathes in her skirt.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

What we cannot conquer [illegible] fate and necessity [illegible] we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.—*Hannah More.*

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world, next to the might of the spirit of God.—*Spurgeon.*

The new creed is that every man is to believe that is right in his own eyes, and then assume that the Lord must agree with him.—[illegible]

The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may by possessing our souls of true virtue.—*St. Augustine.*

We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything from themselves; and we should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.—*Fuller.*

It is good we have sometimes troubles and crosses, for they often make a man enter into himself and consider that he ought not to place his trust in any earthly thing.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

There are sorrows which fall from heaven like showers; but on the pure and fresh [illegible] pen, they are trodden in the dust of the heart and lie soiled and crushed under the foot of some brutal [illegible].—*Jean Paul.*

If I am mistaken, in my opinion that the human soul is immortal, I willingly err, nor would I have this pleasant error extorted from me; and if, as some minute philosophers suppose, death should deprive me of my being, I need not fear the raillery of those philosophers when they are no more.—*Cicero.*

An eastern monarch commanded his wise men to furnish a motto that should check him in adversity, and prevent excessive joy in prosperity. He gave the monarch for his signet, "This, too, shall pass away." How gloriously would such a thought console us in sorrow, [illegible] us in joy. Every state of feeling or suffering or hope or despair, will pass away [illegible].—*John Forster.*

We are religiously struck at when the Bible is struck. Any religious denomination would sign its death warrant and commit religious suicide that should renounce, surrender it for the body of a sect on the way of unbelief. If it is not the great source of the moral powers, it is a mere mastery to feed every [illegible] and turn the life's current to the heart, to be read over again out of all loss or waste.—*Dr. [illegible].*

To work on and hope on in the face of seemingly unsurmountable obstacles requires a kind of heroism, not heroism, that but few possess; but that is, after all, the kind of heroism that wins life's greatest battles. Strong courage, fervent in spirit, with high and noble aims, given these, we may be sure of a reasonable degree of success if we carry on our daily vocations in the [illegible] of every form of opposition. Cling to truth, cling to duty, and they will carry you through every storm and bring you safe over every tempestuous sea.—*The Criterion.*

It might be better if we had less of controversial theology in the pulpit, if not in books. The exposition of the scriptures should be the staple of preaching. But so long as destructive criticism attacks the bible and [illegible] views must be scientifically defended, not by the unlearned, or the cultured and the [illegible]. It must appear that science may [illegible] but cannot disturb the foundations of the Christian faith; that Christ was not a myth or [illegible], nor Moses and Paul [illegible]. The apologetics of earlier and later ages—Justin, Origen, Calvin, Warburton and Paley—were necessary. As mode of attack has varied with the advance of hostile science, the statement of Christian evidences must vary.—*Watchman.*

That is something worth striving for, the life which is simply worth a [illegible]. If men and women were wiser, they would raise themselves higher, and not suffer their natures to be dwarfed out of all proportion by the frivolous atmosphere of small talk and trivial achievements. They would resist, courteously but firmly, what they know to be demoralizing, whether fashion countenance it or not. The fashion of truth, sincerity, dignity, of the modest and the [illegible]. For moral growth and more consideration than purple or fine linen, and the rise of spiritual forces to mold, perfume life and character must be made the primary consideration. Where there are no men, show thyself a man, runs the old Talmudical saying.—[illegible]

Shall we not look at our quivers to see if we have in them any of those arrows which had [illegible] Good Christian man, your example is an arrow that perhaps it has not hit. Your parental counsel, in general terms and in formal ways, was a good arrow, but it has not hit. Your attendance at the communion table was a good arrow—but it has not hit. Will you not try the quiver once more? God help you to find that missing arrow. Ah, there it is, it is a single heart-word, telling how much you long for the soul of your child. Try this arrow. [illegible] nothing but the name of Jesus [illegible] wings are your longings for a soul [illegible] to perish. It is only the guiding force of the Holy Spirit. Try this arrow—but trust not to it alone. Remember those golden words of James W. Alexander: "In the matter of converting the human soul to God all human power is reduced to zero."—*Rev. F. G. Clark.*

God hears every true prayer of faith, and treats such prayer as his, while the [illegible] not God works no miracles [illegible]. The recovery of a sin-sick soul to spiritual life and health is really a spiritual [illegible] it is according to God's normal method of dealing. All sinners who employ his appointed means, and rely on his almighty grace. Saul of Tarsus was converted by a clearly miraculous manifestation of Jesus Christ to his bodily senses. But we ordinary christians were converted in God's ordinary manner. When we sing the grateful words "Love I much, I've much been forgiven, I'm a miracle of grace," we only use a strong figure to set forth the wonderful love of God toward us. But the regeneration of our souls—which is as by direct agency of the Holy Spirit—is also wrought according to God's established and normal methods. He promises to save every sinner who exercises true repentance of sin, and true reliance on his crucified son for salvation.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler.*

THE MUSIC OF THE RAIN.

Falling, falling, on the housetops,
With a music gentle and rare;
Like the sound of [illegible]
On [illegible] midnight air,
Or the [illegible] of angels talking
When [illegible] the way,
Or the lullaby of mothers
When they rock their babes to sleep.

Like the drowsy wine of poppies
With its wierd, enchanting power
Coming to the weary listener
Like the dew to drooping flower;
Like balm sweet to those who suffer,
Or a cheer to those who mourn;
Like remembered words of loved ones
From our aching bosoms torn.

Strangely sweet, bewildering music,
All [illegible] led my senses [illegible],
As I watch the mystic [illegible]
With the shadowy past go by,
While a calm and holy quiet
Settles upon my heart and brain,
That I fall asleep, still listening
To the cadence of the rain.

So, may I sleep some time otherwise
I shall lie me down to rest,
Over [illegible] and that [illegible]
For the music I loved best,
When its gentle cadence falling,
Through the midnight's lonely [illegible],
Softly soothes my troubled spirit,
While it calls me to sleep.

When at last, my sun has fallen
Into a restful, glad repose,
That [illegible] earth sunshine nor shadow
No [illegible] ever knows,
Like [illegible] of weeping angels,
Or [illegible] vesper bell [illegible] toll,
May the softly falling raindrops
Chant a requiem for my soul.

Commodore Nutt.

Commodore Nutt, Tom Thumb's old rival, died a short time ago. He was a better proportioned man than Tom Thumb, and was actually a good sort of a man. He was one of the pigmy fraternity, one of whom, [illegible] especially the first two. [illegible] proprietor of a [illegible] saloon [illegible] city. I remember well the last time I saw him. It was in the summer of 1881. He was a [illegible] of the big Ocean view at Rockaway. I went down there one day [illegible] recognize him, asked [illegible] addressing him as [illegible] joke, I confess. But he [illegible] although I doubt if the [illegible] the sulphurous odor of [illegible]—*N. Y. Correspondent* [illegible]

A census has been taken [illegible] that the population [illegible] Egypt [illegible] 6,795,000 [illegible] population of the principal cities is as follows: Cairo 368,108; Alexandria 208,775; Port Said, 16,560; Suez, 10,9[illegible]; [illegible] Damietta, 3[illegible],046; Rosetta, [illegible] 25,784, and Zagazig, 19[illegible] ,671 Mansurah [illegible]

Rev. James McCarty, [illegible] Tex., says: [illegible] Brown's Iron Bitters cured [illegible] dyspepsia.

KATE.

There is something in the name of Kate
Which many will condemn;
But listen now while I relate
The traits of some of them.

There's deli-Kate, a modest dame,
And worthy of your love;
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
As we may well suppose;
Her fruitful mind is ever bent
On telling what she knows.

There's intri-Kate, she's so obscure,
'Tis hard to find her out;
For she is often very sure
To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid,
She's sure to have her way;
The cavilling, contrary jade
Objects to all you say.

There's alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
Much given to dispute;
Her prattling tongue can never rest,
You cannot her refute.

There's dislo-Kate, in quite a fret,
Who fails to gain her point;
Her case is quite unfortunate,
And surely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo;
The thing would be absurd,
She is so faithless and untrue,
You cannot take her word.

There's vindi-Kate, she's good and true,
And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
And battles for the right.

There's rusti-Kate, a country lass,
Quite fond of rural scenes;
She likes to ramble through the grass
And through the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find,
There's none like edu-Kate;
Because she elevates the mind
And aims at something great.

NEW MEXICO.

A Recent Visitor to that Desert Country Describes His Impressions.

The Stockbridge (Mich.) *Sentinel* prints the following extract from a private letter to a lady in that vicinity describing a recent visit to New Mexico:

"Well, I spent nearly two weeks in New Mexico trying to find something I liked well enough to stay with, but the longer I stayed the less I liked it, so I started back for a white man's country. When I got back I was about the color of a ripe chestnut, and am only getting bleached out so my friends begin to remember me. I don't think so much of New Mexico as I did by considerable. It is just too dry for any use I have for it. They get only about one-tenth of the waterfall in a year that you do in Michigan—the most of that falls on the top of the mountains. A few showers in July and August, with sprinkling of snow in the winter, is all the plains and valleys get, and not always that. What the country lacks in rain it makes up in sunshine, wind and dust. The air is pure and dry and thin, so that the sun is much brighter than with you, and burns to a blister on the shortest notice, while about half the time the wind peppers you with sand and dust till you feel, look, and are, about as rough all over as a piece of sand paper. One good thing about the country is, it is healthy. About the only thing they die of out here is small-pox and the rest of them eat red pepper and other such nice, warm diet that they dry up and blow away, at least I suppose they do, for I saw plenty of them that were shrunk up like dried cherries. Seriously, New Mexico is not what I expected, and is much overrated as a stock country. There is no question, there are good places to raise stock there, and piles of money have been and will be made in that business, but there is not near so much of the state that is available for this purpose nor near so many cattle on what can be used as is generally reported. It usually takes about twenty or thirty acres in New Mexico cattle ranges to produce as much grass as will grow on one acre in Michigan meadows. So that it takes from forty to fifty acres of grazing ground for each head of stock. Then cattle cannot use pasture that is over ten miles from water, and not use all of that as thoroughly as it would bear. So when you remember that springs or any permanent water for cattle to drink are in many places ten, twenty, fifty and in some places over a hundred miles apart, you can see something of what a paradise it is."

Subscribe to the Hydraulic Elevator Company's Fire-plug Fund and save 5 per cent on your insurance.

MEETING NOTICE.

Multnomah Typographical Union.—There will be a special meeting this (SUNDAY) afternoon at 2:30 at usual place. A full attendance is requested.
H. H. WATTS, President.
J. S. VAUGHN, Secretary.

DIED.

The funeral of the late Michael Conley will take place to-day at 1:30 P. M. from his late residence, corner Fourth and E streets, East Portland. Friends invited.

In this city, August 17, Delilah, relict of the late Asahel Sargent of Olympia, aged 81 years.

NEW TO-DAY.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS WITH USE of bath. Apply at 209 Yamhill. 18a4

TO RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS IN GOOD locality. Street cars to door. 206 Eleventh. 18a4

TO RENT—A NICELY FURNISHED ROOM ON first floor; suitable for two persons. Inquire 315 H street. 18a4

FURNISHED ROOM FOR RENT—NORTHWEST corner Second and Mill; building and furniture new. 18a4

A LADY WOULD SUPERINTEND A HOME. Salary not so much of an object as a home. Address HOME, P. O. Box 388. 1t

FOR SALE—HORSE, BUGGY AND HARNESS; horse six years old, quite gentle and suitable for family use. Inquire 335 G street. 18a4

TWO WELL FURNISHED BAY-WINDOW rooms with bath; suitable for four gentlemen; first-class board next door; 230 Fifth street. 18a4

WANTED—40,000 HEWED TIES, 6x8 INCHES, 8 feet, delivered at Albina wharf incline, at earliest date possible. ARCH. A. SCHENCK, engineer N. P. T. Co. 18a4

HOUSE AND FURNITURE WANTED.—WANTED to rent, a house of four or five rooms; would buy all or part of the furniture. Apply at room 21, International hotel. 18a4

WANTED—BY A YOUNG MAN EMPLOYED as clerk, room and board; private family preferred. Address, stating location and terms, SCOTSMAN, Oregonian office. 18a4

WANTED—AT ONCE, HELPER FOR CARriage smith; good pay and steady work for a good workman. Call at Portland Carriage Manufactory, 254 and 256 Fourth street. 18a4

LOST—ON SATURDAY MORNING ON D street, between Front and Park, a small package of Knitting silk and Ticking. The finder will please return to me and get reward. JOS. WAGNER & CO., No. 34 North Front street. 1t

FOR RENT—TWO OR THREE UNFURNISHED rooms, corner Second and Salmon. Apply at 258 First street, near Salmon.

FOUR LOTS IN PROEBSTEL—CHOICE AND sightly; a bargain. BURROWS, WEEKS & OLIVER, 4 Washington street. 3a

RESTAURANT, CENTRALLY LOCATED ON First street and doing a good business, will be sold for cost of stock and fixtures; must be sold; a rare bargain; 4 Washington street.
BURROWS, WEEKS & OLIVER.

FOR SALE—SOME CHOICE BUSINESS LOTS on Russell and Lasting sts., Albina (Montgomery property), at reasonable prices on easy terms. Apply to JOHN M. PITTINGER. If you don't know where his office is, ask somebody. 18a4

FOR SALE—4 ACRES IN GOOD CULTIVATION; elegant new residence, barn, stable and outhouse; good spring water; well fenced and within view of the city; two and a half miles from Stark-street ferry, and, if sold within one week, at only $[illegible]. For further particulars inquire of OGDEN & [illegible], No. 14 Stark street. 17a4

TO THE STREET SPRINKLING PUBLIC—YOU are requested not to make any arrangements for street sprinkling until the opening of next season, when Holman, Lamberson & Jordan will be pleased to take your orders. They are prepared to do the work in a satisfactory manner and at reasonable rates, having recently acquired new additions to their sprinkling force. Respectfully,
HOLMAN, LAMBERSON & JORDAN.

WOMEN'S COMMISSION ROOMS AND EMployment office. All women that have articles of their own manufacture that they wish to dispose of can have the same at this place and it will be disposed of at a commission. No woman need be afraid to bring in anything she can make, from a pin-cushion down to a loaf of bread. Here is the chance for every woman to do something for herself. All kinds of goods sold and bought on commission. Country orders promptly attended to. Parties in search of servants will be supplied at short notice. Girls wishing employment, will do well to call early. Address all orders to MRS. L. B. BARR, 193½ First st., Portland, Or. 18a4

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF OREGON, }
COUNTY OF MULTNOMAH, }

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION ISSUED out of the circuit court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Multnomah, and to me directed in favor of E. H. G. Hughes and against the Oregonian R. R. Co. limited, for the sum of three thousand eight hundred ($3800) dollars, judgment with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum from the 8th day of February, 1883, and the further sum of fifteen dollars and fifty-five cents ($15.55) costs, and the further sum of thirty-four dollars and fifty-five cents ($34.55), costs and accruing costs, I have levied upon all the right, title and interest of the above named Oregonian Railway Company Limited in and to the following real estate, to wit: All of the east half of block number (71) seventy-one, city of Portland, Multnomah county, state of Oregon, together with all and singular the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining. Now, therefore, in pursuance of said execution, I will on Monday, the 17th day of September, 1883, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the court-house door, in said county and state aforesaid, sell all the above-described real estate at public auction to the highest bidder, subject to redemption, for cash U. S. coin, or so much thereof as will satisfy said judgment, interest, costs and accruing costs.
GEO. C. SEARS,
Sheriff of Multnomah county, Oregon.
Dated August 15, 1883.

NewspaperARCHIVE® NewspaperARCHIVE®

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1883.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

BY MAIL—POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.

Daily, per month [illegible]
Daily with Sunday Oregonian, per month [illegible]
Daily per year [illegible]
Daily with Sunday Oregonian, per year [illegible]
Sunday Oregonian, per year [illegible]
Sunday and Weekly Oregonian, per year [illegible]
The Weekly Oregonian, per year [illegible]

Capt. H. H. Pierce's translation of the [illegible] will be furnished to new subscribers for one year, in either edition, for 50c extra, postage free.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted [illegible]
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included [illegible]

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND, Aug. 18, 7:51 P. M.

Place of Observation	Height of Barom.	Change last 8 Hours	Ther	Wind Direction	Rain fall inch	State of weath.
Portland	29.97	—.07	63	NW	.09	Clear
Olympia	29.96	—.05	61	Calm	.00	Sm'k
Roseburg	29.19	—.06	69	N	.00	Clear
Red Bluff	29.88	—.06	58	N	.00	Sm'k
Sacramento	29.84	—.40	67	SW	.00	Clear

Maximum ther. 70.5; minimum ther. 49.0.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN.

Is for sale at the following places:
Postoffice candy store, Fifth and Morrison.
Hasper's Fourth and Morrison.
Browning's, 80 Morrison.
Dankelmer's, 167 First.
Bladgett's, 52 First.
Lewellen's, First and Morrison.
Lenaline's cigar store, 146 First street.
Menogram [illegible], First and Washington.
Potters', First and Washington.
Stearns, 65 First.
S. L. Stone's, First and Ash.
Chas. Korell, First and C.
Cohn, First and Alder.
Geo. Taylor's, 81 E.
Dunbar N. W. Cor. First and Salmon.
Odell, 207 First.
Mrs. Carroll, First, bet. E and F.
E. Warren, Postoffice Building, East Portland.
Ross Sharp, 227 First street.
G. M. Curtis, Morrison street, near Fourth.
Mrs. M. Bauer, 86 Morrison.
Weller, northeast corner of First and Alder.
Ballet, 207 First.
And at the counting room of THE OREGONIAN, corner Front and Stark.

POSTOFFICE TO-DAY.

Open from 2 to 3 P. M. for delivery of mails.
The Dalles and eastern mails arrive at 5:30 P. M.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

OPERATORS WANT TO RETURN.

Last evening it was reported here on good authority that all the striking operators at Sacramento asked to be reinstated this morning. Superintendent Jaynes is now at Sacramento, but it is not known what answer he has made to them. San Francisco says all the strikers there will apply in a body on Monday.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

The Hydraulic Elevator Company is putting a number of plugs on the Ash street wharf. There are two at the entrance to the dock, three on the roofs of the ticket office and warehouses and six on each of the docks. The plugs and pipes are four inches in diameter and will throw sufficient water to protect the property against all danger from fires.

SHIPS IN THE RIVER.

The ships Grisedale, with a cargo of salt, and iron principally, the River Nith, with 1,600 tons Australian coal, and the Antiope from Hongkong with a cargo of Chinese merchandise, among which is 66,000 mats of rice, are in the river waiting for the Walla Walla to finish the channel through St. Helens bar. It is expected that the job will be finished to-night, and these ships will soon be at our wharves.

ON TWO CHARGES.

I. Davis, in Congress saloon last evening, became enraged and poured a torrent of abuse on Harry Gordon, the proprietor. Gordon attempted to put him out and he resisted, when a policeman coming along arrested him. Gordon accompanied the party to the jail where in the explanation of the affair it transpired that Davis had been gambling. Captain Hoir made a complaint against him on this count and another was booked for using abusive language.

ALL UNSATISFACTORY.

Misfortunes never come singly at least, so must think Mrs. Glenn on whose devoted head a whole avalanche of trouble has fallen of late. Her last trouble is on account of her worser (?) half, who has been overtaken by the jim jams—a kind of a fit of jim jams. She took him to the hospital last evening and on coming home had a grand row with the hackman, who charged more than she wished to pay. Having had enough of the law lately, she compromised with the Jehu, and they departed mutually dissatisfied.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Mrs. Delilah Sargent of Olympia, who arrived who arrived here two weeks since on a visit to O. G. Baylor, in this city, died suddenly at his residence on Friday morning. She has been partially paralyzed for years. About 1 o'clock on Friday morning she awoke in a distressed condition and died in a few minutes. Mrs. Sargent was born in Virginia in 1802 and with her husband crossed the plains in 1854. They have since resided at Olympia, where Mr. Sargent died about six months ago, aged 81. They both leave a large circle of friends by whom they were held in much respect and esteem.

A FATAL ACCIDENTAL SHOT.

On Thursday Harry Yocum, a young man aged 22, living a few miles from Sheridan, accidentally shot himself, under the following singular circumstances: Yocum had been working around a threshing machine and had just finished oiling it, when he concluded to clean out his pockets. He had a little box holding his ball, in which he deposited the various articles from his pockets, one by one. Among them was a pistol which, in some unaccountable manner, went off, the ball entering his head and producing a fatal wound. Yocum lived but a few hours after being shot. He was about 22 years of age and was much esteemed by all who knew him.

EASTERN VISITORS HERE.

Mr. Henry J. Winser, chief of the bureau of information of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, who has been pointing out the beauties and wonders of the Yellowstone National Park to a party of guests of the company, consisting of forty editors and publishers representing membership in the Western Associated Press, arrived here last evening. He is accompanied by two of the party, Wm. P. Fulton, editor of the Detroit *Post and Tribune*, and Hon. A. W. Campbell, proprietor and publisher of the Wheeling (W. Va.) *Intelligencer*, who wished to see something of Oregon before returning east. The party enjoyed a delightful time, and their expectations in regard to the magnificent scenery were more than fulfilled.

JAILED FOR CONTEMPT.

R. K. Phillips, who failed in the trunk manufacturing business some time since, and also failed to pay his creditors, is again in jail—not for debt, but for contempt of court. In the course of his trial it was ascertained that Phillips had a check in his possession. As he did not seem inclined to pay his debts, and it was not practicable to put him in jail on that account, Judge Bushwiler made an order that Phillips should apply the check to the payment of his debt, and for failing to do so, sent him to jail for contempt of court, and proposes to keep him there till he shall purge himself of his contempt by using the said check as ordered. This may not be a new way of making one pay old debts but it is not a very common one.

FRONT-STREET BRIDGE.

The improvement of Front and South Front streets, from Clay to Woods street, lately authorized by the common council, will involve the construction of a bridge across Marquam gulch which will cost about $5000. The filling or grading of the street across the gulch it is estimated would cost about $60,000, as the lots adjoining the proposed bridge are not valued at anything near what the assessment will be for the improvement the owners will probably sell out to the city. It seems a little rough on the owners of the property that they should be obliged to throw it away, as it were, but there are lots in this city which have been given up by two successive owners, who probably felt pleased that the city could not call upon them to pay the balance due upon the improvement after the value of the lots had been subtracted.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

This happened yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Barber, 346 Yamhill street. Their infant child was lying in the cradle, and her three-year-old brother, in playing near, fell into the cradle by accident, his hands coming down with considerable force on the baby. She cried out, but being soon pacified, but little was thought of the accident until later on, when the child cried as if in pain, and continued to grow worse through the night. No marks of bruises were apparent on the infant, but the quick eye of the mother detected something wrong about the leg, and Dr. Fraser was called in this morning. He immediately discovered that the poor little creature's hip had been dislocated. He soon put the leg in place and the child is now doing well. It is wonderful how serious an injury is produced by what may be thought a very trifling incident. Of all the animal creation the most helpless and tender in the perils of infancy is man.—*Telegram.*

FOOT RACE FOR $500 A SIDE.

The backers of J. Stevens and L. Lewis, after a great deal of parleying have made a match between these runners for $500 a side. The distance to be run is fifty yards, and those who witnessed the foot race last Sunday at City View Park opine that Stevens is one of the fastest runners in America and traveling under a nom de-plume. Lewis is from British Columbia, and he and his friends came to Portland with this very match in view. The only money at stake is that produced by these men, and each is confident of winning it. As no suitable track was accessible, the management having the Dinnie-McMillan wrestling match in hand have had one prepared, and the race will be run this afternoon at Gambrinus garden, immediately after Dinnie and McMillan have finished their wrestling, which is for $250. Five styles are to be wrestled. The day's sport will commence with introducing athletic games. Music and enjoyable exercises are furnished.

WANTED THE LAND SIDE.

From the following it would appear that ignorance of the geography of this country is not confined to eastern people alone. Last evening a lady applied to A. L. Maxwell, the genial ticket agent of nearly all the railroad, steamboat and steamship lines in the country, to purchase a ticket to Astoria by the ocean steamer. She was politely informed that she could not get a ticket by the ocean steamer, but could reach Astoria by taking passage on on the steamer Wide West. After having the matter thoroughly explained she concluded to take a room on the West, but made a special request that it be on the "land side." "On the land side?" said the dispenser of tickets—"I don't think there is much difference between the sides in that respect." "Oh, yes, there is," said the lady, "my friend advised me to be sure and secure a room on the land side." After Mr. Maxwell had explained that there were two banks to the river—one on each side—the lady came to the conclusion that either side of the boat would do.

THE BOATING RECORD BEATEN.

While the last race for the Grant cup was not such as was hoped for, or might have been expected, the time made by the crew of the P. R. A.—viz: Teal stroke, Malarkey No. 3, Quackenbush No. 2, White, bow, was the best ever made on the Willamette for a three-mile course—19 minutes and 43 seconds. The Willamettes not entering was a disappointment to all, though the time made was some compensation for this lack. The wind was blowing fresh against the boat all the way from the turn, making the water quite lumpy and seriously affecting the steering. This is the last race for the Grant cup, as the P. R. A. have now won it for three successive years. The first race was Oct. 15, 1879, won by the P. R. A. The second year it was not contested for by either the P. R. A. or Willamettes. The third year it was won by the P. R. A. in 20 minutes 15 seconds. The fourth year it was won by the P. R. A. in 20 minutes and 21 seconds. The time this year, 19 minutes 43 seconds, will be seen, is far ahead of any other yet made. As the Willamettes' crew were sick to-day it would be a good idea for the committee on the Villard reception to offer a first and second prize for a race as part of the festivities on the occasion. Proper prizes would bring out four crews.

DISLIKED THE COUNTY HOTEL.

At a late hour on Friday night Sheriff Sears arrested George F. Dueber, as he was going on board the Kalama boat, on his way to Whatcom, a station on the Tacoma road. Mr. Dueber, who formerly kept a store at that place, failed, and came over here and paid off some of his creditors at the rate of fifty cents on the dollar. Some however, refused to receive a moiety of their claims, and one of these swore out a warrant for his arrest as an absconding debtor. He was disagreeably surprised when arrested, and thought that Sheriff Sears could not take him off the boat. He was soon convinced of his error in the matter, and after being taken to his brother's residence to inform him about the arrest, Mr. Dueber was marched to the county jail. The accommodations did not suit his taste at all, and he persuaded the sheriff to accompany him to a friend's, where he found bail for his appearance in the sum of $550. He was greatly relieved when the matter was arranged and he was allowed his liberty, as he said his brother was to be wed to-day, and they were going to have a grand time, and he wished to be on hand. The sheriff had no objections, so that he had the coin, and will not fret if Mr. Dueber forgets to come back.

CRICKET.

A very enjoyable game of cricket was played at the Oaks, East Portland, yesterday, between the married and single members of the Portland Cricket Club, which, like the match of the preceding week, resulted in a complete victory for the single men. Special mention should be made of the excellent bowling of Messrs. Bourne and Smith, which, in a great measure, produced the following result:

SINGLE.

Smith, b Kinross	26
Andrew, c and b Kinross	2
Ritchie, run out	1
Warren, b Gilman	1
Readman, b Gilman	2
Nicol, c Creighton, b Kinross	[illegible]
Cooper, b Kinross	[illegible]
Bourne, b Kinross	[illegible]
McDonell, not out	[illegible]
McKay, b Greame	[illegible]
Extras, byes, etc	24
Total	128

MARRIED.

Creighton, run out	2
Ogilbee, b Bourne	1
Greame, b Bourne	5
Crocker, b Bourne	4
Kinross, b Smith	4
Mitchell, b Smith	1
Dobtreon, not out	1
Best, b Smith	1
Molson, s b w Bourne	5
Gilman, b Bourne	0
Roms, b Smith	0
Extras	14
Total	38

FATALLY SHOT BY A THIEF.

Edward Ravenaw, a young man keeping store on the Sandy arrived here in hot-haste yesterday afternoon, his mission being to summon a physician to the assistance of Perry Vickers, who was shot near his home on the summit of the Cascade mountains, fifty-seven miles east of this city on the Barlow road. The circumstances attending the shooting, as told to Mr. Ravenaw by his informant who arrived from the summit yesterday morning, are as follows: Some young man, whose name is not known, traveling on foot up the Barlow road, stole a shotgun. Farther on he traded it for a rifle. A Mr. Fisher started in pursuit of the thief, and was joined by Perry Vickers and Fiess, Howard. They were on horseback, and Mr. Vickers, who was in the lead overtook the thief and ordered him to halt. The thief drew his rifle and fired, the bullet striking Mr. Vickers in the abdomen and passing through his body. Vickers did not fall, but fired from his revolver at the thief, who, however, made his escape into the timber. There is hardly a doubt that the wound will prove fatal. Dr. C. M. Dodson answered the summons, and last night started on his long horseback ride of 57 miles. Mr. Vickers is proprietor of the hotel at the summit, and is well known to all who have traveled the Barlow road in recent years.

NICKELS A NUISANCE.

In referring to the item in regard to the street railway companies making arrangements for interchanging tickets, which appeared in THE OREGONIAN yesterday, a gentleman connected with one of the roads states that a five-cent nickel is a ticket which will pass on any of them, and suggests that passengers carry a supply of these coins. It is true that nickels will answer the purpose, but who wants to be packing around a pocket full of sounding brass and tinkling nickel. The tickets are much more convenient, and there is no reason why they should not be made interchangeable here as well as in other cities.

RECEPTION TO GENERAL SHERMAN.

The executive committee extend a cordial invitation to all citizens throughout the state to be present and participate in the reception to be given General W. T. Sherman in Mechanics' pavilion on Monday evening the 27th inst. Arrangements have been made for a reduction of forty per cent. on full fare. All round trip tickets good for two days, August 27 and 28.

An Innovation in Dentistry! For five dollars per annum I will keep your teeth in order. Examination and cleaning every quarter. All dental work at eastern prices. J. C. Newcastle, D. D. S., office 167 First, between Morrison and Yamhill.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE SPANISH STUDENTS.—This musical organization opens next Saturday evening at New Market for a short season. Of their performance in San Francisco the *Examiner* says: The musical event of the week was the opening concert of the Spanish students in Platt's hall. It introduced an entirely unique entertainment which is as charming as it is novel, and which has been so successful that the five concerts originally projected are to be supplemented by six more to take place at the same hall, occurring every evening this week except Saturday, the series ending with a matinee. The sixteen performers are a picturesque looking set, with their graceful cloaks, knee breeches and silver buckled shoes. As they bend over their instruments with one black stockinged leg crossed over the other and their odd shaped hats tilted at just the proper angle, they look like troubadours strayed from their proper place in poetry and picture frames. The leader of the sixteen plays a violin and another member the violincello with considerable skill; of the rest, nine play on mandolins and five on guitars. The combination of sounds is very sweet, the cello and violin giving cohesion and smoothness to the short marked tones of the other instruments and sometimes supplying a flowing under-current of melody to the characteristic accompaniment of the mandolins and guitars. In the waltzes and mazurkas of Granada, where a plaintive strain underlies the gayest melody, the effect becomes thoroughly fascinating and the music suggests the scent of rose gardens in the dusk, the restless swish of waves under the moon, palaces gleaming white in a soft starlight, dark eyes flashing under a cloud of black lace and no end of other romantic things. The selections where the time is strongly marked and no great variety of musical effect is desirable are the most pleasing in the repertoire of the students, though they are able to reproduce, in an astonishing manner, the tones of other instruments than those they use, and some compositions for full orchestra receive very creditable treatment from them. They play with wonderful unanimity of expression, and crescendos and diminuendos are produced with absolute unison by all the instruments. Their entertainment is a very delightful one.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. A. Nolting and Mrs. W. L. Chittenden are visiting on the Sound.

Cars were running as far south as Grant street on the Third-street road yesterday.

The Rev. John W. Sellwood and family returned from Neawanna bay on Friday last.

Miss Libbie Burrows, eldest daughter of C. E. Burrows, is improving after several days' illness.

Albert Gallatin of the house of Huntington, Hopkins & Co., hardware dealers of Sacramento is in the city.

Jack Perry, evidently a bad boy, refused to go home with his brother at 12 o'clock last night, and was locked up in the city jail. He is becoming familiar with jail early in life.

The improvements being made to St. David's church, East Portland, are not quite completed so there will be no services nor Sunday school there to-day, but a week from to-day the opening services will be held.

A large force of Chinamen and teams are at work in the vicinity of Sixteenth and I streets, and another party below the lower bone yard on the grade of the Kalama branch, who are making rapid progress with the work.

Three wagons loaded with banners and boys, torches and transparencies enough to make a democratic torchlight procession, were moving up and down the streets last evening. The object of the turnout was to call attention to the Dinnie-McMillan wrestle to-day.

During the time that the Queen of the Pacific is in the dry dock at San Francisco for repairs, the company will dispatch a steamer only every four days from this city and San Francisco. This arrangement will probably last not longer than two weeks.

Hon. J. F. Caples has accepted an invitation to deliver an address at the opening of the Oregon state normal school, which will commence its second session at Monmouth, on Tuesday, September 18. The other features of the programme for the occasion have not yet been announced.

It is reported that an agent of the Terminal company has offered to take away the dirt scooped up by the city dredger free of charge, to use it in filling up Couch lake. This would be a saving of about $35 per day to the city, but it seems very improbable that any such arrangement will be made, as it is impossible to conceive of any method by which the dirt can be placed in the lake with facility.

SACRAMENTO'S GAMBLING ORDINANCE.

That gambling-licensing ordinance passed by the Sacramento city trustees has already been making trouble at the capital. After a week's trial it was found that but two games had taken out licenses while three unlicensed ones were running openly, beside numerous games in Chinatown. It was charged that the chief of police was not enforcing the ordinance, and thereupon the board of police commissioners held a meeting, elected a captain of police and virtually took the department out of the control of the chief. The latter refused to submit to the new arrangement, tore up the orders posted in the office by the new captain of police, and the conflict will doubtless result in a lawsuit. It is alleged by the trustees who passed the license ordinance that the police had been levying blackmail on the gamblers and that it was to divert this money from the pockets of the policemen into the city treasury that the license ordinance was passed. Probably the chief of police would say that he did not enforce the ordinance because it was illegal. It had been expected that the gamblers would welcome the passage of the ordinance and promptly pay their licenses but they do not seem to embrace that privilege with half the joy it had been supposed they would.

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been received and added to the Portland Library:

The Rose and the Ring, or the History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo; a fireside pantomime for great and small children, by W. M. Thackeray.

The Masterpieces of French Art, illustrated. Being a biographical history of art in France from the earliest period to and including the Salon of 1882, by Louis Viardot and other writers. Edited by Wm. A. Armstrong—two volumes.

The Portfolio, an artistic periodical, edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton; with numerous illustrations. Bound volume for 1882.

The Art Journal; new series for 1882.

Meyer's Universum oder Abbildung und Beschreibung Sehenswerthesten und Merkwürdigsten der Natur und Kunst auf der ganzen Erde. In Neunundzwanzig Banden.

Figures of the Past, from the Leaves of Old Journals, by Josiah Quincy (Class of 1821, Harvard college.

THE HOTELS.

ST. CHARLES.

Tom Cod, S F	J Kehn, S F
Chas F Bell, Oswego	J C Dickey, Albany
Mrs W S Taylor, Colorado	Wm H H Grant, Corvallis
T J Buford, Corvallis	S E Hellman, Cape Horn
J G Pope, S F	M Mackay, Columbia City
H L Collins, Spokane	F W Getchell, Coquille
H L Joslyn, Walla Walla	Henry C Hoff, Walla Walla
D E Smock, Seattle	D VanValkenberg, Victoria
Miss VanValkenberg, Vic	Wm H Fine, Hubbold
G W Lichtenthaler, Ills	W B Lane, Carrollton
O Hadfield, Oak Point	Tom Kelly, Oak Point
Tilmon Ford, Salem	W B Cunningham, Heppner
R I Barber, Pendleton	Philip Pairce, Heppner
Jas R Smith, Bullin	H O Wood, O R & N Co
E D Gordon, Harney	R C Hutchinson, Pendleton
Mrs W B Sloan, Pendleton	H P Rise, Iowa
M O Blake, Kansas	T O Smith, Dallas
J H May, Washington DC	Geo Wilson, Washington
W O Keith, Dalles	G W Cole, St Helens
E Dunbar, S F	Paul Hannon, S F
J A Vaughn, Astoria	

THE LEADING DRESS-MAKING HOUSE.

The fall Woolens and Silks are coming, also an additional designer. This makes the fourth fitter and designer—more than any one exclusive Dress and Suit House on the coast. To reasonable customers every concession will be given. A. B. LITT.

The New York *Times* has at last been able to say a good word for Jay Gould. He is not a sniveling hypocrite who cheats his fellow man week days and prates about his goodness and piety on Sunday. It is something in these degenerate days to be worthy of this negative praise.

OMNIBUSES TO THE PARK.

The new and handsome omnibuses of the United Carriage Company will be put into use for the first time next Sunday, when they will run to the picnic and wrestling match at Gambrinus park, leaving Occidental hotel, corner First and Morrison streets, every fifteen minutes.

Tilden has just purchased a team of well-matched Kentucky horses.

Subscribe to the Hydraulic Elevator Company's Fire-plug Fund and save 5 per cent. on your insurance.

RACING RUMORS.

On Saturday next the great race for the Monmouth stakes will be run at Long Branch, with Iroquois, George Kinney, Barnes, Leonatus, Pizarro and Monitor as the probable starters. It is greatly to be regretted that Gebhardt's Eole is not in this race, as he is a horse of great speed, and able to make the battle red-hot. The race is for $500 each, half forfeit, with $5000 added, of which the second horse is to receive $1,000. Our preference for the race will be Leonatus, if he won the Omnibus stake for three-year-olds which was run yesterday, and of the result of which we have not been apprised up the time of going to press. It seems to us, from Iroquois' running in England this season, that he has lost much of that speed which made him the greatest horse in England in 1881. The voyage across the Atlantic to the land of his birth may, however, help him as it has undoubtedly helped his stable companion, Arizona, who won at Long Branch in the hollowest style from such real goers as Strathspey, Duplex and Macbeth.

The talent missed a frightful "dump" at Saratoga on the 7th of this month on the occasion of the Pocahontas stakes for three-year-olds. The starters for this race were the famous filly Miss Woodford, Express, Blue Grass Belle and Pike's Pride. So hot a favorite was Miss Woodford that she was left out of the pools altogether and Empress sold as first choice at $200, with Blue Grass Belle at $60 and Pike's Pride at $41. In the books 7 to 1 were laid on Miss Woodford and 6 to 1 against Empress, who won cleverly by a length. Paris mutuals paid $81 30 for each $5 invested. Had Miss Woodford been sold in the pools, the Dwyers and their friends would have lost probably a half million dollars. The winner of the race is owned by Governor Bowie of Maryland, and was got by Narragansett out of Maudina, the dam of Pinafore and Cloverbrook. Maudina was by Australian, out of the English mare Maud, by Stockwell, well known as the dam of Alarm. As Alarm and Narragansett were both by Ten Broeck's Eclipse, this may seem something like a "rosy cross." It is worthy of note that all the Australian mares are becoming famous as matrons.

Speaking of Leonatus, a moment ago, brings us back to what might be termed a fair test of his powers as a race horse. He not only ran ten races consecutively, but he beat both Drake Carter and Lord Raglan three times off the reel, the last two times carrying a penalty. And yet, in looking over the running at Coney Island and Saratoga, we not only find Drake Carter beating such clever eastern three-year-olds as George Kinney and Empress, but we also find both him and Lord Raglan taking their chances against older horses in purse races and winning right and left. Ascender also was in the unplaced division behind Leonatus, but he has won six or eight purse races since then, beating such nags as Pearl Jennings and Bozedam. By the way they do get this colt's name horribly mixed up in the telegrams. He is called "Bos Sedan" half the time; up to date and we are fully prepared to see his name spelt "Boss Suydam" before the season is over. He is by Hurrah, one of the great, but neglected sires of America, and neglected because he stands in Ohio instead of Kentucky.

Navarre, got by the imported horse Buckden out of a mare by Joe Stoner, a son of Wagner, must be something of a weight carrier. He won a race at Saratoga not long since, with 151 pounds on his back in the capital time of 1:45¼. The performance of Incommode, who did a mile at Louisville in 1:44 with 140 pounds up was also a great run. He was then, like Navarre is now, five years old. Here it bothers horses of that age to beat 1:46 with 114 pounds up. Among other notable performances under heavy weights, we may mention the 1:46½ of Climax with 145 pounds up, and the 1:46 of Spindrift up to 148. Climax was by the English horse Balrownie and Spindrift by his more famous half brother, Bonnie Scotland.

The race for the Goodwood cup, in which Girofle is entered, is to be run on the 20th instant, next Monday, on the famous Goodwood course, which forms part of the Duke of Richmond's beautiful park. The famous daughter of Lexington is in at 113 pounds, and her owner, "Plunger Walton," has gone over to see her run. Our idea is that she will not get a place if Scobell, Tristan and the Fiddler start in the race. To begin with, she never could run in America with more than 108 pounds up, although she beat Barnett in 1:40½ last year; nor was there ever a time that she evinced a liking for any distance over a mile and a quarter in good company. Here she is now, starting in a race twice that distance with a heavier weight than she ever carried before. The American victories at the Goodwood weights and distance are Starke, 4 years, 118 pounds, won the Goodwood stakes of 1859, value $6500; and in 1860 the same horse won the Goodwood cup with 126 pounds up, value $3200. In 1877 the late M. H. Sanford took over Preakness for the express purpose of winning the Goodwood cup, but he came in third. We have no idea that the small and wiry Girofle can accomplish what was too great a task for the weight-carrying and distance-loving son of Lexington and Bay Leaf.

TROTTING TOPICS.

The great sensation in trotting circles at the east is the defeat of St. Julien by both Fanny Witherspoon and Edwin Thorne. But when you come to look at it there is nothing so remarkable about it. Both Edwin Thorne and St. Julien have made faster time than Fanny made in this race, but she evidently won the race by being in the best condition. The truth is that the system of showing horses in harness against time, as St. Julien has been shown for the past two or three years, unfits them for racing. Their trainers get used to having a clear track for just one horse to trot upon and neglect to put their horses in that hardened condition which a competitive race demands. The people had grown tired of seeing horses go alone against a stop watch, and were anxious to see a bona fide race. Hence the big $5000 purse, with $500 additional to the horse that beat 2:14, was offered. Edwin Thorne won the first heat in 2:17½. Fanny Witherspoon the second and third in 2:17¾ and 2:18¾, respectively, and St. Julien the fourth in 2:19¾. Then Fanny went in and won the money in 2:23¼, and the "King of the Turf" was dethroned by the big daughter of Almont. Our idea is that St. Julien can beat either of the others when he is fit, but Hickok has evidently been careless about him of late. Give him time to prepare the son of Volunteer and he will be too good for any of them.

Santa Claus is beginning to recover his lost form again, and won two heats under 2:20 in a race at Buffalo, taking the deciding heat in very hollow style. Santa Claus is now owned by William Kohl, who built the steamer Cascade on Puget sound, and sold her to the O. R. N. Company, out of which he got money enough to go into the Alaska fur monopoly and became a millionaire. Santy is now trained by Jim Turner of Philadelphia, who has not hitherto had very good luck with him. He is in the same stable with Trinket and several other explorers of the team, and therefore has to take his turn among the good things that are offered. He is engaged in the 2:18 class at Rochester and at Providence, R. I., in both of which he will have to meet Fanny Witherspoon. She has already beaten him this season, and may do so again, but will not have as hard a fight of it.

Jay-Eye-See is the phenomenon of the east this season, and shows it by the clever way he beat Majolica at Cleveland in the capital time of 2:15¾ for a third heat. Such a five-year-old is a trump. At the same meeting his half brother, Director, beat Wilson, Gladiator and Kate McCall, the fastest heat being 2:16¾ by Wilson. Six obstinately contested heats were trotted, and Wilson who made a dead heat with Director, and won two others, lost the race, evidently from want of condition. At the same time, five heats below 2:20 and three heats below 2:18, are not often trotted in races for horses that had no better record than 2:22 for the year 1882. It will be noticed the time of this race was better than that of the 2:18 class in which Fanny Witherspoon beat Thorne and St. Julien. It is our firm belief that Jay-Eye-See can to-day beat any horse on the American turf St. Julien and Maud S. not excepted.

Sleepy Joe is another great young horse that carried off the 2:2– purse at Cleveland. He beat a rare field, including Bronze and Nellie G, in five hard heats each of the mares getting one. The fastest heat was 2:19¼, and the slowest 2:21. The pedigree of this game and resolute young horse is totally unknown, but they will probably find one for him, as they did for Occident, before the season is over, especially if he continues to trot as he has been doing. Mexy Cobb by Happy Medium, is another horse of obscure fame that suddenly found renown at Cleveland. He won the purse for 2:29 class on Tuesday; best time, 2:30¼, and repeated the same performance at Buffalo the following week, save that he won in straight heats and defeated a larger field of horses.

MORMON LIFE.

The Endowment House—A Weeping Bride—An Increasing Evil—Superstition and Belief—Really Converts.

Kansas City Journal.

Miss Breed, of Ogden, Utah, was in the city last week visiting friends. The lady owns the distinction of having filled the rank of "Goddess of Liberty" in the Fourth of July celebration of this year at Ogden, where the Mormons and Gentiles participated in the patriotic display. Miss Breed is a very handsome young lady and a good talker, and is disposed to speak in an easy and pleasing manner of such life among the Mormons as would naturally come under the observation of a "Gentile" people. A *Journal* reporter obtained permission of the young lady to give the following interesting conversation, which took place during a pleasant evening visit:

"I have lived nearly two years in Ogden which is two-thirds Mormons besides spending a good deal of time at Salt Lake City, and I know Mormonism is on the increase. Converts are daily coming in, and while they may not practice polygamy openly it is impossible to prove it as long as the women believe as they do."

"How is that?"

"Why, marriage with a Mormon is their only means of salvation. So implicitly do they value this that the fear of not being called by name at the last day haunts them with a mighty dread. One weak-faced Mormon wife asked me why I did not marry, adding that it was a terrible thing either to remain single or to offend one's husband and be put away. It grows into a part of their superstitious belief. If any woman will ever go to heaven these poor long suffering creatures will, for they must endure everything. Some earn their own living after marriage, and I have known three to combine and support their husband. Of course where the Mormon is rich he supports his wives in good style, and in some cases luxuriously."

"What effect has the Edmunds' bill had?"

"I was just going to speak of that. I was in the tabernacle the Sunday after it passed and heard Moses Thatcher on the subject. He is an eloquent man and woke a furore of enthusiasm from the people. Women waved their handkerchiefs and men shouted. It was impossible not to be stirred. I never saw such excitement. Of course since then polygamy has to be covered over, and they cannot compel a man to take more than one wife but there has been no diminution in the practice. Bishop Farr, for instance, has just taken 'No. 8.' His bridal tour was a rather peculiar one, for instead of taking the bride he went out with the first wife and one of her children."

"I should call that rather sad for the young bride."

"Well, yes," said Miss Breed, smiling, "but you see the honor of marrying a bishop far outweighed the slight if it was any. For you see the first wife always receives the most consideration, the second not unfrequently being brought to the house as a servant for her. In the early days it was required that at the wedding this wife should lead the new applicant for connubial honors to the husband and placing her hand in his say, 'I give this woman unto you,'—but that is one of the secrets of the dread endowment house."

"You have seen this place?"

"Oh yes," said Miss Breed, lowering her voice, "you can just see the upper row of grated windows above the high adobe wall which surrounds the building. It is a dreadful place, whose secrets bear no penetration. The day I first saw it a man and woman were just leaving it. She was a little young creature, and was walking along crying bitterly. They went up to Ogden on the same train with us and she cried all the way; every now and then he told her to 'shut up.' They were a newly married pair."

"Do these women seem contented?"

"Perfectly. They are cowardly, and, as I told you before, they look upon marriage with a Mormon as their only means of salvation. Just across from our house is a Mormon church which is surrounded by a sort of park or green, well supplied with hitching posts. It is comical to see the old men drive in with their wives, some in old box wagons from the country, some in nice carriages, and other in magnificent turn outs. The man sits like a grand mogul among his slaves, and the women, young and old, clamber in and out of the vehicles without assistance. There is no courtesy shown and no attention. It shows just what a hold superstition can obtain over women. These women endure every thing for fear's sake."

"And do they harmonize at all?"

Here Miss Breed laughed merrily. "They act just about like Gentile women would do under similar circumstances—quarrel so that separate establishments are necessary."

"And the children?"

"Are very often sent east and become accomplished. I heard the daughter of a second wife remark not long since that she would leave the man she married if he took another wife."

"You think the belief spreading?"

"Converts—Swedes and Danes—are constantly coming over, and are so ignorant that they easily adopt these views. Once in and escape is difficult, for the oaths are terrific. They dare not break them. As polygamists cannot vote, they swear to anything that will keep control in their hands. I saw women go to the polls and vote that I knew were third and fourth wives. What could be done after their solemn oath. You know of the woman now in jail who stubbornly refuses to divulge her husband's name. Daily trips are taken to Salt Lake, but the secret of the nuptials are carefully concealed.

A number of families have broken away from the faith on account of the incessant drain on their income, but where they lose one, they gain five, so little control has government over this great evil and crime."

OUTGOING PASSENGERS.

The steamship State of California, which sailed last night for San Francisco, carried away the following passengers:

W B Wiltshire & w	F Best
S Woodruff	Judge J F Caples
E B Rosenberger	J C Hoffman & w
Edward Norris	I Rosa
Miss Morris	Miss Morris
Mrs T B Merry	Miss Jorgenson
Mrs M Webster	W Hawman
J G Mawman	O M Mawman
L Greenbaum	I Abrahams
M J White	Mrs W P Cameron
Mrs Grubb	M Diamond
T Kerger	Geo Ach
B Yeager & w	Miss Greenwall
Miss Greenwall	M J Smith
Frank Williams & w	Chs Holtz & w
B Davis	W Mart
M Budell	A I Ivy
J B Borne	J G Walker
Sam Levy	F Fleck
J Stosel	G I Simpson
Geo F Darr	B Lindsley
John Sikes	C J Spencer
B A Goodrich	Wm Dory
E Wise	W Cripps
Miss Ida Ikeman	Miss White
E Price	L F Blaine
S E Young	A Anthony
O J Taylor	T Nilsson
C H Maundorffer	S Greenwig
H Bartley	Mrs Bumgardner
Miss Hall	Mr & M Friedman
M Wertheimer	Miss Brasier
M Green	Mrs J S Evans
Miss Jennie Capen	Mrs Harrison
J D White, wife & sister	C Keatly & wife
Miss Clark	Mrs E H Bixby & child
Miss Kate Ryan	I Verrel
E Scramit	D Ferrero
Miss C Peterson	Miss Mary Yerkes
Miss Emma Friendly	John Langned
T W Stanley	W I Chadwick
W H Bradford	Frank Dolan
Mrs Crookshanks	George Coates
M Wineberg	Mrs H O Ridgeway & ch
L Lesllonti	Oscar French
Miss M Vincent & sch	F W Wilkie
E A Otis	F C Brown
E J McKnight	M O Gilliam
O Downey	M Dowling
M Donovan	J Thompson
Mrs Allen & da	C E Sherwood
W E Sparrier	T B Wallace
W Eberhardt	C Logan
W J Jasper	E Giddings
J Stabley	F W Holtzen
H Bostman	J Anthion & wife
A Legal	E McCabe
Mrs Z C Ellis	Ah Yee
Miss Ellis	Ah Chunk
Edwin Deaves	D D Hilmstrand and wife

and 96 in the steerage.

THE SECRET.

The Baltimore *News* says it is preposterous to speak of substantial success without intrinsic, unquestioned merit. St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, is a most pronounced example. Its immense sale is due to its merit.

Subscribe to the Hydraulic Elevator Company's Fire-plug Fund and save 5 per cent. on your insurance.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Miss Augusta L. Flint, now sojourning in England, writes, under date of May 8, a long and interesting letter to her father, [illegible], in relation to a recent visit she made to Stratford-on-Avon, the birth and burial place of the "divine bard." THE OREGONIAN has been allowed to make the following extracts:

> Here are still the banks
> Where once the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
> Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
> With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

The place teems with sacred associations. For the first time I begin to realize how the immortal bard was human. I have always thought of him as a sort of myth; but now I think of him as a man—greater than his fellow men, it is true, but like them having had hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter.

We took our lunch in the Red Horse Inn, immortalized by Washington Irving in his sketch book. The parlor is a sort of sanctuary dedicated to his memory. Here is the old arm chair, which he called his throne, the poker, his sceptre, as he playfully called it, and the old clock of which he makes mention in one of his sketches. The walls are hung with portraits of him, and bits of correspondence from him and other eminent writers concerning this little shrine. I'm [illegible] not picturesque more peaceful [illegible] fair than those where lies the road [illegible] down to Stratford-on-Avon. On every side the hawthorne hedges are in full bloom [illegible] and verdure spotted with daisies and [illegible] flowers, silly wee little, [illegible] sheep newly washed for the shearing [illegible] and snowy with fresh clipped fleeces, [illegible] the so fine that I am charged with having more admiration for them than for the [illegible] of the landscape. The sky is not blue but [illegible] and silvery, a rare contrast to the [illegible] living beneath.

In an incredibly short time we found ourselves in Stratford-on-Avon—this pastoral nook that was destined to become the most famous in England. Here was born Shakespeare, the paramount of English literature. Here he received his education, passed his youth, lived, married and to this place he returned in the full power of his fame, to [illegible] sweets of domestic life. Here he died; here reposes his dust. His father, a [illegible] was not the son a proud [illegible] own lineage.

> "—Honors best [illegible]
> When rather from our acts we them [illegible]
> Than our foregoers."

The general aspect of the country about Stratford-on-Avon must be about the same as when his eyes rested upon it. The same hills and dales, the same winding river with willowy banks, the same meadows in which he played as a child, gathering the [illegible] and violets blue, and lady smocks all silver white."

In this little inn, his countrymen take great pride, or, as it is called "the little [illegible] house." From here it is but a [illegible] walk to the house of Shakespeare. On Henley street. The outside has been restored to its primitive condition. The interior is unchanged. We were ushered into the living room, lowland the square [illegible] supported the upper story are [illegible] floor is composed of flagstones [illegible] irregular shapes, and much worn. In one side of the room is a large [illegible] the mantelpiece being of [illegible] the fireplace is a small [illegible] stone bench at the end. Here, the future bard, as a little boy [illegible] light streaming on his hair, his young brain busy with forecasts of the thick [illegible] destined [illegible] later years to [illegible] world [illegible] everywhere on walls, ceilings [illegible] are autographs [illegible] ink, crowding and recording [illegible] until scarcely legible. The [illegible] who acted as guide took me to the [illegible] in a low tone: "Young lady [illegible] show you something that I [illegible] out to visitors, for I am so [illegible] touched. She led me to the first [illegible] ing to a network of writing [illegible] it, saying: "These are all names [illegible] sion [illegible] and actresses of [illegible] It was very interesting to me [illegible] tion I find many names [illegible] whose owners have been dead [illegible] lifetime. It was very touching [illegible] the dead poet, of whose genius [illegible] living interpreters.

Up the little oaken stair [illegible] the room where Shakespeare [illegible] and "low and old" it is indeed [illegible] protruding from the plaster [illegible] there the walls are "spider [illegible]" and I [illegible] I cannot tell you what [illegible] possession of me while here. In [illegible] myself there was no cause for [illegible] limbs trembled so I could scarcely [illegible] my heart fluttered almost [illegible] into a corner to wipe my eyes [illegible] was determined not to [illegible] others [illegible] a sentimental [illegible] the sweet little old [illegible] and said: "Don't be ashamed [illegible] her [illegible] here. It is no disgrace [illegible] tears in this room." The [illegible] quietly into the garden, where [illegible] "I'll give you something [illegible] enough [illegible] at all." She gave me [illegible] loved by him, accompanying [illegible] appropriate quotation. [illegible] violets, there were none [illegible] as some of the great [illegible] give you some violets, but they [illegible] when my father died."

From here we went to New Place, the home of Shakespeare, built [illegible] place after his weary struggle for [illegible] one was [illegible] of the original building [illegible] was torn down by Gastrell a [illegible] that so many pilgrims came [illegible] the [illegible] he determined to destroy it. [illegible] that [illegible] thus damned [illegible] This is stronger language than [illegible] to use myself, but [illegible] exactly [illegible] I supposed that [illegible] power [illegible] he would [illegible] have swept from earth [illegible] the poet's genius [illegible] clergy to-day is disgraced [illegible] cited examples. From New Place [illegible] the church of the Holy Trinity [illegible] of Shakespeare, [illegible] is a noble [illegible] by an avenue of lime [illegible] branches that cover the [illegible] neath our feet, as we walked along [illegible] hearing the name of the [illegible] they owner.

Within the church, in [illegible] row [illegible] the altar and upon one of the [illegible] it, lie the graves of the poet [illegible] The first at the side is inscribed [illegible] "Here lyeth interred the body [illegible] of William Shakespeare, who died [illegible] the 25th day of August, 1623, being [illegible] of [illegible] are."

Besides this is another [illegible] now well known to the world [illegible]

"GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESE BE YE MAN YT SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE YT MOVES MY BONES."

A tradition [illegible] 1693 [illegible] guardians did not nearly desire [illegible] same grave with him [illegible] not [illegible] this [illegible] above said [illegible] story [illegible] How during [illegible] this [illegible] the sweetest scenes of [illegible] his feet, "Nothing [illegible] but a [illegible] the eternal substance of [illegible] we were shown a portrait of [illegible] to whose tragic [illegible] for the tomb scene in Romeo and [illegible] Shakespeare's child [illegible] Stratford-on-Avon. [illegible] and was badly borne by the [illegible] joined the church. [illegible] brother also fell a victim [illegible] When the funeral procession [illegible] light entered the dark vault [illegible] from her shroud [illegible] wall. She had at length died in [illegible] fear and hunger, tearing with [illegible] the flesh from her white shoulders [illegible]

We passed the old graveyard [illegible] many changes have been taking [illegible] but little interest. We [illegible] for our drive to Shottery and [illegible] for [illegible] a "wagonette"—one of [illegible] bountiful wagons, with [illegible] [illegible] I cried out against [illegible] and rapidly determined [illegible] prevent [illegible] in its last [illegible] marvelously practical [illegible] persons, and there was nothing [illegible] to bask to slander [illegible] "Wings of Cupid!" [illegible] and sidewise at that [illegible] Shakespeare went a [illegible] had lived through it [illegible] ing, though I shall never [illegible] thought of it.

Shottery is a tiny village about a mile from Stratford-on-Avon. It was a village in the poet's time, and the old houses, Anne's among the rest, still remain as then; for change has scarcely touched them. The cottage known the world over is long and low, straw-thatched and moss-grown, the outer walls hung with blossoming vines. We pass along a narrow pathway through the garden, full of old-fashioned flowers and herbs, each immortalized by the pen of the poet lover. Thyme, rue, rosemary, honeysuckle, columbine, etc., are all here. Here the lovers must have walked in the twilight. We paused beside the moss-grown well where they must have drawn water. From it we drank a draught, wishing we might thus drink in the inspiration of the place. Within we found a descendant of the Hathaway family as she showed us in the records of the time worn bible. She has a sweet voice and face and may in her youth have been as lovely as the Anne of centuries ago, for lovely I shall ever believe the bride of Shakespeare to have been.

I know she must have been winsome, lovely and womanly to win the youth she won. I confess the disparity in age does much to lessen the romance, but I must believe her all that I have said. The living room is similar to the one I have already described. Up-stairs are two little bed chambers, one of them Anne's. I leaned from the window (too high to admit of a balcony scene) and wondered if she thus leaned out into the night, throwing kisses after her boy-lover as he took his homeward way along the leafy lane under the sweet twilight. I cannot accept what gossiping pens have written of her. Let me rather think of her as she must have been; as Shakespeare sung:

> To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
> And nature charm, Anne hath a way;
> She hath a way,
> Anne Hathaway,
> To breathe delight, Anne hath a way.
>
> She hath a way to chase despair,
> To heal all grief, to cure all care,
> Turn foulest night to fairest day.
> Thou know'st fond heart Anne hath a way.
> She hath a way,
> Anne Hathaway,
> To make grief bliss Anne hath a way.

NEWS OF THE NORTHWEST.

Robbery and Attempted Robbery—Trestle on Fire—Fire at Empire City—The Run of Salmon, Etc.

DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Last Friday a dwelling occupied by W. A. Luse and located in the northern end of Empire City, was totally destroyed by fire. On Friday the occupants of the premises were absent until late in the evening. When they returned to the house, they lighted a lamp and then went away for a half hour or so on business that required their attention elsewhere. Again returning, they found the place on fire and it under such headway as to be beyond the control of any means at hand with which to subdue it.

It is reported that Luse lost heavily in household effects, clothing, money, books, notes and other valuable papers. Rumor places the greenbacks burnt at from $1200 to $6000; the coin melted at from $600 to $1000, and Luse's total loss at from $7000 to $8000.

The original cost of the building was about $1000. It belonged to the estate of Frank W. Knowles, and was to have been sold at administrator's sale next Saturday.

BOLD ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY.

A few days ago as Daniel Craft, of Wilderville, was returning home from the railroad front, he was accosted by a man not far from the Grave creek tunnel and ordered to halt. He at first supposed that it was a teamster behind who was calling to him, and did not comply with the command immediately, when the highwayman sent a bullet after him, which passed through his clothing and in unpleasant proximity to his chest. Craft then fired two shots from his pistol in return, but does not think either one took effect. The men then exchanged compliments, and Craft passed on unmolested. This took place about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and was an unusually bold proceeding. Speaking of the above robbery, the Jacksonville *Times* says: "Cut-throats, willing to do any thing for money, seem abundant at the railroad front, and most every description of crime is being committed there. And none of the criminals have been brought to justice as yet."

OREGON SHORT LINE.

Last Saturday, says the Baker City *Tribune*, the Oregon Short Line crossed Owyhee stage road, and had its track laid to within fifteen miles of Boise. Either the rapidity of construction of the Short Line road, or some other cause not known to any mortal man outside of railroad circles, has caused some uneasiness at the O. R. & N. headquarters, and yesterday surveying, plowing, scraping and shoveling for the roadbed of the Baker City branch of the O. R. & N. commenced, with orders to complete the same with all possible dispatch.

RUN OF SALMON.

From the *Coast Mail* it is learned that the run of salmon has commenced in the bay, and now the fishermen go for them nightly; but thus far the boats have not averaged a catch of more than six or eight per night. The best haul reported was made by Samuel Anderson last Thursday night, when he caught ten large salmon and two sturgeon, weighing respectively about twenty-five and thirty-five pounds. The salmon taken at present are excellent and of large size, and the market is well supplied at the usual rates.

STILL ANOTHER ROBBERY.

Says the Roseburg *Plaindealer*: Dr. Davis, the railroad's physician, was robbed at the front recently. He walked out to Grave creek to get on the stage, and while resting on a log he was accosted by a man who commanded him to give up his money. Not being disposed to do so without a struggle, the two engaged in a scuffle, when a colleague of the footpad, unbeknown to the doctor, struck him a blow from behind, which rendered him senseless. When he came to he found himself minus about $400.

A CELESTIAL ROW.

On Tuesday a Chinaman row occurred just above the tunnel at Weatherby, Baker county, whereby one of the heathen was nearly killed. A company of Chinamen had purchased a number of revolvers, and a Chinaman teamster was employed to transport and deliver them. On the night before the disturbance some one stole a box of the revolvers, and the teamster was sadly punished for the acts of another.

TRESTLE ON FIRE.

Seattle *Herald*: As the down train from Newcastle yesterday afternoon approached the trestle this side of Black river, the woodwork of the trestle was found to be on fire. The train was slowed up just in time, and the flames extinguished by the conductor and the brakemen. It is supposed the fire was set out of revenge by two men who had been put off the train going up.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Matthew's Chapel—Service Sunday, 12 M., and 11 o'clock A. M.

Plymouth church, corner Fourteenth and E streets—Service will be resumed in the above church on Sunday morning and evening at the usual hour by Rev. G. R. Loomis.

A preaching service will be held in the Couch engine house, No. 1, on G street, at 11 A. M. and A. R. S. service at 3 P. M. A sufficient number of seats have been secured.

The Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church, E street, between North Ninth and North Tenth streets—Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., services will be held in the Swedish language.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner Ninth and Clay streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30 o'clock. Pastor, Rev. E. T. Lee; residence, Ninth and Columbia streets.

Scandinavian M. E. church, corner of D and Twelfth streets—Rev. C. J. Larsen, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school 9:30 A. M. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30.

Hall street M. E. church, 11 A. M.—Closing sermon of pastorate by Rev. M. K. Hines. All members of the church, Sunday school and congregation, with their friends, cordially invited. No service in the evening.

Preaching morning and evening at the Christian church, between Seventh and East Park on Columbia street, by Clark Davis. All are kindly invited to come and hear "the glad tidings." No reserved seats, but free to all.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Washington and Third streets. Rev. David Terry, D. D., an eminent minister of Canandaigua, N. Y., will conduct public worship to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock, a service designed for strangers as well as residents.

The Christadelphians—Meeting at 166½ First street, up stairs over Prentice's music store, between Washington and Stark streets, Sunday, at 11 A. M. Mr. R. O. Bangley will deliver a lecture on "The Seed of the Woman and the Seed of the Serpent Considered." Seats free. Please bring your Bibles.

Taylor street M. E. church—Rev. George W. Izer, pastor. Preaching at 11 A. M., by the Rev. B. F. Crary, D. D., editor of the California Christian Advocate. Preaching at 7:45 P. M., by the Rev. H. K. Hines, D. D., editor of the Pacific Christian Advocate. Praise meeting at 6:45 P. M. in the lecture-room. The public is cordially invited to all the services.

The Church of Sea and Land, corner Third and D streets—Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. for one hour. Preaching at 7:30 P. M. by Rev. J. McCormack of Astoria, who will have charge during Chaplain Stubbs' brief absence at the North beach. Bethel Home lodge on Monday. Prayer meetings on Tuesday and Thursday. Woman's Christian Temperance Union services on Friday. All these services in Bethel hall at 7:30 P. M.

Dr. N. F. Gamble, Farmington, Ill., says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters in my practice and it gives satisfaction."

THE COURTS.

POLICE COURT—[illegible].

H. W. Gee—Assault and battery; forfeited bail of $20.

Oigh Fay—Assault and battery; forfeited bail of $20.

Jerry Fiandislavich—Abusive language; dismissed.

Jerry Fiandislavich—Threatening to kill; continued till Monday.

Robert Donnelly—Larceny from a house; bound over to the grand jury.

Robert Donnelly—Same; bound over to the grand jury.

Tim Johnson and Joe Carter—Assault and battery; fined $20 each.

C. Taylor—Assault and battery; fined $15.

The virus of all diseases arises from the blood. Samaritan Nervine cures all blood disorders.

[illegible] returned and assisted in [illegible] prop-
[illegible] emotion, disordered blood, general debility, chronic disease pronounced incurable are cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

an almost hopeless condition.

Dr. Benson's Skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment at same time, and it makes the skin white, soft and smooth. It contains no poisonous drugs. $1, at druggists.

[illegible] ages that are multiples of five is also large by comparison, and there are more people whose ages appear as even numbers than odd.

Ask your druggist for a free Trial Bottle Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption.

this medicine, she has taken for six years.
WM. T. McCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale and they are making remarkable cures. W. H. BISHOP & CO.

that if a majority of the people wish to continue the republican policy they will retain that party in power to execute it.

Ayer's Pills cure headache by removing obstructions from the system, relieving the stomach and giving healthy action to the digestive apparatus.

[illegible] a tiller [illegible] at Batignolles, [illegible] — *London* [illegible]

"Thousands of women [illegible] health [illegible] Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, Table Cutlery, etc.
AT
[illegible], 129 First Street.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

WHAT IS THE USE?

What is the use of this impetuous haste?
The end is certain. Let us take our time
And build the little store that we waste
Before our day has reached its golden prime.

What is the use of rushing with spent breath
After old age, its furrows, its white hair?
Why need we hurry so to welcome Death,
Or go half way with hands stretched out in Care?

There is no use. Dear heart, if we but wait
All things will find us. Let us pause I say.
We cannot go beyond the silent gate
That lies a short day's journey down the way.

So let us take our time in youth's fair bowers,
The summer season is so brief at best.
Let us look on the stars and pluck the flowers,
And when our feet grow weary let us rest.

Let us take time for love and its delight:
It is the one sweet thing that pays for all
The bitterness of life, for sorrow's blight,
For Pain's despair and Death's funeral pall.

In that just era when the world was new
Love was man's first pursuit and life's excuse.
Now has that time come back to me and you.
Why should we seek for more? What is the use?

—By Ella Wheeler

FORTITUDE.

From the Modern Age

I

"Look," said a friend a few evenings ago, pointing out to me from his window, which looks upon a small square, a balcony on the fourth floor of the opposite house, "do you see that man?"

I looked and saw a man seated in a corner with one arm stretched upon the railing, but I could not distinguish his features.

"That man," continued my friend, "is so disagreeable to me that I have often thought of changing my residence merely to rid myself of the sight of him. If you ask my reason, I can only tell you that I never spoke to him, that I never heard the sound of his voice. I don't know who he is nor what he does nor how he looks, for I am near-sighted. The fellow is disagreeable to me because every evening at this hour he rises from the table and takes his seat in that corner, and every night with the same automatic movement he crosses one leg over the other and puts his arm on the rail. He never by any chance moves his arm before his leg. Heaven forbid! First his leg and then his arm. That's enough to prove him a bore, you'll allow? But that's the least of it. Every night a woman, who seems to be his wife, comes out and arranges his chair exactly so, brings his pipe, puts it in his hand, lights it every night—and every night he allows her to wait on him as proud as a peacock, without making the slightest effort to please her, without showing the faintest perception of the fact that he is waited on. Then every moment brings a fresh want, and the woman gets up, runs away, hurries back with a drink or something else, and he takes it, gulps it down and wipes his mouth with an epicurean relish, and never even takes the pains to hand her back the glass. Then, friends come to visit him and he never pretends to rise, although I have seen him stand up and walk to and from the balcony as well as you or I could. He never looks up or down, or around him, he never bows to anyone, in fact, he actually seems to think that he was put there that the world might revolve around him, he is to be adored, he was born to be admired and waited on and—

"You laugh! To me such things are absolutely odious. I am so constituted, anyone else might not notice it, I chafe with rage. I feel as if I knew him as well as I know you. Would you like to know who he is? I don't know, but I will tell you as well as if I did. That man over there"—and as he spoke he pointed towards the man, gazing at him as if to read his secret in his eyes—"is a knavish shopkeeper who begins to heap up a fortune, and already puts on the airs of a millionaire, and he married that woman to save the wages of a shop-boy and a servant; he treats her a little worse than a servant and not much better than a shop-boy. He is a miser save in the satisfaction of his gluttony. He might live on the third floor and he chooses the fourth from motives of economy, although he has no children and wants none; he despises everything outside his shop and he calls the whole ministry a set of thieves, all those who study [illegible], and those who have less money than he miserable beggars, and—you laugh! You little know how quick-witted hatred makes us. Do you know I should be delighted if I had a chance to insult him? Call me visionary, spiteful, what you will, but when my heart tells me that fellow is a rascal it oppresses me and I must out with it and relieve myself."

You should know that this twenty year old youth is a nature uneasy and irascible, and I was accustomed to his odd bursts of anger against the creations of his own imagination, to credit the fact that he uttered this string of incoherent words at a single breath, and without a smile I meantime examined the supposed shopkeeper and the woman sitting beside him on a little bench, her arms crossed on her knees, lost in revery; and as my eyes are sharper than those of my friend, I thought that the man looked about forty years old and the woman rather more, although I could not distinguish the features of either one. I brought an opera glass and pointed it at the woman. At first a confused image danced before me, gradually it became clear, and I saw distinctly. The woman's face was indeed that of one resigned to a life of sacrifice; her hair was gray, her forehead wrinkled, her eyes large and full of melancholy, and she wore an indescribable air of gravity and reserve, which revealed that she was familiar with suffering. "I believe my friend was right," I inwardly thought, and turned toward the man. At that instant he turned and faced me. "What do I see!" I exclaimed—"Can it be possible?"—I adjusted the glass and looked again. "It is he! There is no doubt of it. It is the very face which I have seen a hundred times in the photographer's window!" and then recalled a fact long since forgotten, and with it the story which the reader shall soon hear. "My friend," said I—"Well? Is it the face of a sharper and a scamp or not?" I could no longer smile as before at his words. I replied that his neighbor was certainly not an attractive looking fellow, but that I thought I had seen him somewhere else, that I was curious to know if it were so, that I would go and find out about him. Next day I went without delay to visit him under pretence of inquiring into the particulars of his story, intending, as I told him, to write it out. Accustomed to receive similar visits, he received me politely, told me everything with great indifference, as if speaking of a third person, told me of the woman (not his wife) whom he had with him, and of his habits of life. "We have lived together ten years," he concluded. "I am patient, so is she, and we get along—as God wills. My two great sources of consolation are the esteem of my fellow-men and the devotion of that poor unfortunate." I went home, wrote all the evening, and all the next morning, and the following day I took the manuscript to my friend. It was at the hour when the "shopkeeper" was wont to air himself on the balcony. After some trifling gossip, the conversation turned to my friend's antipathy. "You've made a mistake," said I. "Impossible!" he cried, with his usual vivacity. "Joking aside, I want you to read these pages; it is an historical story, which I have just written; your disagreeable 'shopkeeper' is the hero, and I give you my word that I have not varied from the truth by a syllable." My friend took the manuscript and began to read. After a little, he raised his eyes, looked at the man on the balcony, then at me, and resumed his reading. As he went on, he glanced oftener and oftener at me and the man, at the man and me, and grew more and more serious. As he read the last lines, he uttered a cry of admiration, sprang to his feet, seized my hand and said in a voice trembling with emotion: "Will you swear that it is true?" "I will," I replied. "And that he is the man?" "He is the man," I repeated. Without another word, he took his hat and went out hastily. I ran to the window and saw him cross the square and enter the opposite house. A few minutes later, I noticed that the man had left the balcony. He soon reappeared, and in an instant after my friend traversed the square. "I know you!" I said to myself as I opened the door—"I know why you went over there!" My friend [illegible]. "You went over," I continued aloud—"You went over to embrace the man!" He looked at me, smiled, and then throwing his arms around my neck, replied gayly: "No, because I was unworthy, I went to kiss his hand."

II.

It was in the autumn of 1861, when Europe rang with the fame of the deluge of brigand bands, that memorable time when those who cried "Long live Italy!" were buried alive beneath a heap of festering corpses—when at [illegible] men ate the flesh of the peasants who rebelled against the orders of their despots—when Colonel Negri near Pontelandolfo saw the bloody limbs of soldiers hung up like trophies from the windows—when Lieutenant B—, wounded and captured in battle, was killed after eight hours of horrid torture—when crowds of maddened people went out from their villages by night, torch in hand, to receive the bands in triumph—when families were arrested, hung, flayed and quartered, and arms, money and blessings came from the right bank of the Tiber to keep alive and increase the wretched slaughter.

One of the last days of July, soon after sunrise, in a lonely valley of the province of Capitanata, a man on horseback was on his way toward San Severo, having left that city the night before to bear an order from his colonel to the commander of another body of troops. But [illegible] under his blouse was a letter in response to that order, in which the commander said that he would start at 8 in the morning for a gorge in a neighboring mountain which he had learned was the favorite haunt of a band of robbers who had for some time infested that region. The bearer of this letter was a man of thirty, tall, thin, with sparkling eyes and waxed mustaches, and that line between the eyebrows which betrays a habit of thought. His features were prematurely grave, his thick black hair [illegible] of sorrow, his stiff attitude and his bold decisive bearing testified to a vigor of mind in harmony with the necessities of time and place. He went at a trot along a winding path, turning his head occasionally hither and thither to gaze at the deserted meadows, steep mountains and clear sky, hearing no other sound than the noise of his horse's hoofs and the rattling of his sabre.

Suddenly as he passed between two thick high hedges, he saw a flash and heard the report of a gun. As he turned his horse and grasped his pistol the horse staggered; as he bent his head to see if it was wounded he felt himself seized from behind; as he turned round a man sprang from the thicket whence the shot was fired and fell upon him; behind him, like a shadow, [illegible] a third. He had no time to fire, to dismount or to be upon his guard; he was torn from his horse and thrown on the ground. Here he strove to resist, he writhed, struck and bit, but he could not rise; exhausted, he yielded, and allowed himself to be disarmed. In his rage, however, in his frantic struggle, enveloped by a cloud of dust, he contrived by a lightning-like movement to convey the precious letter to his mouth, unobserved by his assailants. They bound his hands behind his back; they raised him to his feet, hastily and roughly they slung round his neck his sabre, cloak and portmanteau, they dragged the horse through the hedge and then on across the fields, exciting the frightened staggering beast by an infernal medley of oaths, threats, blows and laughter.

After traveling for half an hour, being then far enough from the high road not to fear any surprise, they slackened their pace. They had reached a spur of the mountains, in the midst of trees, a spot where neither house nor hut nor any sign of habitation was visible. The soldier, bowed beneath the weight of his harness, gave no sign of terror or of anger, and his face, pale but unchanged, showed a mind conscious of the fate which awaited him, and a heart prepared to accept it. He was well aware that to fall into the hands of brigands in those days of fierce reprisals meant death; therefore there hovered about him somewhat of the solemn calm of death, and anyone ignorant of the circumstances, merely looking into his eyes, would have said: "That man is about to die." The brigand who went before him turned now and then to glance at him with mingled curiosity and suspicion. The one who walked by his side and who seemed to be the leader of the band looked from his prisoner to his comrade and exchanged a smile of triumph with the latter.

"Here," he cried, hanging his gun around the soldier's neck, "carry it for me."

"Take mine, too," said the man who preceded him, doing the same.

"And you?" asked the captain, turning towards the third brigand, who followed behind and seemed to be the youngest of the party.

"I?" he replied, "I prefer to keep mine—you can never tell what may happen!"

"Fool!" muttered the other with a contemptuous glance; then he turned to the soldier and said:

"Come, friend!" slapping him on the shoulder, "tell us where you were going!"

The soldier made no response.

"Oh ho!" cried the brigand, stooping to pick up a switch, "did you hear me?" and he gave him a blow across the hands.

The soldier went forward without a word.

"You will speak soon, fellow," continued the brigand, throwing away his switch; "they all [illegible] and so will [illegible] like the rest. You are but flesh and bones after all. When you feel the torture you will cry out too, rest assured."

So saying he gave him a push to guide him into a path along the brink of a streamlet. They went straight on for a time, then crossed a little bridge, skirted a hill, and began the ascent of a steep and rocky mountain. The soldier, choked by the straps of the guns around his neck, hampered by having his hands tied, suffocated by his heavy uniform, dripping with sweat, stumbled over the rocks, fell on his knees, struggled up, only to fall again, and the brigands struck him, ill-treated him, urged him on, mocking him and shouting: "Oh, coward! When your men catch us they tie us to their horses! Our turn now, piedmontese!"

Half way up the mountain side they were expected and awaited. At a point where the rock was all crumbling, precipitous and jagged, with but a few straggling bushes and withered trees, beneath a bluff hollowed and excavated like a vault, stretched a brief space of level ground, girt around with hard gray stone, partly rolled down from above, partly—the lesser part—wedged among the rest by sheer strength, so as to form a kind of rampart. The overhanging bluff served as roof and walls to a wooden hut, which occupied a fourth part of the inclosed space. Niches had been dug out of the inner surface of the stone, and served as hiding places for plunder, and stairs had been hewn, from the top of which the whole declivity was visible. The entrance was through an aperture scarcely large enough to admit one man. Outside there was no sign of habitation; inside, it seemed at once a cave, a retreat and a grand house. In the niches were glasses, cups, pans, bread and knives; from projecting points of rock hung bottles and rags; in one corner was a heap of brands and ashes, and the rock above was black with smoke, while at the back of the hut were heaps of straw and old clothes. Looking up, nothing was to be seen on any side but rocks, deep clefts and huge masses apparently suspended in mid air, with here and there a tree so puny as to seem more like a tuft of grass. Below, the gaping flank of the mountain beyond, the plain, and in the distance other mountains.

A man, erect upon the last step of a flight of stairs, leaning his elbows upon the rocky wall and his face hidden behind two stones, through which he peered as through a loop hole, stood waiting for the band. When he saw the soldier he struck his hand in token of delight upon one of the two stones, and eagerly watching his every step, accompanied each blow given him with a gesture and an oath, as if to add force to the dealer of the blow and pain to its recipient.

When they were within a few paces of the retreat, he went down to meet them at the door. They came; the soldier, pushed violently forward, fell headlong in the middle of the enclosure; the others entered hastily, puffing and panting, and flinging their hats, purses and weapons in every direction, they sat down upon the scattered rocks and remained silent for some time to recover breath and wipe off the perspiration.

"There's a specimen!" finally exclaimed the leader, turning to the comrade who had come out to meet them.

"A fine, lively one," was the answer. Then giving a glance at the prisoner and seeing that he wore spurs, he asked the captain: "Where is the horse?"

"Don't speak of it!" was the sulky reply. "My cursed gun must needs go off, and hit the animal instead of the man," and he briefly related what had occurred.

"Never mind," said the other, "it was a masterly stroke."

Approaching the soldier, he helped him to his feet, and after staring him straight in the face with stupid curiosity, he took from his back the sabre, guns and cloak; then he snatched off the hat, examined it inside and out, smiled and threw it into one corner. The soldier, exhausted, leaned against the wall, and began to study the faces of the brigands one by one with the slow serious gaze of a sick man whose thoughts are already in another world. The brigands meantime were rummaging his valise.

Their ugly faces were fully worthy of place and deeds. He who appeared to be their head was a man of forty, short, thick set, with a big head, shoulders which touched his ears, and crooked legs with enormous calves; he was black-bearded and hairy, so that but a small portion of his face was visible. Of the other three, two seemed to be brothers; they had the same low forehead, the same flat nose, the same [illegible] lips, curved [illegible], and the same [illegible] small [illegible]vons. All three had an indescribable look of greed, sensuality and terror in their eyes, an expression of the monstrous extravagance of such natures, a mixture of superstition and ferocity, rash daring and abject cowardice. They wore sugar-loaf hats, shabby leggings, and loose jackets open in front, and between jackets and trousers protruded portions of the shirt held in restraint by a large blue sash. The fourth brigand, who seemed younger than the rest, had a more human face; he also was as small and as beardless as the two who looked like brothers.

"Now," said the leader of the band when he had done with the valise, "pull off his rags; then we will eat a couple of mouthfuls, and then we will see."

The two brothers approached the soldier, and one untied his arms while the other held a gun to his breast. The two arms when loosened fell limp like the arms of a corpse.

"Off with your uniform," said one of the robbers.

The soldier looked at them and for some moments stood bewildered, his forehead wrinkled and one lip drawn under his teeth.

The younger brigand looked pityingly at him.

"You," said the chief, who sat near the door, "go to your post."

The youth, as if obeying a customary command, went up the stairs from which one of the brigands had seen his comrades approach. Leaning his elbows on the rock he put his face between the two stones and stood motionless.

"Off with your uniform!" repeated the two robbers, each lifting his hands as if by one accord.

"Give him a knock that will leave the mark of your fingers!" roared the chief.

The soldier started as if a wound had been torn open, then bowed his head in submission and took off his uniform. The two brigands picked it up; they searched the pockets, the sleeves, every part of it, then threw it down. One of them also searched the trousers' pockets of the prisoner and said to the captain: "Nothing!"

"Devil take him!" was the answer; "bind him to the iron."

The two executioners bound the soldier with his hands behind him to a large hook driven into the wall. The unfortunate man was as white as death, and his teeth chattered as if he had fever and ague.

The three robbers brought food from one of the niches, sat down and began to eat, quietly discussing various indifferent topics, as one does when one's food is more interesting than the conversation.

"Did you hear the news from Casalvecchio?"

"You mean about Alexis?"

"Yes—two hundred ducats tax."

"Paid?"

"Paid."

"What back?"

"And three hundred to the mayor."

"They were wise. He and his brother own plenty of land," and the speaker emptied a glass of wine.

"Look," said another, pointing to the soldier, "he seems pensive."

"What are you thinking?" asked the chief, pulling his beard.

"Of mamma?" asked another.

"Where did you leave her? Come, let's hear!"

And they all stared at him. The poor fellow closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them full of tears and gazed at the distant mountains.

The three brigands laughed.

"But the best of the joke is," said one, "that he never speaks. Can it be from pride?"

"Or modesty," cried the other with a silly laugh.

"Fear, perhaps," added the captain.

The soldier shook his head as if in dissent.

"Oh no?" cried the brigand, springing up, "let us see!" And then to his comrades, with a resolute frown: "This fellow was carrying an order for our capture. We have lost too much time already. Let us make him spit it out."

"Make him spit it out," responded the others, rising.

The soldier started and raised his head as if to say: "I am prepared." The three brigands planted themselves before him. Had any one noticed just then the youth who was keeping guard, he might have been seen to tremble like a leaf and turn away to hide his white and terror stricken face. The captain noticed it and warned him with an imperious gesture to mind his own business, upon which he resumed his former attitude.

"Well," said the chief, turning to the soldier in a tone that admitted of no further delay, "where do you come from?"

The prisoner frowned and fixed his eyes upon the brigand's face with a look which showed a will even more powerful than his own, and made no answer.

The brigand without another word struck him such a violent blow under the chin that a crash was heard as if teeth were broken. "Will you answer now?"

The soldier lowered his head, spit out the blood which filled his mouth, then raising his eyes to the robber's face with an expression of imperturbable pride, shook his head.

The brigand bit his lip, exchanged a forced smile with his comrades, then with great calmness he put his hand in his pocket, drew out a knife, opened it, unbuttoned the soldier's coat and put the edge of the blade to his throat. The victim made a convulsive motion as if the blade already pierced his flesh. "No fear," muttered the brigand, and he drew his knife slowly and lightly from neck to waist, as if he were tracing a line on a slate. A red streak appeared on the poor wretch's chest like a razor cut, which is instantly [illegible] in the drops of blood which gush forth, and the red drops fall like tears over his clothes and down to the ground.

"Ah ah!" cried the chief in a brutal voice, "now you'll see something else!"

"See how he bleeds!" said another.

The young brigand covered his face with his hands.

The soldier watched his blood flow, then raised his head, fixed his eyes on the young brigand's face, and with the same expression as before again shook his head.

The three bullies looked at each other, more amazed than enraged.

"Then you want me to kill you, fool?" roared the leader, putting his face close up to that of the soldier so that the two touched. "Don't you see that you are here in our hands alone and that we can rip you up like a dog? What do you hope for? That your friends will come and let you free? Speak! Let us hear your voice. Utter one word at least."

The soldier was dumb.

Seized with a sudden fury, one of the robbers raised his knife, but the captain held his arm, saying: "Not a knife!" and he grasped his gun: "we must try this first," and raising the weapon from the ground he dropped it on the soldier's foot so violently that the bones crunched, and the miserable man uttered a shrill cry and shrank as if stricken by epilepsy. But almost instantaneously, deriving strength from his agony, he stamped the injured foot upon the ground, lifted his head and roared out: "No!"

The three brigands seized him by the neck and were about to squeeze his eyes out of his head, when the youth on guard, made bold by the horror which he could no longer control, cried with the voice and face of a madman:

"Kill him at once, for God's sake! Send a bullet through his brain! What is the use of making him suffer such tortures?"

The three robbers, struck by his audacity rather than his words, turned to look at him in astonishment, but their surprise was brief. The captain fell upon the daring youth, and with one hand at the nape of his neck, knocked his head against the wall. The youth, confounded, silently resumed his original attitude, but at the same moment that his eye fell upon the mountain side he leaned forward, made a slight gesture of astonishment, and stood motionless with fixed eyes. The captain, not noticing this, turned towards his victim. He was livid; he gnashed his teeth and trembled; his own companions looked at him in alarm. He laid one of his huge hands on the soldier's head, lifting the other with a threatening gesture, and looking sideways at him with bloodshot eyes he muttered in a choked voice:

"Hark ye! It was in an evil hour that you thought of [illegible] the rebel with me. You don't know me. I've made the hair stand on end on the heads of men who were braver than you. You have no idea of the torments I can inflict on you. I am quite capable of stabbing you from now till to-morrow without killing you, or leaving you without a single feature on your face, of tearing your eyes from your head. You know what has been the fate of others. Don't put me to the test—answer my questions before I lose my temper."

As he finished he lifted his hand from the prisoner's head—it was full of hair. Provoked, he threw it in the man's face and it stuck to his mouth. The soldier, to remove it, spat; the brigands took this for an act of contempt and could no longer restrain themselves. All [illegible] a cry of rage, with lowered heads, [illegible] eyes they fell upon their prey like [illegible] beasts [illegible] with [illegible] points, nails, with knees and [illegible] teeth, [illegible] one and [illegible] paused an instant for breath, saying one to another "Gently!" as a warning not to kill him, and they pounded, pricked and lit him, drops of blood, bits of torn linen and locks of hair strewing the ground. Nothing was heard but the labored breathing of the executioners and the sound of their daggers as they clashed against each other, and the harsh [illegible] of the victim. They were blind, intoxicated, brutalized; they seemed not three men but a triple monster twined about one man; they formed the very embodiment of [illegible] and horror or insanity, its noise and ferocity.

"Don't kill him yet!" again cried the youth with intense eagerness, turning rapidly to and fro from the brigands to the landscape before him and gradually raising his voice as if to cover an approaching sound. "Don't kill him yet! Wait! He will tell you all he knows. If you kill him you won't find out anything! Try him once more! He made a sign that he would speak! Will you kill him then? I will strike him to the heart if you will not. Put down your daggers! Fight with your fists! Don't you see that he is dying?"

[illegible] his shouts, he sent a hasty glance without to the foot of the wall, then leaped into the midst of the hut, and suddenly changing his expression and intention he exclaimed with an accent of indescribable scorn: "Ah, cowards! Three against one dying man!"

"Damnation!" roared the captain, rushing toward him with dagger uplifted. "Too late!" he replied with a shudder of joy, and pointing to the door he cried: "Look!"

Just as the other two brigands, warned by the young man's words, hastily threw a large cloak over their victim, and while their leader seized his gun to attack the mysterious foe advancing upon him, a noise of arms, of footsteps and of voices broke upon their ears; bayonets and gun barrels blazed on the threshold, on the wall, from the top of the cliff, and in bursts a troop of soldiers, who in the twinkling of an eye surrounded, vanquished, disarmed and threw to the ground all whom they encountered. A few moments of silence followed, during which no sound was heard save the heavy and rapid breathing of the tired troopers.

"Help the dying man!" suddenly shrieked the young brigand, who was kneeling like the rest with his hands on the ground, held down by the bayonet of the soldier.

"What dying man?" asked the captain, pressing forward, dusty and out of breath.

"There in the corner!" replied the youth, pointing.

All turned to look; no one saw anything.

"Under the cloak!" repeated the brigand.

The captain, followed by all eyes, approached the spot, seized the cloak and cast it aside. A general cry of horror went up at the dreadful sight. The wretched prisoner, kneeling on the ground with his arms bent behind him, and his head dangling on his breast, was livid and covered with blood and wounds to such a degree that he seemed to have been flayed alive, and he made an effort to lift his head.

"Release him at once!" cried the captain. "Give him drink!"

Three troopers ran forward, untied him, seated him and began to examine his wounds; the others, blinded by wrath, beat the brigands with the stocks of their guns.

"Lay down your arms!" shouted the captain, and turning to the youthful robber, "Speak!"

The trooper who held him allowed him to rise.

"When was the man captured?" thundered out the captain. "Speak the truth before you die."

"That man," began the youth in a choked voice, still trembling with terror and fright. "That soldier—was caught this morning—they brought him here—they tied him up—they wanted to make him speak—he would not—he would not speak—they fell upon him—I saw it all! My God! My God!"

"But who are you?" exclaimed the captain, pulling off his hat.

All started and cried out: "A woman!"

"Yes!" shrieked she as if insane, "I am a woman; they carried me off—a fortnight ago—they put a knife to my throat—they led me away. But I have not stained my hands with blood, no! I swear it! I only went with them to save my life! I am from San Severo. I am a poor peasant—"

"Why didn't you put a bullet through the head of one of them?"

"I dared not; they would have tortured me. You should have seen what they did—I thought I should go mad. If you had seen! but he endured like a [illegible]—he endured everything—he never spoke one word."

"Drag those dastards to the feet of the man!" cried the captain.

The other troopers thereupon dragged the three brigands before the wounded man, whose head had been bound up with a handkerchief which covered his face.

"I am here," cried the captain, stooping towards the wretched man, who began to show signs of returning consciousness. "You are safe! You are in the midst of your comrades! Courage! Look up! Your assassins are on their knees before you!"

The soldier slowly raised his head and a tremor traversed his frame. Then he stretched forth his hand, placed it on the head of the robber chief, withdrew it, smiled with his bloody lips, stretched forward and spit in his face.

"What is that?" asked the captain, picking up something soft and white, which seemed to have fallen from the mouth of the sufferer.

"The answer—to the colonel's letter," replied the wounded man in a faint voice.

"The colonel? My answer? That which I gave you this morning?"

The soldier bowed.

The captain sprang towards him, threw his arm around his neck and kissed him; then, leaping to his feet, he cried to his men: "Bow before this hero, my boys! He was carrying my letter to his colonel announcing our departure, the hour at which we were to start and where we were to go; if the brigands had read it, they would have escaped. He put it in his mouth and did not speak lest he betray himself, and bore his torments in silence. He is a hero! A martyr! He is a noble soul!"

"Yes!" cried the soldiers with one accord, and in a voice which seemed to come from their inmost souls.

"Kiss his feet, cowards!" yelled the captain to the robbers.

One after another, crawling on the ground like serpents, they kissed their victim's feet.

"Captain!" cried the woman, gazing at him with wild eyes, "I might have warned them when I saw you coming—I did not—I let you come. Grant me one prayer in return. I am a ruined woman—I can never return to my home—let me be shot with them!"

"No!" cried the wounded man with fearful effort.

All were silent.

"Yes!"—continued the unfortunate fellow in a hoarse voice, extending a bloody hand to the woman—"you must do a deed of mercy."

"What is it? Speak! Oh God! I entreat you, for heaven's sake!" cried the woman, throwing herself at his feet with clasped hands.

"Follow me——" murmured the sufferer.

"Where?" asked the woman.

"Every where I go!"

All looked on, lost in amazement.

"What do you mean?" again asked the woman.

"You have not seen them all—my wounds," replied the soldier; "look!" And he lifted the handkerchief which covered his face. All crowded eagerly about him, looked, and uttered a piercing cry of horror and of pity. The unfortunate wretch was blind.

"Kill them!" yelled the troopers, rising and kicking the brigands. "Kill them!" The captain could not stem the tumult. The troopers rushed from the cave, dragging the assassins with them in their precipitate flight.

"Will you do—this deed—of mercy?" the sufferer asked the woman, when they were alone.

She raised her eyes to Heaven and said: "My life is yours."

Then they clasped hands, and a loud discharge of firearms which echoed from the valley below seemed to salute and seal this most noble treaty, which for ten years bound the pitying woman to the hero.

Poisoned by the Bite of a Squirrel

Sedalia (Mo.) Democrat

Conductor Barkley Smith, of the Missouri Pacific, is now suffering terribly from the bite of a pet squirrel belonging to the family of James Curran in East Sedalia. One week ago yesterday, while playing with the squirrel, it bit him in the thumb of the left hand. The bite was painful, but Mr Smith did not think much of it, supposing it would soon heal and be all right. But not so; it continued to grow worse until last Saturday, when his hand and arm were so swollen that it was necessary for him to take to his bed and call a physician. The wound has grown worse until the poor man is suffering intense pain. The swelling has gone up his arm and reaches to the elbow. Every effort is being made to check its progress, and it was thought that to-day [illegible] the pain and swelling were subsiding. The great danger is that erysipelas is likely to set in.

AN OLD CREOLE HOME.

A Pleasing Picture of New Orleans Half a Century Ago

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Far removed from the rattle and confusion of city life where Bayou St. John [illegible] lazily along [illegible] the distance upon the [illegible] banks [illegible] and unexpected [illegible] grown bushes [illegible] that time and the prevailing [illegible] those of a past [illegible] and then may be [illegible] the distant tinkling of a bell [illegible] beyond the clearing [illegible] on the other side of the road, which runs [illegible] to the stream, extends a high iron fence interrupted by brick columns [illegible]. In the Creole [illegible] fifty years ago [illegible] the passer by [illegible] to note [illegible] acquaintance [illegible] scene of strange confusion and dilapidation would meet his eye.

First an old house—rather bare and forlorn for lack of paint, yet still [illegible] of yore—in style similar to those [illegible] seen on large plantations in the [illegible] country, and surrounded by large verandas. The [illegible] curtains that once concealed the verandas [illegible] in day into a long, cool, [illegible] are seen flapping in the breeze [illegible] shutterless blinds are closed as if to hide the dust in the [illegible] hall [illegible] former [illegible] the roof above the third story, stairs with their broken [illegible] vastly at the [illegible] in front.

Then the garden, with its [illegible] and by [illegible] its flowers of every color and perfume—all are changed now. Even the terraced [illegible] [illegible] life-size painted statues of [illegible] personations of [illegible] are leveled with the ground, while here and there [illegible] grasping a sheaf of wheat [illegible] a wood and [illegible]. All this may be seen through the [illegible] bars without entering the yard, for here were the [illegible] always courting the eye. But it was in the side garden and in the rear beyond [illegible] street that [illegible] showed itself most serviceable to man's daily wants. Here were the long arbors of grapes, the [illegible] the grove of orange trees with their [illegible] fruit and [illegible] the peach orchard where we children used to enjoy [illegible] eyes of the old servants the first fruits of the season. The arbors have long since fallen into decay and [illegible] "the [illegible] of leaves upon the ground," the grounds are covered with grass now, and horses and cattle graze upon them, but the tall old pecan trees still wave their giant form high in the air as if in defiance of time and the works of man.

Yet it is not so much of the surroundings [illegible] objects that I wish to speak as of the few persons who lived in the place and entertained with true French liberality the numerous friends and connections that constantly thronged the hospitable board. They were Creoles all of them, speaking the French that the founders of the family brought over from Marseilles in the beginning of the last century.

The head of the house, the paterfamilias, died before my recollection, leaving his widow, Mme. Veuve Evariste, as she was formerly called, the [illegible] of the household, and of a large family of children to the third generation. Here she ruled with a dignity and majesty that seemed the natural accompaniments of a long [illegible] guided by a well disciplined judgment, and though many servants performed under her management the varied duties of the large household, there never seemed to be a pause in the daily routine. Her word was law, and the law was inviolate. Yet, in the possession of her administrative powers I do not regard Mme. Evariste as having been unique among the Creole women of her caste in Louisiana.

I would here say a word, which may not be necessary, with regard to the weaker sex among our French population. If Creole women are helpless and dependent as children, or frivolous as young ladies, they are not so as mothers. I do not know of any class of women who outshine them in the home [illegible] have no name in their language [illegible] has been written of late about the Creole—his [illegible] his foolish pride, and his general [illegible] though these accusations may be not entirely unfounded, they must be limited to the few, and those few are men. The Creole mother devotes herself entirely to [illegible] affairs [illegible] what could woman do better? [illegible] virtue's side? The natural affections and [illegible] are a [illegible] common [illegible] in woman, and when that woman is a Creole we have them in their perfection.

Mme. Evariste was a true type of the Creole woman. She had already passed the [illegible] years allotted to humanity when I first knew her, and coming from a family noted for its longevity she [illegible] a sound mind and body up to her death in her eighty-[illegible] year.

How well I remember her and her room! I can see her now in the long, [illegible] room with the quaint wall paper [illegible] representations of a single scene and [illegible] the [illegible] castles. There she [illegible] a small [illegible] table with embossed figures upon it, holding in her hand a bunch of heavy keys, while she [illegible] orders to Jeanne, Caro or Pauline, the latter being old servants who had served her eldest born, then 50 years of age.

On the first floor is a basket of fresh wild [illegible] out of which she is going to make [illegible] that her friends may drink her health [illegible] she lays [illegible] repeat [illegible] glasses of a cordial that no one can make as she can. Old and [illegible], whether of the family or not, will [illegible] the toast, "Bonne santé à Mamman Evariste!" It is then the old lady's [illegible] twinkle, and the firm mouth [illegible] a smile, reminding one of the handsome portrait up stairs of a young woman dressed in a costume of purple velvet, the large graceful neck encircled by a fur boa, while [illegible] eyes and [illegible] hair are set off by a [illegible] hat with a long [illegible] ostrich feather. [illegible] bride of only 20 summers then, [illegible] and it was just the other day that I saw another picture by Bernard, painted in the last years of her life. This also being a [illegible] likeness, I was curious to note the change in feature and expression. The head-dress was different, and the face and neck of the elderly woman were fuller, but the hair, as I well remember it, was as thick as ever, and bore but few traces of the silvering touch of time. Wrinkles marked character as well as age, and the hardy expression showed satisfaction in the knowledge of a well spent, useful life.

She did not want to have that portrait painted, but Armand, her son, said that he wanted it for his home, and she could not refuse him, taking as much pride in granting his wishes as she did in praising the delicacy of certain [illegible] flowers that he had bought for her in Havana with his first earnings, over forty years ago.

These flowers of shell stood on the mantelpiece of the large [illegible] room, just between two old-fashioned oil lamps, whose [illegible] were always kept covered in the daytime with little blue caps of tissue paper. In the center of the mantel was a large brass clock, protected by a glass globe, which, although years before cracked by some careless person, [illegible] mats of the house retained under the protection of the careful old servants as high a polish as the smoothness would permit. It is the dining-room that I remember best of all the rooms in that commodious house, for here one was received, listened, and inspected before being permitted to romp in the garden. Here we used to come during the hot afternoons of summer and beg for ice-water flavored with Mamman Evariste's delicious orange flower syrup. It was here that we used to sit at the big breakfast table on Sunday mornings, not daring to open our mouths except to swallow the memorable coffee and hot bread with syrup that were set before us. [illegible] and beginning with the oldest of the children—there were generally three or four of us—she would first tie around our necks napkins large enough to cover an ordinary table and then [illegible] down on our plates [illegible] ceremony each food as the deceased [illegible], for was it not [illegible] in the house, "*Il faut que les enfants mangent tout ce qu'on leur donne.*" The result was that we learned to eat, if not to like, everything that was set before us, from the yellow hominy and [illegible] to the elaborately prepared "grillade" and "gumbo aux herbes."

Above the center of the table there [illegible] from the ceiling a large fan, broad enough to sweep over both sides. It was garnished by a picture of the Virgin in a blue robe, and served the double purpose of dispelling the [illegible] and [illegible] around. It was the office of [illegible] the negro boy to keep this fan in motion, under the direction of the waitress, and when [illegible] a sudden jerk on the [illegible] or a harder pull than [illegible] look and [illegible] from old Pauline's [illegible] prophecy.

The sisters Caro and Pauline were mulattresses, and had been in the family for years, as had also the coachman and Jean the gardener, and it was this fact that gave the sisters their seeming officiousness, for when an old woman has nursed uncles and "cousins and aunts" she certainly expects some respect from us. Austere as they were, they were kind in their own way, and proud of the family they had served in bondage and freedom for so many years and of which they now almost formed a part. The proclamation of Lincoln had made very little difference to them, and their external relations with the mistress of the house remained as before. Like many of the old family servants who survived the war, they had never been treated as slaves; on the contrary, there existed a mutual understanding between them and their mistress of respect on the one hand and consideration on the other. As they grew older every one was expected to do honor to their age and experience, and they were assigned such tasks as were congenial and in accordance with their training.

I have already mentioned the interest taken by these old domestics in the affairs of the family, and it was only natural that they should have stored up in their memories many spicy incidents gathered from an intercourse of half a century. This we children soon discovered, and now and then on a pleasant evening old Pauline would drop her dignity in the garrulousness of age and yield to the clamor about her apron-strings.

I remember but few of the many stories of bygone times, but I can vividly recall the manner in which they were told and the many gestures which accompanied the narrative. One that she was fond of telling was of a sister of her old master, who has since died in her 90th year, and who, she firmly believed, had been immortalized when a young and blooming girl by being chosen by Louis Philippe as his partner at a grand ball given in his honor during his visit to New Orleans. The French king had publicly shown his admiration of the blushing maiden, and the old women admired him for his taste.

Then she would resort to more substantial incidents in the family history, and tell how M. Evariste, who was a most careful man, once shot at an alligator in the bayou, and the bullet, after striking the scaly monster between the eyes, had glanced off to the further shore and killed a neighbor's horse; how Armand, when quite a boy, had drawn a large crayon likeness of himself by standing in front of a mirror and copying his own image. This picture is still in existence, and in these days of photo-crayons does not suffer by comparison with others of its kind.

There was another story about one of the boys on whose elbow a crowbar had fallen from a high scaffolding, without doing any damage to the part receiving the weight, but the forearm being flexed and the hand resting on the side, there resulted a fracture of three ribs.

M. Evariste died of starvation! In the midst of plenty he had actually died for the lack of food. It was his habit, we are told, to take an early breakfast, just after sunrise, and ride out to his daily duties some distance from his home, not eating again until late in the evening. He was taken sick, nature asserted her rights, and after a short illness died. The doctors had said there was an opening in the stomach which had been gradually made there during life by the action of its own secretions, which, from lack of sufficient food, had acted upon the walls of the viscus itself.

Such were the tales that we listened to with as much avidity, told with all the hyperbole of an enthusiast. Yet when I think of the busy and active lives that were once led in the old house on the Bayou St. John, of the many familiar voices chattering so gaily in their musical Creole dialect, the many footsteps that once trod so lightly over the garden paths, now grown heavier and firmer, it seems as if something of nature were missing, but soon to reappear like the stars when the mists have passed away.

Mme. Evariste died as she had lived, firm in the Roman Catholic creed of her fathers, leaving a host of friends to mourn a remarkable woman. In her religion, however, she was not bigoted, and when it happened that one of her children went over to another faith, she preferred prayer for his enlightenment to vain arguments and petty threats. Her wisdom was such as can be gained only by long acquaintance with people and things, and many of her maxims are still extant as household words. Firm in purpose, unyielding to the disobedient, ever enforcing justice, yet withal gentle and kind and generous to lavishness, Mamman Evariste, with her curious Creole customs and words, will live again in precept and example long after rains and seasons have worn the [illegible] name from the marble slab in the old St. Louis graveyard.

ISLAM IN DANGER

Serious Omen to the Mussulman—Mohammedans Realizing that Their Faith is in Danger

Philadelphia Press

Of far more moment than the cholera, however, in the mind of the orthodox Mussulman is the fulfillment of a prophesy that bodes but evil to the power of Islam. July 5 was the first day of the great Turkish fast of Ramazan, when for a whole month the faithful neither eat bread nor drink water nor take any manner of nourishment, nor even enjoy the cigarette or narghileh during the time from sunrise to sunset, but make up for the day's fast by nightly feasts, revels and orgies. The first night especially is celebrated through the streets with drum, fife and tambourine, songs and shouts, and every kind of merry making.

Thursday night every Turkish quarter was holding high carnival, but had just got somewhat wearied out and was composing itself to sleep, when there came the uneasy movement of the earth combined with a heavy, dull atmosphere that betokens an earthquake. The first shock was short and light. Then came a second that woke all but the soundest sleepers. The houses rocked like a ship at sea, curtains swayed, and underneath came up that peculiar grinding noise as of rocks grating against each other. This lasted several seconds. Then came a third less severe, and some felt a fourth very slightly. No harm was done, but the coincidence of time roused the deepest misgivings. Some prophet had declared that when Ramazan should be ushered in by an earthquake the fall of Islam would be near at hand. There is therefore among a certain class no slight disturbance and anxious watching.

There are indeed signs that to a western mind are far more significant than any superstitious fear can indicate. Of these, perhaps, the strongest is the fact that the Moslem priests are really waking up to the idea that their faith is in danger, and that would they preserve their faith they must bestir themselves. Not long ago an article appeared in the *Turkish Press*, warning the priesthood that old time methods were no longer of avail. The time had passed when a sneer was sufficient answer to the arguments of Christians. They had no longer to deal with the devotees of a woman, bedecked with gorgeous ceremonial, but with a far sturdier class, who could not be silenced by mere assertions. They must be met on their own ground.

To meet these demands a number of articles have appeared, some setting forth the doctrine of right living in terms that would find approval in more than one Unitarian, and even orthodox, pulpit in America. Just now a series of papers presents the origin and growth of Christianity. The present Protestant Christians, while by far the best, and, therefore, the most dangerous to Islamism, are by no means fair or accurate representatives of the religion of Christ. That was purely local and had no widespread power until Constantine made use of the name and certain tenets to establish a political religion as the basis of his new empire. Christianity as it is now is by no means that which was taught by Jesus, but was originated by the Roman emperor, and has developed since.

As for the scriptures, the veritable "Injil" gospel ascended with Jesus to heaven. The present bible is a pure fabrication, dating back no farther than the fourth century. And so on. It seems strange that the people can believe such stuff, but very many do. Others, however, are more incredulous, and the number of sales of Turkish scriptures has increased very markedly. Meanwhile the government is doing its best to prevent the reprint of certain editions of the scriptures that have gone out of print. They will be compelled, however, to yield.

The Storm-Breeding Territory.

"Where does the gentle storm originate?" Nine out of ten take their rise in the extreme northwest, in Montana or north of there, in the British dominions. Since our co-operation with the Canadian weather bureau, which [illegible] of a little one for a cent, we have been enabled to get reports from as far north as Fort Edmonton, and as soon as telegraphic communication is opened up with the far northern posts, we may expect much more valuable results, and we can predict with more accuracy what the weather will be.—W. D. [illegible] Herald.

AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE.

Captain Baker's Account of the Steamer Niagara.

New York World.

The steamer Niagara, which was scuttled near Indian Keys the arrived here from Havana yesterday at Lower Quarantine, where her discharged. Her passengers will the city this morning, but the reach her pier until Friday or Sat to the quarantine restrictions reg ing vessels from infected ports. brought a full cargo and a number gers. Among the latter were Pedro, the sugar merchant of Senor Juan Cevallos. The vessel little damage through her mishap, pairs needed being carpentering done in the hold.

Captain Baker came to the city after the arrival of his steamer by a reporter of the *World* at the Ward & Co., the agents of the line, Wall street.

"About 4 o'clock Thursday, the said he, "while we were a few miles reef smoke was discovered by one ors issuing from the open hatches investigating. I ordered the hatches tened down to cut off ventilation. swain and the first officer were then with ropes around their waists with tion of finding the exact locality of but on opening one of the side lights repelled by the smoke which issued with a sound resembling escaping vessel was then before the wind, and the engines to be stopped while the headed for Florida reef. Steam forced into the hold from the engine failed to extinguish the flames. time the English steamer Com sighted, and after exchanging signals up to us and the mails and our thirty sengers were placed on board of her.

"Soon after we steered over Alli and entered a small bay about one miles from Indian Keys. The place and sheltered and we found a spot where was but seventeen feet of water preparations to scuttle the ship. Chief Engineer Fowler was lowered over the opened the valves, a dangerous for which he deserves much praise. We the pumps and let the water run in ship sank. The water was then about above the cargo, but the decks were remained in this position all night, o'clock the following morning the were thrown open and we started the using steam from the donkey engines three hours steady pumping the clean. A few minutes later the fire out and we let a great deal of water the hold and also directed several steam into the hold.

"After extinguishing the fire a second we passed over the reef at high tide rived at Havana at 7 o'clock P. M. We at Havana one hour when the fire again out, but we succeeded in putting out the with water from the steam pumps. I ately ordered a survey of the vessel and and three American ship-builders went the vessel and discovered that the fire had inated among some chemicals. We then work discharging cargo which occupied men, working day and night, for forty hours. We found that the cargo was a loss, except some lard and bacon which not damaged. The ship was thereupon cleaned and inspected, and found to be jured. We took in cargo and left the city following Friday. We arrived at quarantine at 10:20 this morning."

"Was there no excitement among the passengers when the fire was discovered?"

"None whatever. We assured them that was no danger, and everybody was cool collected. The women, three in number, somewhat nervous and anxious to leave vessel. They were the first to be transferred the English steamer."

"How do you account for the fire?"

"It cannot be accounted for except it be tributed to spontaneous combustion the fire occurred it was terribly hot. We to cast several carboys of vitriol overboard fear they would explode, but we did not the chemicals in the hold. It is seldom we experience weather so insufferably Even the wind itself was like the heat fire as it blew across our faces."

The vessel will leave port for Havana as her burned woodwork is replaced.

GAMBLING AT WATERING PLACES.

How the Royal Bengal Tiger Shows Long Branch Jungle

Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal

A casual visitor to Long Branch might get the notion that most of the men go drive and gamble. Those two diversions so entirely public that the lazy the great majority is overlooked. Gambling always been a feature of the place; suddenly gained extensive and glittering portions. This is in part due, no doubt, the fact that the business has for a hampered in this city by Crosby's and stock's societies, and the professional gamblers sought the nearest place of a money There are three so-called club houses, is another designation for a combination of restaurant and gambling hell. these are among the most pretentious villas in external appearance, while inside fittings exceed in cost and taste of the kind on the continent. Some ingly heavy playing is done in these places sides much that is so only relatively, of the inability of the to bear the losses. The jockeys other employes of the Monmouth Park course pretty regularly deposit their these banks and don't often draw anything The butlers and coachmen of wealthy residents are also to be seen at the tables the heavy play, as a rule, is by Wall men, who have not left their love of behind them in the city. Faro is the game for these chaps and for the old gamblers among the bounding but roulette has attained popularity experienced and uncalculating fellows, the payment of thirty six to one, when wins, are so dazzling that they fail to clear and sure advantage which the fords the bank.

In addition to the risking of money turn of a card, or the roll of a ball, the days of racing every week give man tunity to demonstrate to their own tion the futility of trying to get rich the medium of book-makers. These are not disposed to part with money their hands. They are afraid of Walton" simply because he under work, as they do on information from bles; and that fact proves conclusively have no desire to do business with know anywhere near as much as they inwardness of horse racing. Walton is blonde man, with a hot temper, a ner, and entire fearlessness. It was before his departure, that a dreadful fight to occur, between him and Phil. Daly, the ownership of whose gambling hell quarreled. According to the programme ton was to enter the premises, and Daly try to fling him out, whereupon the struggle was to take place. Another was that the encounter was to be a poker to be continued until one lost $25,000 other. That would not be an desperate encounter, if the rumors poker playing in the upper rooms of houses are true.

Wastage at the United States Mint.

The result of the annual examination affairs at the United States mint at Philadelphia shows a remarkably small wastage and silver resulting from the enormous tions of last year. It is the smallest on and it is doubtful if the showing can be leled by any other government. of gold bullion operated upon during the year was 2,210,944 82-100 ounces, equal tons. The total amount of silver operated was 45,591,328 72-100 ounces, equal to tons. The gold coinage for the year of $15,466 55 100 ounces, equal to 14 value being $7,728,962 50. The of gold pieces struck and 941,660. The total silver coinage weighed 19,551,908 83-100 ounces, equal tons, value $22,825,470 15. The pieces of silver coined was 13,79 total minor coins issued weighed 100 ounces, equal to 251 tons; value 307 16. The number of minor coins 526. The legal wastage allowed by law operated on during the year was ounces, equal to $39,018 39. The wastage was 12-100 ounces, or ing the wastage on gold to be $31, than the legal allowance. The legal on silver allowed by law was 57, equal to $57,298 05 at $1 per ounce. tual wastage on silver worked was ounces, equal to $809 23, or $56, than the legal allowance. In other words actual wastage at the mint upon the on the precious metals was $530 12, while legal allowance was $97,311 33.—Albany Press.

...even before Columbus

...country. We have a large ... remarkable cures. W. H. BISHOP & CO

PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY ENLARGED, DEVELOPED AND STRENGTHENED, etc., is an interesting advertisement

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

DR. R. ...AN

N EVENTFUL VOYAGE.

er's Account of the Fires on the Steamer Niagara.

New York World.

ner Niagara, which took fire near Indian Keys the 12th inst., from Havana yesterday and is now arantine, where her cargo is being Her passengers will come up morning, but the steamer will until Friday or Saturday, owing antine restrictions regarding those rom infected ports. The Niagara ll cargo and a number of passengers ng the latter were Senor ugar merchant of this city, and Cevallos. The vessel sustained through her mishap, the only being carpentering work to hold.

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1883.

MUSIC IN NATURE.

, far away, in fields of waving gold,
hear the tassels' rustling symphonies,
its myriad insect orchestras unfold
their rippling medleys in the apple trees.

seas of creamy clover, white and pink,
gum tippling bees, all drowsy with perfume;
d, in the orchard, one will bobolink
make the repose of twilight's dreamy gloom.

e wind wakes solos in the somber pine,
Upon the hillside desolate and lone;
d in the wood, through labyrinths of vine,
hear d the brooklet's lisping monotone—

Such mossy caverns echoing repeat;
While o'er my soul in tender changes flows—
armur us, melodious, and strangely sweet—
The subtle music no musician knows.

—S. K. Munkittrick in Century for August.

ALBION'S FALL.

In the country town of Countycorn it used to be a custom for the lads and lasses to enjoy a horseback ride to Cedar Hill one May morning. Not a ever prevented a general assembling the young people but a downright rain, when the excursion was postponed till the first fair day.

Looking toward the hill, which commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, two old farmers were watching a company of riders returning from one of the annual expeditions. They were taking the home stretch in splendid style, the foremost leaders speeding ahead side by side, and without a break for some distance.

"That colt of Stickney's is a fine 'un—thin in the neck and thick in the flank, and those long hind legs give him a powerful stride. See him git over the road, will yer? Jinny's old roan is hard put to keep up, but she'll make him run. She ain't goin' to be beat if she can help it."

It was a cold, raw morning, and the farmer drew his coat sleeve slowly under his nose as he looked admiringly down the road. His companion shrugged his shoulders before answering gravely.

"It's mighty risky riding, Runnels, that's what 'tis. The colt ain't half broke, no more than the one that's riding him. But Stickney can't help it, I suppose; young folks will be risky."

And now the cavalcade rode gaily up and drew rein by the speakers.

"Well, Mr. Runnels, what think you of our mount this year?" called out one of the party.

"First rate, first rate, and no mistake; good turn-out, that's a fact. Albion looks as if a leap over Raddy's would n't be nothin' to him or his colt," said the man addressed as Runnels.

"Come on, boys, let's go home that way and try it," cried out the leader, turning in his saddle and starting. The others followed laughing.

"What on airth d'ye want to put that in his head for, Runnels? He's wild enough to try it."

"I guess not. He know I were only fun. But, thunder and Mars! They're turnin' into Raddy's field—but they won't try it! No—no—they won't be so foolhardy! Albion's only goin' to scare 'em."

Still the man looked after the retreating forms a little anxiously, while the other declared "the young 'un's blood was up—he'd dare anything."

Probably not one of the merry group anticipated anything but sport as they approached the ravine just outside the town known as Raddy's Gulch when only the Stickney colt and rider essayed the leap across, and would have been successful but that the opposite bank, which had been frozen, proved an insecure footing, and gave way before the colt could scramble up the sides. All too quickly did the reckless young rider loosen his feet from the stirrups. In the fierce struggles of the colt to regain a firm footing, he was borne to the ground. The gulch was not very deep nor very dangerous, and the colt, sliding and slipping half way down, soon obtained a foothold, apparently unhurt; but his rider was picked up and carried home in an unconscious condition; no one knew how badly he was hurt. And so the day which had begun so brightly closed for some with gloomy forebodings.

For months Albion was closely confined to the house and carefully nursed by his devoted mother. There were some who said he never would walk again.

A bed had been arranged for him in the sitting room, to be handy to the kitchen and make the work easier for those who had to wait on him. He seemed to have very little interest in everyday affairs, but once he spoke to his mother as she sat by the window sewing, and asked her if Jennie Burr had ever been in to see him.

"When you were first taken," was the answer. "She's coming down the road now, up to neighbor Abbott's with some work, I guess," she added.

"Call her in, mother; call her in. I want to see her," he said.

Mrs. Stickney looked at her son anxiously, put down her work and went to the door.

The girl, upon being spoken to, came up the walk slowly, and her plump, rosy face did not lighten when told that Albion wanted to see her.

"You go right in, and I'll look after the kitchen fire first and then follow you."

Mrs. Stickney bustled away, and Jinny went slowly into the sitting room, where, after exchanging the usual greetings, she sat down near the door.

"I reckon ye don't miss me much," said the sick man. "I heard you were riding with Ed Barton."

"Oh, yes, we do—we all do," Jinny said hurriedly.

"I suppose he thinks it's too bad for you to be tied to a fellow like me, and more than likely that you think so yourself," Albion continued, bitterly.

The girl wound the fringe of her shawl in and out between her fingers, and did not look up.

"Well, he has hinted, and perhaps I don't mind," she said, vaguely.

"I do mind it, Jinny Burr; but I won't let him hint, that's all I want to say. You may have him if you want to, for I'll have no girl 'round me that's sweet on another man. But what if he had got hurt and I had treated"

The excited voice, with its tone of fresh pain, reached the mother's ears. She came hastily into the room and began to put down the shades.

"Here, Albion dear, do keep calm; you'd better not talk any more to-day; it'll put you back."

Jinny, with a look of relief, went out; Albion's flushed face, changing to pallor, sank back upon the pillows.

"Mother, mother, mother, isn't it hard?"

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Stickney comforted him as only a mother can.

At this time the district school was lengthened by the ingenious device of boarding the teacher around in those families who sent children to school. The Stickney boys and girls had long been loud in their praises of the teacher, and when she came to their home the overworked mother did her best and most to make her welcome, but fell ill in doing; it was too much. The teacher proved equal to the emergency. She made the worn-out woman go to bed, and waited upon her faithfully before and after school hours. Minna Stickney, the eldest girl, had told her Albion did not wish to see any strangers, so she did not mean to go into his room; but one day Minna carried with his dinner the wrong sauce for the pudding. It would be spoiled, and she had taken so much trouble to make it! Without thinking how she looked, she rushed into the sitting-room just as she was, her sleeves rolled up, and a big apron up to her neck and down to her feet. "Don't look at me," she said "but you've got the gravy for the meat, child; here is the right sauce for the pudding," and, making the exchange, she ran out into the kitchen.

"Who is that?" Albion looked wonderingly after her.

"Miss Motley, our teacher. Isn't she good to take right hold so? Mother thinks everything of her already. I told her you didn't want to see her, and that why she told you not to look," said Minna, naively.

"What did you tell her that for? What must she think?"

"Oh, she don't mind. She says we must take folks as we find them. But I do wish you'd let her come in and look after you to-night. We want to go down to Charley Drake's; he's going to have a popcorn party, and she could take care of you and ma too, if you'd let her, and we children could go, I guess. Won't you, Ally?"

The children went to the party, and Mr. Stickney in search of help. His wife lay in blissful rest, quieted and assured by the energetic teacher that everything was going on right, and there was no cause to worry; the more she gave up and rested the sooner she would get back her strength.

Carrying in the tea and toast, she noticed there was not a book or paper in sight and so asked him if he would not like to look at some illustrated magazines she had.

"It is nice to have so much time to read," she said, smiling brightly, and did not wait, but went at once and brought the books.

Albion had never thought before of anything nice being possible in his condition. She had aroused a little interest. He found himself wondering what she would say next. After awhile, as they became better acquainted, she asked him if he had studied into his case, and if he were not interested in physiology and anatomy. She told him she had a cousin who was a physician and surgeon, and she would like his opinion. He might suggest, possibly, a more strengthening treatment.

She succeeded in arousing Albion to courage and hope from indifference and almost despair, and from time to time, in a quiet way, loaned him text-books. These engaged his mind, and as he became stronger, occupied more and more of his attention.

One afternoon, his day's labor ended, Mr. Stickney sat on the piazza, watching his boys finishing the chores. The teacher sat near him, busy with some work. This man had not failed to entertain her with his grumbling, as he did every one who would listen. He considered himself an ill-used, unfortunate person. Why a son of his should do so foolish a thing as to spoil his prospects for life and lame a valuable colt, was more than he could see, and right at the beginning of the ploughing and planting season—the worst time in the world. He was sure none of his "creetur's" ever would know anything.

His wife heard him uncomplainingly, and so did the teacher once, but she did not mean to again. She would give him something else to think about, and so inquired what was the highest wages he had ever paid a hired girl to do his housework for him.

"Three dollars a week," was the answer.

"And then she did not do as well as your wife manages, I presume?"

"Bless you, no; 'twould take a smart one to come up to Harner; she can turn off work without wasting nothing."

"And did you ever find a hired girl willing to wait long for her pay?" was the next innocent query.

"No, that's the plague on't, always want their money soon as their work is done, and be glad to git it afore, if warrant."

Mr. Stickney gave a grim chuckle as he tilted his chair backwards.

"Why is it that farmers' wives should have to wait so long for their wages. I should rebel if I were one," Miss Motley said, demurely.

"Farmers' wives! They don't have any wages," he said surprised.

"They ought to, then," was the quiet response.

"They have all they want—food, clothes, and git carried to church and stores and camp meetin'. What more can a woman want?"

"A feeling of independence such as the possession of even small wages, if paid regularly and cheerfully, alone can give," was the firm rejoinder.

"Well, I never heard my wife complain."

"But don't you think she might have a cause for complaint, Mr. Stickney? Doesn't she ever say anything about the books the children are needing, or the shoes that ought to be mended? There are so many things."

"La, children are always wantin' somethin'; but as for Harner, she knows how to wait. I have to wait for my money."

"But when you get the cash for a load of hay and potatoes, does she share half and half with you?"

"Of course she does. Who pays the taxes and all the store bills, and works on the road, and keeps things going generally?"

"Isn't that offset by her keeping the household affairs moving smoothly? I have noticed sometimes, when a man increases the number of his hired men, he never thinks of supplying additional help indoors, although the work has been all the woman of the house could well do before. Then she gets sick, and extra money is paid out, which, if applied before, might have saved much suffering."

Mr. Stickney was getting uneasy, and Ellen Motley knew when she had said enough, and now carried her work into the house.

"I tell ye what," said the farmer not long after to his wife, "this 'ere schoolma'am beats all a-talkin' to me. She says I ought to buy an organ for Min."

"She has been so kind as to give the child music lessons, and says she has quite a taste for it. Don't you think it would be better than buying the land of Westcott? We have land enough, now Albion can never be a farmer."

The gentle suggestion did not at once appeal to the practical sense unused to luxuries.

"Seems to me you're gettin' to have expensive tastes, Harner. These wimmin folks'll be the ruin of me. Why, tother day I was p'intin' out the place I thought of buyin' for Albion against his marryin' and settlin down, and tellin' how he wouldn't need it now, and she up and says he would want the money that the farm would have cost to prepare him for a different situation than the one he dreamed of; and I said I dunno 'bout his succeeding in anything else, but she stuck to it he would."

The organ was bought—one of the many innovations that almost imperceptibly introduced a new and better way of living in the Stickney family. It was set up in the place of the sick-bed which had occupied the sitting room for so long a time, and no one seemed more pleased than Minna's father to hear her performances upon it. He would stretch himself upon the lounge and tell her "to play away and rest him a spell," and say the sound of the music rippling off from her finger tips was like the dripping of rain upon a tin roof.

About a mile from the little country village of Countycorn, some fifteen years later, a stout woman was toiling up the hill leading to a farm-house. It was after ten in the evening, and no moon. She hurried on alone, and at last came to the door, where she stopped almost breathless. Entering the kitchen a lamp on the table revealed the figure of a man dozing in a chair by the stove, pipe in hand. She touched him, and he started up, exclaiming, "Jinny, is't you? Where ye bin to enneyway? Never knew ye to be off so long at night."

"I've bin down to the town hall, Ez, to a lecture—didn't know of it till I got over to Slocom's. They was all goin', and I went along. The hall was full, and who do you suppose lectured? You wouldn't guess from now till the middle of next week. Dr. Albion Stickney. Yes, sir! And his mother was there with a new bunnit on, and his father dressed up in his go-to-meeting clothes as much as to say, 'He's my son; I raised him.' Lor! ye never saw such a change in anyone—so slim and tall. I never could have believed he'd grow so good looking—Albion, I mean. After it was through they all went up to speak to him. I didn't go; I came home. His wife was there, too. She used to teach school here. Her hands didn't look much like mine."

The woman's eyes rested on her own hard hands, large and brown with toil.

"Sho," said her husband, "you don't tell! That fall of his was the makin' of him, instid of the everlastin' ruination as some said. You know they had it he'd better have died than live to be a drag all his life on other folks. Strange how things turn out, Jinny; but I've heard 'em say as how old Stickney says his son's wife is the smartest little woman in the country."—Woman's Journal.

Refining Metals.

As the perfect performance of this work is very difficult, requiring a thorough knowledge of chemistry and metallurgy, and the utmost carefulness of operation and calculation, so on the reliability of its results depends the successful operation of a reduction establishment.

The first process of the operation is what is called "sampling" the various grades and kinds of ores, in order to determine not only their value, but the proportion of fluxes necessary to secure the extraction of the finer from the baser metals and rock mixed with them in the ore. The fluxes principally used are limestone, lead ore and iron ore, the iron ore being more especially to take up the sulphur in the other ores, and all are used in quantities according to kinds and proportions of metal in the ores to be reduced, the object of the fluxing being to free the undesirable portions of the ore, so as to enable the separation of the metal from them. In order to insure the application of proper character and proportion of the fluxing material and make the operation complete, the ores must be analyzed, so as to determine the kind and amount of all the materials composing them, and thus the character and proportion of the fluxes required.

In sampling ores for this purpose, the ore, as it comes from the mine, is passed through what is called a "crusher" and broken into pieces of the average size of a hickory nut. For the purpose of sampling, a small portion is taken from the mass in such a way as to best secure as nearly as possible a fair average of the whole. This, in turn, is ground in a sampling mill to a fine dust or pulp. A portion of this pulp is weighed, about one-tenth of an ounce being usually taken for an assay, mixed with granulated lead in a fire-clay cup, and then placed in what is called a "muffle," a tile-shaped oven surrounded by a coke fire. This melts the lead, which collects all the silver in the ore, and forms what is called a lead "button," usually of about half an ounce weight.

This lead button is then placed in a cupel, or little cup made of ground bone ash moistened and compressed into a mould, and then replaced in a muffle and submitted to nearly a white heat. Great care has to be taken to properly regulate the heat, lest the metal itself be destroyed with the lead. The air is admitted, which burns or oxidizes the lead, the oxide is absorbed by the bone ash of the cup, leaving the silver. As this process goes on the purification approaches completion, the silver rounds up into a little globule, emitting a yellowish white light, and as the last traces of the lead disappear, the pure silver rapidly brightens and shines out like a mirror. It is then pure—1000 fine.

When gold is found with silver in the ore it still remains in the bullion button. This is separated from the silver by a process called parting. To ascertain the relative proportion of gold and silver in the button, in assaying, the button is subjected to the action of nitric acid, which dissolves the silver, leaving the gold in the shape of a fine black powder, which is carefully washed, dried and weighed. The weight of the bullion button being known, a subtraction of the weight of the silver it contained, and a comparison of the weight of the two metals thus produced with the weight of the assayed, gives the proportional amount of each to the ore thus sampled and assayed.

The Bunko Swindle.

The case and skill with which the bunko swindle is conducted is illustrated by the experience of a visitor who said he allowed himself roped in for fun. A sweat-board was introduced in the usual manner, and a stool-pigeon lost a few dollars. He wished the visitor to play for him with his money, and the latter first won, but afterwards lost. At length he was told that he was indebted on his account to the extent of $300. "I have not the money with me," he replied. "Then give me a check," was the fellow's suggestion; "I suppose you have a bank account; or won't that be convenient?" It occurred to the visitor that to sign a check would cost nothing, as I could go immediately around to the bank and stop payment. A blank check was produced and he filled it out. The gambler scrutinized it and then dried the ink with a newspaper in lieu of a blotter. The stool-pigeon had been quiet for a while. Now he suddenly broke out: "This is a friend of mine," he exclaimed, savagely, "and I won't see him swindled; he shan't let you have his check for a dent." He grabbed the check, tore it into bits, and threw them on the floor. "Come" and he seized the visitor by the arm; "let's get out of this den." There was an excited protest by the other chap, says the narrator, but we went out unhindered, and I parted with Dan on the corner, receiving his congratulation on having escaped unscathed. On returning to the hotel I gave to the detective there an account of what had happened, explaining that I intended to stop payment on the check, but that no such precaution was now necessary. "Don't you lose a minute in going to the bank," he said, "or they'll get there with the check before you. It was destroyed? Not a bit of it. A newspaper lay on the desk didn't it? and he put the check between its folds, face downward, as if to blot it. Then the stool-pigeon snatched out, not the check itself, but a blank one that had been previously placed there. This dummy was what Dan tore up, and the real check was left safe and sound. That's the way they prevent their victims from stopping payments."

Other Worlds than Ours.

An incredible story is seriously given in some of the journals abroad, the discovery of a sword which was found in an aerolite. A certain physician in the state of New York was attracted by a very brilliant shooting star which fell in the bed of a creek near where he was riding. Subsequent investigation on the spot where it fell discovered a sword of peculiar shape, which had evidently been wielded in battle, and which must have been used by one who would have been deemed a "giant among the sons of men" in this world. Of course the presumption would be that this sword had fallen into the clay of a river, which was subsequently metamorphosed by heat into solid rock. In the course of ages a volcano developed under this rock, which projected the imprisoned sword into space beyond the attraction of the planet from which it came. In the course of time the wandering aerolite in the interstellar spaces became entangled in the atmosphere of the earth, and fell into the creek, the impact breaking and setting free the sword. This reads like another Cardiff giant story, but it is very ingenious; and it is possible that some day or other we may have positive proofs of the existence of life and intelligence in some of the myriads of planets which inhabit space. A microscopic examination of meteoric stones at Berlin revealed the fact that they contain some sixty varieties of the outer shells of coral insects, which of course, establishes the fact that they were attached to coral insects which lived in warm oceans of salt water. The water must have contained lime, and islands must have been built up above the ocean as they are on our globe. But that is, so far, the only trustworthy indication we have that there is anything on the other worlds approaching to the same kind of life we have on this.—Demorest's Monthly.

A Warning.

The young man who attempted to kill himself by getting under a railroad train at Orange yesterday was a type of a large class of unfortunates, most of whom, however, bear their suffering in silence, or at least do not obtrude it upon the public notice in such a startling way. The story of this young man ought to be a warning to others who may come into similar circumstances and be tempted to do the same rash act that led this person to attempt suicide. It seems that Erhardt was sick some time ago and was nursed by a servant girl, to whom, in that state of semi idiotic gratitude that returning convalescence sometimes brings, he made a promise of marriage. When he got well he discovered that gratitude, although an admirable sentiment is not the best capital to get married on. Most young young men, on making this discovery, would have promptly broken off the engagement; but Erhardt was doubtless terrified by thoughts of a suit for breach of promise, with damages enough to keep him poor for the remainder of his days, and he chose suicide in preference.

It is well known the young woman who nurses a man through a fit of sickness is even more fatal than the landlady's daughter, if that be possible. No young man who values his peace of mind can safely board with a lady who has a daughter. If he does he deserves no pity; for he has gone into the trap with his eyes open. But a sick man is not responsible and is taken at a terrible disadvantage. Even then a supreme effort of the will may keep him from proposing to his nurse, but there are few young men strong minded enough to exercise such will power. This particular young man is not of the strong minded sort. Let his fate prove a warning, and many an unhappy marriage with no other foundation on one side than a gratitude that soon wears out may be prevented.—N. Y. Mail.

Skobeleff's Sister.

The belle of the ball after the Empress was certainly the Countess De Beauharnais, sister of the late General Skobeleff; not an absolute beauty, but one of those big-eyed, dark-haired, attractive faces, with a marvelous figure, for whom men commit follies and women invent scandal. This lady was dressed in a Russian dress, the cut of which dates from early in the sixteenth century. It was low off the shoulders, with long, hanging sleeves, plaited to to the elbow with a pointed stomacher, and skirt opening beneath over the under petticoat. The fabric, heavily brocaded and embroidered, looked like chased metal, as its long train fell around her feet in singular folds. Her kakoschnik was festooned with pearls, diamonds and huge round emeralds; while round the entire corsage pearls and emerald medallions set off her pretty shoulders to perfection. A simple veil of tulle was fastened with gold plaques behind the tiara. Other costumes were equally attractive without being so perfect in ensemble. White satin and deep black furs, maroon brocade over cloth of silver, embroidered in Byzantine patterns of every kind, pale gray moire trimmed with rare lace, furs of every rarity, but above all parures of jewels eclipsing every court in Europe or Asia. I never imagined there were so many enormous emeralds above ground, while diamonds in tiaras, rivieres, collars and monograms at last seemed numberless.—London News.

Last spring the leading dealers in butter in New York and Boston bought up all the butter obtainable in the west at an average of 21 cents, and placed 10,000,000 pounds in cold storage in Chicago. It is said with the belief that the product would go up this month. There has been a large production, however, and the stored butter is depreciating in value. It is said that some will have to be sold from ten to twelve cents. The loss on the deal is estimated from $500,000 to $1,000,000.

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STAIR BUILDING.
Stairs, Stair Railings,
Balusters, Newel Posts,
Both Plain and Fancy, at Reasonable Rates.
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WINDOW AND PLATE GLASS.
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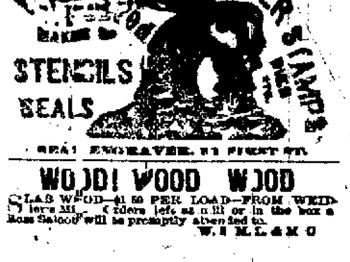
Manufacturer Importer of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Saddlery Hardware, etc., and 110 Front St. east side. Good assortments of all kinds of Saddles and Harness made of No. 1 oak-tanned leather. Country orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.



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LOUIS EPPINGER'S
RESTAURANT,
Corner First and A Streets,
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Elegant in all its appointments,
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Unsurpassed in the United States
IN
Every respect first-class,
HAS
All the choicest delicacies
AFFORDED
In the markets of the world,
WITH
A Splendid dining room,
AND
Private rooms for ladies.

THE ST. CHARLES
RESTAURANT.
Front St., near corner Morrison.
Kept by E. A. Johnson, formerly of Restaurant.
The best in the city. Meals can be ordered by bill of fare or otherwise. Board by the day

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THE DALLES, OR.
G. T. SHULTZ, Proprietor.
HAVING LEASED THE NEW AND ly furnished for a term of years the public This house to none in the Dalles. Passengers and baggage conveyed to and from trains free.
BOARD—By week $20 to $25; by week $5; by day $1 to $1 50; single meals 50c.

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HERON MONTANA.
First-class in Every Respect.
FINE TABLE SUPPLIED WITH GAME, TROUT, ETC., IN SEASON.
Sleeping Accommodations Unexcelled. Prices Reasonable.
ED. CLARK, Proprietor.

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Rogers Hotel.
THE LARGEST AND BEST HOTEL IN THE Territory. Well in every particular. Special ten Free bus and baggage from and to depot. W. H. ROGERS,
Aug 1, 1884 Proprietor.

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SALEM, OREGON,
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Than can be made from any other Flour in
Beyond Question the Finest Flour.
For sale everywhere in Oregon and Washington.
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"SALEM BAKERS' EXTRA"
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FAMILY FLOUR,
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GIBSON, CHURCH & CO.
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WILLIAMS & WELCH,
General Machinists and Engine Builders,
Foot of Oak street.
Manufacture Steam Engines of all descriptions, High, Low Pressure and Compound
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Mill Machinery of all kinds. Jobbing and Repairing, Blacksmithing, etc.
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THE THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF LIVERPOOL.
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Capital paid up 1,000,000
Reserve Fund, in addition to capital 1,575,000
Cash Assets, June 30th, 1881 5,084,000
Deposit in Oregon 50,000
Risks accepted and POLICIES WRITTEN by the agency.
NO. 5 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.
PHILIP C. SCHUYLER, Agent.

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COMBINED.
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With unlimited liability of shareholders, and
Deposited in Oregon for security of policy holders 100,000
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OREGON & WASHINGTON TERRITORY BRANCH.
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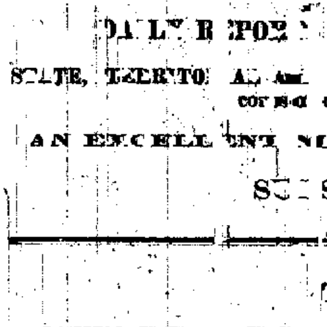

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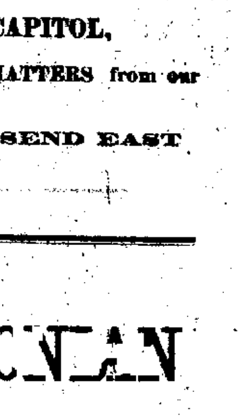

WEEKLY OREGONIAN.
The current number contains an unusual amount of
EASTERN FOREIGN AND PACIFIC COAST TELEGRAPHIC NEWS,
DAILY REPORTS FROM THE CAPITOL,
STATE, TERRITORIAL AND LOCAL NEWS MATTERS from our corps of correspondents.
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SUNDAY OREGONIAN
CONTAINS
FULLEST TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES, LATE LOCAL NEWS
GOSSIP AND A GREAT VARIETY OF SELECTED MATTER.
Leave orders for paper and advertisements at business office.

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1883.

NEWS BY STEAMER.

A Stage Load of Tourists Robbed by Masked Men.

COL. BANDOLA REPORTED NOT KILLED.

Completion of the Railroad Bridge at Spring Creek—Terrible Accident Near Vallejo, Cal.—One Generous Act.

Decision Against an Oregon Claimant.

CHICAGO, Aug. 14.—The *Tribune's* Washington special says: An adverse opinion was rendered to-day against the claim of J. P. Brown, of Portland, Jr., for $7,500, one-half of a fine of $15,000 imposed upon the owner of a vessel at that port for carrying passengers in excess of the number allowed by her license. Brown claimed the money as informer, and his case was argued before the treasury department. The solicitor to whom the question was referred, holds that Brown should have made his claim in the court where the case was tried, and when the judge could have determined upon his right under the law, but that having removed the case into the United States treasury department, Brown has no legal method of reaching the money, nor has the secretary any authority to pay any part of it again. The opinion of the solicitor is not final, however, until approved by the attorney-general. An effort will be made to have Judge French, who is acting in Secretary Folger's absence, grant another hearing.

A Sequel of the Newport [illegible].

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—The governors of the Casino at Newport have so far failed to get hold of the culprits in the recent disreputable [illegible] at that place. It will be remembered that a number of members dined there in a private room, and after dinner threw not only plates and dishes out of the window, but also proceeded to bombard several inoffensive citizens with such harmless missiles as jellies and plum puddings. Several of the culprits were summoned to appear before the committee to-morrow, but one of their number invited them all to dinner in New York on the same day. Thus, they were able to refuse to meet the governors, pleading a previous engagement.

Scientists at Minneapolis.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 14.—The American Association for the advancement of science meets at the state university to-morrow morning. Addresses of welcome will be delivered by Governor Hubbard on behalf of the state, and Mayor Ames on behalf of the city. The response will be by President Young of Princeton. In the afternoon the divisions will assemble in separate halls, and the president of each section will deliver an annual address. In the evening the retiring president, J. W. Dawson of Montreal will deliver an address as retiring president of the association.

Accidentally Killed.

AUBURN, Aug. 14.—Hiram St. [illegible], an old Californian, who resided on a ranch with his family in El Dorado county, on the Greenwood road, a short distance from Auburn, met with an accident last evening which resulted in his almost instantaneous death. He had his Henry rifle out and in putting it away the trigger caught on something that discharged it, and the ball passed through his head. He leaves two sons and an invalid wife.

Secretary Folger Heard From.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 14.—Secretary Folger is in the city. A party of distinguished men including Secretary Folger, went to Lake Minnetonka this evening as the guests of General Washburne, member of congress from this district.

One Generous Act.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—A dispatch from the Glen house, White mountains, says that W. H. Vanderbilt, on leaving there for home this morning, left his check for $8000 with the proprietor for the college student waiters of the establishment, thirty in number.

ENGLAND.

AIDED BY FRENCH REVOLUTIONISTS.

LONDON, Aug. 14.—The *Times'* Madrid dispatch says: It is certain that more French notes and gold have been sent to Spain recently than in any previous period. There is a belief now general that funds in aid of the recent revolutionary movement were even subscribed by French republican politicians and speculators on the Bourse.

CALIFORNIA.

A Mysterious Crime.

GRASS VALLEY, Aug. 14.—At an early hour this morning some miners, while on their way to work, discovered A. Goucher, a well known citizen, lying under the sidewalk leading into Boston ravine, covered with blood and in an almost insensible condition, his head and face being cut in a terrible manner. At a late hour on Monday night he was in a saloon in Boston ravine, and it is said was considerably under the influence of liquor. How he came to be beaten is not known, but it is supposed that it was for resisting robbery, the robbers afterwards putting him under the sidewalk. His face was so badly cut up that he was scarcely recognizable. His wounds were inflicted by a stone. It was thought this afternoon that he might die of his injuries. When found he gave those who discovered him to understand that he knew who had beaten him.

A Wagon with Two Occupants Struck by a Locomotive.

VALLEJO, Aug. 14.—A shocking accident occurred on the railroad at a point about a mile above town this afternoon at about 4:30 o'clock. Two young men named James Scandling and William Flemming, in a light spring wagon drawn by two horses, attempted to cross the railroad track in front of the down train from Napa. The cowcatcher of the locomotive struck the vehicle between the horses and the men and rent it asunder and dragged and threw the men, animals and wagon many yards. The men and horses were terribly mangled, and were dead before the train could be stopped. The front of the locomotive looked as if it had been run through a slaughter pen. At the point where the accident occurred the country is level, and an approaching train can be seen a mile off. McMerritt is the conductor and McAnsy the engineer of the fatal train.

A Stage Load of Tourists Robbed by Three Masked Men.

MERCED, Aug. 14.—Yesterday a Yosemite stage driven by Donst coming out of the valley, was stopped at Inspiration point by three masked highwaymen. The passengers, seven tourists, were stood up by the robbers and all their cash and jewelry taken. The value of the coin and jewelry lost by the tourists is reported at $900. The driver and Wells-Fargo's express box were not molested. A posse from the Big Trees and Mariposa is on the highwaymen's trail.

LATER.—The tourists estimate their loss at $2000 in money and jewelry. The sheriff and posse have captured a man who is suspected as being one of the robbers, but he has not yet been identified. A reward of $500 is offered for the capture of the highwaymen.

Getting a Jury Slowly.

SAN RAFAEL, Aug. 14.—The venire of 200 extra jurymen in the Valencia murder case assembled to-day. The afternoon was spent in examining as to their qualifications. One juryman has been obtained, making five in all. A sensation was created this afternoon by the statement of G. P. Ware, an accepted juryman, that owing to certain circumstances it was impossible for him to try the case fairly. A special examination disclosed that the juryman had formed an opinion from the general conduct of the case. He was excused by the court.

Completion of a Railroad Bridge.

SHASTA, Aug. 14.—The bridge at Spring Creek, on the Oregon and California railroad, was completed yesterday. The iron rails were laid, and the first engine crossed to-day. The work is progressing, and the camp at Shasta depot, at the mouth of Middle creek, will be moved to Motion creek, eight miles further north, in about two weeks. The Chinese want to strike, but the railroad company has only paid to July 1, 1883, consequently they are afraid to act.

ARIZONA.

Colonel Bandola Not Killed.

TUCSON, Aug. 14.—A special from Hermosillo pronounces the reported killing of Col. Bandola false. He has been heard from since the date of his reported death.

TELEGRAPHIC SPARKS.

Gladstone will visit his constituents at Midlothian during the autumn parliamentary recess.

James McDermott was brought up for hearing at Liverpool Tuesday and remanded for confirmation of sentence.

The virulent foot and mouth disease has appeared at Bristol among the Canadian cattle received from Liverpool.

Judge Jere S. Black is seriously ill at York, Pa., and is suffering intense pain. His condition is considered critical.

There was a great fire Tuesday morning on orchard wharf, Blackwall, Eng., where a warehouse stored with jute and hemp was destroyed.

The demolition of the old capitol at Albany, N. Y., is progressing steadily. The large chimneys on the south wing were taken down piecemeal.

The pope requests Cardinal McCabe, archbishop of Dublin, to summon the chapter of the diocese to nominate a coadjutor, who shall become archbishop.

The casting for the Cogswell fountain, which Dr. Cogswell presented to the city of Brooklyn, has been delivered. The site for the gift has not been selected.

A Good Story on Henry Clay Told in Paris.

When John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay were at Ghent in 1814, in association with Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard and Jonathan Russell, appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, they were on very intimate terms of friendship, and occupied the same apartments. Mr. Clay was always a very gallant man, and in many respects the very opposite of Mr. Adams, who, though studiously polite to every lady, avoided even the appearance of familiarity. The young girl, who had charge of the rooms of the peace commissioners, was very pretty and modest, and was treated with great respect by all of them. But Mr. Clay would now and then indulge in compliments to her beauty, and on one occasion playfully solicited from her a kiss. Of course he was refused the favor, but in relating the incident to his associates he could not forego a joke on Mr. Adams, who had what are known as "sore" or bear-snuffed eyes. As Mr. Clay repeated it, the conversation following the refusal of the kiss ran as follows:

"I presume you would not deny Mr. Adams such a favor?"

"Indeed I would," she replied. "I have just done so, and left him with tears in his eyes."

Perhaps it is not too late for the democrats to "bounce" Hoadly and hire a deaf and dumb man to run for governor.—*Cleveland Herald.*

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

News Notes from Walla Walla.

WALLA WALLA, Aug. 18.—Special.—Great preparations are being made in this city for the reception of the "gold spike party." Henry Villard has telegraphed his acceptance of an invitation to visit this city, which has naturally enthused the business men here and farmers in the surrounding country to make the demonstration one long to be remembered. Among other novelties it is proposed to have 200 wagons loaded with wheat standing on the principal thoroughfares as the distinguished party passes by. An arch decorated with the staple products of Walla Walla valley will be erected across Main street. It is believed that the occasion will be the greatest and most impressive ever witnessed in Walla Walla.

Wheat holds steady at 62½ cents, with an upward tendency.

Large trains of immigrant wagons daily pass through this city, mostly from Kansas, and bound for the Palouse country.

Wheat is coming into market, which event is the commencement of an era of good times and a general revival of business.

Large parties of our citizens will leave to-morrow to spend the day among the various summer campers on Mill creek.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NEWS FROM VICTORIA.

VICTORIA, Aug. 17.—Arrived—Ship Isaac Reed, from Japan.

Final arrangements have been made with Dunsmuir, contractor of the Island railway.

At the Rifle Association meeting at Nanaimo, the first match was won by Sergeant Wooldhoet, 81 points; second, Captain Fletcher, 71; third, Assistant Surgeon Trew, 33.

Byron Andrews of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* is here collecting material for that paper.

Passengers by the G. W. Elder, to-morrow, are H. Bechard, W. H. Gilver, Miss McKee, E. Beck, L. L. Watson, L. W. Gardner, R. Brodrick and Nellie Brodrick.

The Dolphin arrived this morning from the Richmond cannery, with 1800 cases of salmon, which were transferred to the Sardonyx, delayed until to-day.

Sir Alexander Campbell informed a deputation at New Westminster that all bills for lines of extending railways in British Columbia to the boundary line would be disallowed. He said it was an air to the Canadian Pacific, who had expended millions in Canada, to allow their trade to be tapped by foreign lines.

Chief Engineers Schreiber and Pottinger left to-day for Canada. Sir Alexander Campbell leaves the 2d, via the Central Pacific.

The American ship Isaac Reed has arrived from Japan.

The coal miners are still on a strike.

The *Colonist*, government organ, says the contract for the construction of the Island railway has been signed. Dunsmuir, Crocker and Stanford agree to build the line for a money subsidy of $750,000, and 1,800,000 acres of coal land. They have probably secured the only true coal veins on this coast. There is a boom in real estate and business in consequence of this announcement.

ROTHSCHILD AND WATERLOO.

Building up a Fortune on the Great Battle—A Neat Work by a Latter-Day Newspaper Reporter.

Youth's Companion.

Meyer Anselm had five sons, and all of these inherited the thrifty habits and sound judgment of their father. There was no prodigal among them, and all of them applied themselves as diligently as their father could have wished to the business of money-getting. The Jews' Lane, and even all of Frankfort was much too small for their operations. While the eldest remained in that city, one of the others opened a branch house in Vienna, another in Naples, another in Paris and another in London. The ban of the despised race was lifted from them, and they became the favored guests of diplomats and princes. All of them were sagacious. All of them were successful. A father never had sons more after his own heart, but one of them had more than his father's genius and passion for creating and multiplying riches. The others were preeminent in the cities where they established themselves, but he was potent everywhere, in every money market, in every cabinet. All ships loading in the west with produce and the east with teas and spices, were, to some extent, at his command, and his influence reached wherever capital existed. This man, who made the history of the house of the red shield [the sign of the house which, being in German, *rothschild*, was adopted by Anselm as a surname], a matter of universal history was the third son of Meyer Anselm, and his name was Nathan Meyer Rothschild. To give a detailed account of his career would be but to recall one fortunate investment and profitable loan after another. Instead of following this record, let the reader look back to the Jews' Lane, and fix the picture of it in his mind—the high, overhanging, gloomy houses, with the bustling inmates visible at every window. The dark, narrow street, with its bars and iron chains; the scorn and penalties that were visited upon those who lived within these precincts. Here Nathan Rothschild had his origin.

Now, let us look upon the field of Waterloo, with the armies of Wellington and Napoleon gathered upon it. Nathan has become the first banker in the world, and is in close relations with the British government. He has invested a large portion of his fortune in English securities, and his fate depends upon the result of the battle. Should the army under Wellington prove victorious, then his millions will be more than quadrupled. Should Napoleon win, then the house of the red shield will be overthrown. Until now Nathan has been in London receiving news of the movements of the army, by means of carrier-pigeons dispatched to him, with cipher messages under their wings, by agents on the field. Burning with impatience he has come to see the decisive battle for himself. He could not even wait the little time it took the doves to wing their way across the channel. He might as well be in London for all he can see of the battle as the day wears on. The carnage is hidden by the smoke that hangs over the field, and he frets himself as conflicting reports come to him of what is being done. But at sunset this veil is blown off, the superb army of Napoleon, shattered and reduced, is in retreat, and the victory belongs to England—and the Rothschilds! Nathan spurs his horse into Brussels, and there a carriage is in waiting to bear him to Ostend, the nearest point from which he can reach London. He is maddened with impatience to get there. His purpose now is to arrive in the city before the news of the battle becomes public, and to take advantage of the uncertainty in buying more securities while they are low. There is no danger in investments of that sort now, and he is anxious to put every penny that he can command to this use. In a few hours the couriers will be on the road bearing the official dispatches, and his object is to get to the great metropolis in advance of them. There are no railways, no telegraphs, no steamers on the channel; each traveler must find his own conveyance. The journey to Ostend is quickly made, but then the channel has to be crossed and Nathan's heart sinks with despair when he finds that a furious gale is blowing, in which no vessel will put to sea. He offers five hundred, a thousand, two thousand francs for a boat to carry him across the channel. Two thousand francs is a tremendous sum in the minds of the poor fishermen of Ostend, and one of them cannot resist the temptation. He will carry the gentleman over. So, after a perilous voyage, Nathan reaches London, and finds the city in a profound gloom. Business is stagnant, pending the result of the war, and there are fears that the country is on the eve of national bankruptcy. He says nothing about Waterloo, nothing about Ostend. He appears as dejected as any merchant on the exchange. But meanwhile his agents are secretly buying up all the securities they can get hold of at a low rate of discount, and there are plenty of them for sale, for the public confidence has been shaken.

Two days afterward—two days later than Nathan's arrival—the official messengers bring tidings of Wellington's victory with his young and untrained soldiers over the splendidly disciplined army of Napoleon, and instantly the securities, which have been bought at a large discount, advance to a premium over their par value. There is rejoicing everywhere in Great Britain, and especially in the house of the red shield, which has benefited to the extent of at least five million dollars by that day which Napoleon spent on the hill of Hougoumont.

A new drama is announced for production at the Paris on next winter from the pen of Victor Hugo. The name is not yet announced, but it is not improbable that it will be entitled "Cromwell." The piece, which was written by the great poet in his younger days, but has never yet produced in public, has been entirely reconstructed. The leading part will be taken by M. Lafontaine.

Nasby says: "Polically the corners is once more serene. We are waitin' anxusly, however, for the presidenshle campane to open, for the corners is ethirst. A candidate with money is wat we want. A candidate with money is our rock in the wilderness, and I am the Moses to smite it."

"William E. Gladstone now sees that the greatest folly he ever committed in his life was the purchase of $100,000 in Confederate bonds during the war for the Union. He would now be willing to give them back at first cost, without asking a cent of interest.

John Wanamaker, the great Philadelphia merchant, spent $200,000 in advertising last year. His net profits for the same period were $1,000,000.

THE CHOLERA.

Chances of it Reaching this Country Discussed.

VIEWS OF COMMISSIONER RAYMOND.

Why the Disease is Not so Much to be Dreaded Here Now as in Former Years—Public Pumps the Only Cause for Anxiety in Brooklyn.

Health Commissioner Raymond was questioned by a reporter of the Brooklyn *Union* as to the probability of the cholera, now raging in Egypt and threatening Europe, making its appearance in this country. Dr. Raymond said:

"Whenever cholera comes to America, it is the year following its outbreak in Europe. It was so in 1866, and it is what we usually expect if it come at all. My own idea of it is that we are in no danger of an epidemic here, and for two reasons: In the first place the methods for quarantine were never before equal to what they are now, and the disease in all its forms is thoroughly understood, and its methods of approach or ingress, and the means of combating it at ports of entrance; so that it is hardly possible that it can enter any port where there is competent quarantine. In addition to that, steps have been taken by the general government to have vessels coming to this country inspected by competent authorities at the points of departure, and that will help prevent it. The second reason is that when it does once enter this country, if it ever does, the methods of meeting it are so thoroughly understood that it is hardly possible for it to become epidemic."

"Wherein does the principal danger lie?"

"The danger to us in this locality, Brooklyn and New York, is from cases that find their way into ports where there is no sufficient quarantine, and then by means of railroads and inland routes to the cities. Of course an individual with cholera can, unless he is properly taken care of, do an immense amount of harm in the way of spreading the disease. But, then, if those cases do come I think we have the means of preventing the disease from becoming epidemic. We are asked here, not unfrequently, if we are taking measures to prevent the spread of cholera should it appear. In answer to this, I would say that a properly organized board of health is always taking steps to prevent the introduction and spread of all forms of contagious disease. The material upon which zymotic diseases feed is practically the same in all cases. The removal of filth in all its forms and a pure water supply are essentials. The only condition which exists to-day in the city of Brooklyn, in my judgment, which is likely to be prejudicial if the cholera comes, is the pump water."

"How does cholera spread?"

"In two ways. If a number of individuals suffering from cholera are placed in a confined and unventilated ward or room where the cholera poison becomes so concentrated and virulent that those who are nursing the others may contract the disease. If, however, the hospital wards or the rooms are well ventilated and the poison diluted by means of the abundant entrance of fresh air, this prediction may be left out of account. The other method is by the drinking of infected water. If infected water is not disinfected and is thrown away, it finds its way into the sewers, and if there happens to be any leak so that this material finds its way into drinking water, those who drink the water are sure to become affected. This is undoubtedly the usual way in which cholera is spread. A paper which was read before the American Public Health Association some years ago by Professor Chandler, ex-president of the New York board of health, and one of the most eminent sanitarians and chemists, there was instanced a well in the Twelfth ward of this city which, in his judgment, was instrumental in the spread of the cholera in 1866. We had in the city of Brooklyn a Mr. Krackowitzer, now dead, one of the most eminent physicians which the country ever had. His reputation was world-wide. Justice Nacher told me Dr. Krackowitzer attributed the spread and virulence of cholera in 1849 in the Sixteenth ward to one of these city pumps."

"How does this pump water become infected?"

"Just consider for a moment. These wells were dug, some of them, as far back as 1848, nearly forty years ago, at a time when Brooklyn was practically rural. For a great many years after that we had no sewers, and even long after we had them a great many houses in the city were not connected with them. All the slops, waste water, including, of course, all that was used in the washing of dishes, filthy garments, persons, etc., were thrown in the gutters. The street gutters now are not tight, the joints between the stones are open, and these wells are in nearly every case located under the curb alongside of the gutter and under the sidewalk, so that in this way the water of the wells is more or less contaminated by the slops. Then, again, these pumps are favorite places for farmers and others to water their horses, and the filth from the animals is deposited upon the streets, with each rain it is washed into the ground and then finds its way into the wells. Now where sewers exist the joints between the pipes are not in all cases perfectly tight, and frequently there are leaks, so that the contents of sewers find their way also into the wells. Then very many of these pumps are located on corners. Sometimes within five feet of them are street basins which are practically connected with the sewers and receive the washings from the street. When these street basins leak the natural result is that the leakage goes toward the well. In 1878 we had an examination made of the privy vaults in the city and found more than 13,000 of them old ones built with loose stones with open bottoms; in short, not at all water tight, and found that when they were emptied that the filthy material oozed in the surrounding soil. When these are located within ten feet of a pump, as we have found them, that is another means of infection. It seems to be the impression that these pumps are located over springs. It is nothing of the kind. The wells are not water tight. If they were tight like a cistern no water could find its way into them. It is all soil water which has taken up all the soluble material and then is served up to the consumer at the spout."

"How many pumps are there in Brooklyn now?"

"We had at the beginning of 1882, when we first took hold of this subject, 294 in the city. Out of that number we have condemned all but 25. Out of the number condemned there have not been more than 100 closed, notwithstanding all the efforts that have been made and all that has been written about it by the press and all that has been said. There is not an argument in favor of the pumps except the simple question of temperature, and that ought never to be allowed to stand in the way of the public health. If these wells were all filled up I don't know of anything in the city of Brooklyn to-day that is calculated to foster cholera; and I should feel very much relieved in my mind if they were all done away with, as I look upon them as the only element likely to give us trouble. It has always been the experience of sanitarians that it is water more than any other medium through which cholera is spread. Take the returns of the pilgrims to Mecca and what do you find? The well at Mecca is the putrescence of filth—more filthy than the sewage of London. In one of our wells, the water of which was analyzed, we showed that the water was as bad as that of the Bond street sewer. In my judgment, it is a very grave responsibility if anyone assumes to stand in the way of the closing up of the wells of the city of Brooklyn, whose water has been found unfit for human consumption."

THE POORHOUSE.

Behold yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood's fears,
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they,
The moping idiot and the madman gay.

Here, too, the sick their final doom receive,
Here, brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve;
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mix'd with the clamors of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man.
Whose laws indeed, to ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

—*Crabbe.*

In a recent lecture Professor Harris of the Concord School of Philosophy said: "That which should be continued by its environment might be still finite if it could arrive at an environment of a different kind which did not continue it." The Tombstone *Epitaph*, after carefully considering this statement, concludes that it forms an incontrovertible argument in favor of lynching.

In the German empire there are sixty manufactories of playing cards, which produced during the last fiscal year 3,264,349 packs of less than thirty-six cards each, and 1,058,326 packs of more than thirty-six cards each. Whist is evidently not the favorite game in Germany.

OUR NATIONAL PARK.

Foreign Travelers Advised to Visit the Yellowstone Park.

From the London Daily Telegraph.

To those who have had more than enough of the Alps and Tyrol, of Saxon Switzer and and the Pyrenees, of Baden-Baden and Homburg, and of the cathedrals and picture galleries of Europe, we strongly recommend a trip across the Atlantic and a visit to that marvelously beautiful National park on the Yellowstone which is commonly spoken of by our enthusiastic kinsmen as "Wonderland." More than forty years ago it was alleged by de Tocqueville that it was no easy matter to find an American citizen who was fond of natural scenery. It must not, however, be forgotten that in the United States, as the author of "Democracy in America" saw them, railways were almost unknown. M. de Tocqueville's great work appeared for the first time at Brussels in 1840, and he had been writing it four or five years before that date. Now we find at the close of 1835 when the remark about the indifference of Americans to scenery was made that "the total extent of railway lines laid in all the states was but 1098 miles." That between 1835 and 1883 the railway mileage of the great republic should have grown from 1,098 to close upon 150,000 miles—the sum which it will have reached at the end of the year after next—is such a prodigious exemplification of advance and progress that no parallel to it can be found in the previous history of mankind. Moreover the few American railways which existed about 1840 were so slightly constructed that no considerable rate of speed or amount of traffic was possible upon them. They were laid upon longitudinal sills of wood, with thin rails or straps of iron imposed upon them, with a view rather to preventing the abrasion of the softer substance than of adding any strength to the structure. In fact, American railways could hardly have been said to exist until the heavy iron rail superseded the wooden sill; nor was it unnatural that transatlantic travelers, subjected to the hardships of "the stage" as portrayed by Charles Dickens in his "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes," should have had little desire to contemplate field, flood, mountain, forest and fell. Love of scenery is at all times and in all places the appanage rather of the easy and well-to-do classes than of the toiling brethren and sisters and there are many symptoms that it is as deeply implanted in the breasts of cultivated Americans as of their congeners in the old world. But the time has not yet arrived for our transatlantic kinsmen to discover that no continent upon the face of the globe possesses more lovely scenery than their own. The Hudson may fearlessly challenge comparison in this respect with the Rhine and the Rhone, and the mountainous districts of New England, no less than the slopes of the Alleghanies, abound in spots of transcendent beauty. The smaller lakes of western New York and of Canada cannot be surpassed in softness, and over the whole of the broad surface stretching from the arctic to the antarctic pole, the sunsets are as glorious, and clothed with such an exquisitely delicate coloring that it takes a long experience to appreciate them thoroughly.

In enumerating, however, the charms of the Hudson, of the Alleghanies, and of Lake George, we have but skirted the edge or fringe of an enormous expanse. There are few English men to whom the North American continent is better known from the Artic ocean to the Gulf of Mexico than to Lord Dunraven, and we are told by the noble author of "The Great Divide" that "nowhere can you so well come in contact with and appreciate its vastness as in the western wilds and far-away territories." It is through one of the most picturesque portions of the great republic that the Northern Pacific railway runs, and comprised within the two adjoining corners of Montana and Wyoming lies the Yellowstone National park, which, no doubt, will one day attract as many visitors from all parts of the globe as Chamonnix or the Engadine do at present. Lord Dundraven suggests that a party of travelers starting from England in June or July would do well to start for Quebec—"the prettiest and pleasantest town in the dominion"—and thence go by steamer up the noble river of St. Lawrence until they reach Toronto. From there they may proceed by rail in four hours to Collingwood, and thence again by steamer across the great lakes of Huron and Superior to Fond du Lac, now called Duluth. The newly opened Northern Pacific railway will waft the tourist to Livingston, in Montana, which is situated at the foot of the Belt mountains, about midway between the great lakes and the Pacific coast. The branch line to the National park leaves the main line at this point, and is under contract to be open during the present month. The scenery along the course of the Northern Pacific never ceases to be interesting, and the traveler has the advantage of occupying the finest palace cars in the world, which are equally comfortable by day and by night. After leaving Livingston station he is wafted direct to the mammoth hot springs, which are sixty miles distant from Livingston. The train passes along the upper valley of the Yellowstone river, and through one of the grandest canyons or gorges which that entire region, rich in similar freaks of nature, contains. "Eagles and birds of prey hover in the air glimpses of startled antelope and elk are caught on the mountain side, while myriads of wild geese and ducks haunt the feeding grounds on the margin of the river." When the European stranger reaches the mammoth hot springs of the Gardiner river, he will be more than repaid for having traveled 5000 miles from England to see them. It can no longer be pretended that the journey involves anything approaching to hardship. The north Atlantic teems with well-fitted English vessels. The railway journey is rendered easy by the drawing-room and sleeping cars, which are also innovations of recent introduction. Upon arriving at the Yellowstone national park they will be amazed at the marvels which give it the name of "Wonderland." The falls of the Yellowstone are full of interest to men fresh from the still mightier volume of water that drops into the chasm at Niagara. A little lower down the geysers, and especially "the Beehive," "Old Faithful," "the Giant," and half a dozen more are without anything to equal them in the western hemisphere. They are hot sulphur springs, which from time to time throw jets of water from 100 to 300 feet in the air. The whole studded over "Wonderland" are neither better nor worse than those generally found in the far West, and as the district becomes more popular and frequented, it cannot be doubted that the accommodation for travelers in this respect will be vastly improved. As it is, the Americans, not without good reason, are congratulating themselves on the fact that this magnificent country is now opened up; nor are they over-sanguine in the expectation that when the charms of the beautiful region are fully known, the Yellowstone park will be among the most popular of the holiday resorts visited by the more enterprising class of European tourists.

Irish Lace.

London Queen.

The exhibition of Irish lace at the Mansion house, which was opened last Monday by the Duke and the Duchess of Connaught, fully realized our expectation that excellent work would be found there to show what Irish lace-workers can do when properly taught and fairly encouraged. The display is a thoroughly representative one, comprising every kind of lace which is at present made in Ireland. Youghal sends exquisite imitations of ancient laces, of which the name of Irish point for admirable productions of Argentella, the queen of dentelles, and deservedly so, as in no other country of the world anything like it in perfection has been produced in modern times. Innishmacsaint, the Island of the Sorrel Plain, vies with Youghal in the revival of Italian Reticella, of Venetian and Spanish rose-point. The ancient city of Limerick, once, with the country around, the most thriving center of the Irish lace industry, and famous for its lace, tambour, run, appliqué and guipure laces, is represented by some excellent specimens, but her work done in bygone times, but has comparatively little to show of recent productions, the number of her lace workers having dwindled down from over a thousand to a few hundred, and the traveler is no longer addressed by the pretty Irish girls in the market place with the irresistible "And, sure, yer honor'll be for buying the handkerchief to dry on the tears of the sweet young lady as is weeping for ye over the says." Carrickmacross in its smaller way has its established fame for imitations of Brussels appliqué and for the typically Irish cut-work guipure. Cork and Clones are abundantly represented by every imaginable variety of crochet—the pseudo lace work with which the name of Ireland has been specially connected for many years. Plain, knotted, lifted crochet, and the curious imitation of Reticella, of Venetian and Spanish point guipure, worked with the crochet hook, are all there, whilst Ardee sends many specimens of gossamer-like pearl tatting, the most attractive of all crochet work.

Dr. J. A. Patmore, of Riley, Ind., truly remarks: *Samaritan Nervine cures epilepsy.*

STEAM NAVIGATION.

Its History from the First Experiments to the Present Time—Early Trials and [illegible]—From Blasco de Garay to Fulton.

From an interesting volume entitled "The History of Steam Navigation," by Rear Admiral Preble of the United States navy, the following account of the origin and progress of the application of steam to the purposes of navigation is derived:

The first to apply the power of [illegible] to vessels was Blasco de Garay, a native of Barcelona. On the 17th of June, 1543, he offered to propel a vessel without sails or oars before the emperor Charles the Fifth. De Garay propelled a fifty-ton ship vessel, called La Trinidad, of 200 tons burden. The experiment was made in the presence of the imperial commissioners; Don Henry de Toledo, Don Pedro de Cardona, the governor of Barcelona, and the Treasurer Ravago. It was the 7th of June. At a given signal the vessel was put in motion; as it moved forward it turned to one side or the other in obedience to the helm, and finally returned to where it had started without the assistance of sails, oars or any visible machinery, except an immense caldron of boiling water, a complicated number of wheels, and gyrating paddles without. The beholders applauded. Not so the Treasurer Ravago. He was jealous and persuaded the emperor that the invention was useless, asserting that a complicated construction would [illegible] an enormous expense [illegible] greater speed than the [illegible] of one [illegible] could be obtained, and that the boiler [illegible] blowing up every now and then. The emperor listened to the treasurer, but bestowed [illegible] genius. The inventor received [illegible] the navy and a handsome gratuity over and above his expenses.

The experiments of David Ramsay [illegible] Salomon de Caus (1641), and [illegible] (1690) are briefly noticed. The admiral [illegible] goes on to describe the discussion [illegible] the new motor, gone into at the end of the [illegible] century, by Thomas Paine, [illegible] Darical, and [illegible]. The earlier [illegible] had much to struggle against, with [illegible] and persiflage, as may be seen in the following couplet, still the burden of [illegible] ditty in Gloucestershire, the birthplace of Jonathan Hulls, the first Englishman to point out how steam might be used in ships. It was in 1736":

Jonathan Hulls
With his patent skulls
Invented a machine
To go against wind and stream,
But he, being an ass,
Couldn't bring it to pass
And so was ashamed to be seen.

Many suppose the screw to be a modern invention, but the admiral informs us that more than 150 years before Ericsson and Smith an attempt had been made to introduce the screw as a propeller of vessels. The first to connect steam [illegible] with a screw propeller was one Joseph Bramah, of Piccadilly, an engine maker, who took out a patent on May 9, 1785. During the same year John Fitch, at a special meeting of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, laid before the members a drawing and description of a machine for working a boat against the stream by means of steam. On December 2 following he presented a model of his invention to the society. Later he organized a company of Philadelphia merchants, and his machine was tried on the Delaware on July 20, 1786. Said machinery consisted of paddles, a screw propeller, a chain, and side wheels. Fitch [illegible] to propel one small vessel, it would seem, as the experiment turned out to be a failure. The next night Fitch, while in bed, thought of a plan by which the boat might be propelled by oars or paddles at the side, the same to be set in motion by cranks worked by steam. He jumped out of bed and drew a plan which he showed next morning to Henry Voight, an exceedingly clever watchmaker of Philadelphia, who had been of great practical assistance with while he was perfecting his invention. Voight thought well of the idea, but suggested some modifications. When the experiment was made it succeeded, and the ship propelled by steam on the Delaware July 27, 1786, was the first successful steamboat, so to speak, in America.

James Rumsey, a rival contender for the honor, had exhibited a rude model of a steamboat the year before at Berkeley Springs. George Washington was one of the favored few present. They were all solemnly sworn to secrecy by the inventor.

The first patents issued under the authority of the United States were to Read, Fitch, Rumsey, and Stevens, bearing date Aug. 26, 1791. Read's was for his portable, furnace tubular boiler. Fitch's for applying steam to draw water in at the bow and forcing it out at the stern of the vessel. Rumsey's for propelling boats by means of the reaction of a stream of water forced by the agency of steam through a cylinder parallel to the keel and out of the stern. Stevens' was for propelling his boat in a like way. The patents of Rumsey, Fitch and Stevens clashed in several particulars, but none of them interfered with Read's patent.

The drawing of water in at the bow and expelling it again at the stern was an old idea. Franklin is said to have originated it, or to have brought it with him from France.

The Newport *Herald* of March 6, 1788 contains the following item: "Mr. Rumsey's steamboat, with more than half a ton of lading, upward of three tons, and a number of people on board, made a progress of four miles an hour against the current of Potomac river by the force of steam without any external application whatever, impelled by a machine that will not cost more than 20 guineas for a ten-ton boat, and that will not consume more than six bushels of coal in twelve hours."

But in 1788 John Fitch was again in the field, this time with great success. His steamboat was sixty feet long, eight feet beam. The oars were at the stern and pushed against the water. The engine was a twelve-inch cylinder. At the end of July, 1788, she was run [illegible] from Philadelphia to Burlington, some twenty miles, the longest trip made by any boat under steam up to that time. On October 12 she took thirty passengers from Philadelphia to Burlington in three hours and ten minutes. She continued to ply on the river during 1788 and 1789.

As this steamer was not considered fast enough, the John Fitch company built another. Nor was she quite up to the mark when her speed came to be tested. Alterations were made in the machinery, and in April, 1790, the desired result was obtained. William Thornton made a passage in her; this is what he tells about his trip:

"The boat was advertised and the experiment made in the following manner: A mile was measured on Front street, (on Water street) Philadelphia, and the bounds projected at right angles as exact as could be to the river, where a flag was placed at each end and also a stop watch. The boat was ordered under way at dead water, or when the tide was found to be without movement. As the boat passed one flag it was struck and at the same moment the watches were set off. As the boat reached the other flag it was also struck and the watches instantly stopped. Every precaution was taken before witnesses. The time was accurate to all. The experiment declared to be fairly made and the boat was found to go at the rate of eight miles an hour, or one mile within the eighth of an hour. The governor and council of Pennsylvania were so highly gratified that without their intention being previously known, Governor Mifflin, attended by the council in procession, presented to the company and placed in the boat a superb silk flag, prepared expressly, which Mr. Fitch afterwards took to France and presented to the national convention."

This boat made her eighty trips a year. She ran to Trenton, Burlington, Chester, Wilmington, and Gray's Ferry. The following advertisement appeared in *The Federal Gazette and Philadelphia Daily Advertiser* of Monday, July 26, 1790:

THE

STEAMBOAT

sets out to-morrow at 10 o'clock, from Arch street ferry, in order to take passengers for Burlington, Bristol, Bordentown and Trenton, and return next day.

Philadelphia, Jul 26, 1790.

Steam made good progress both in England and the United States. Robert Fulton's French experiments were made in 1803. That great [illegible] sometimes [illegible] great mistakes is shown by the fact that Napoleon I did not appreciate the importance of Fulton's discovery. The latter offered his invention to the emperor in 1801. When the Nautilus was proved on the Seine at a speed of six to twelve miles an hour, the government, or rather the emperor, who in the government, turned Fulton over to the tender mercies of a lot of old fogies, and members of the "Institute of France." Of course, nothing was done in the matter. Had Fulton's plan been made of this opportunity, England would have been at the mercy of France. The "narrow strip of sea" she relies on would no longer have afforded her protection, and the history of Napoleon could have been written with the words St. Helena left out.

Fulton came to America and launched the Clermont, named after the home of his friend and patron, Chauncey Livingston, in 1807. She was 130 feet long, had 18 feet beam, and 6 feet hold. Her engine, a single one, low pressure, was built by Boulton & Watt, in England. The diameter of the cylinder was twenty-four inches, the stroke three feet. The side wheels were fifteen feet in diameter. She made her first trip from New York to Albany at 1 P. M. on August 7, 1807.

The admiral dismisses the English claim of being the first to cross salt water in steamships. He denies that the Rob Roy, a steam packet between Glasgow and Belfast, was the first sea-going steamer, and awards that honor to the Savannah, built at Corlear's Hook, N. Y. She made the passage from New York to Liverpool in twenty-six days in 1819. She was a small vessel, only 380 tons burden. The wicked British claim that the Savannah is a myth; that no such vessel ever existed or did what was claimed for her, but the gallant admiral gives overwhelming proof to the contrary. Steamboats appeared upon Long Island sound in 1822; steam communication between England and Calcutta was inaugurated in 1825 and the first steamer arrived at Chicago, Ill., in 1831. The sons of the forest were surprised. They lined the shores and yelled in astonishment. They had heard that a "big canoe" would soon come from the noisy waters and would be drawn through the lakes and rivers by a sturgeon.

Julius Smith, an American, residing in London, disgusted at the length of time (fifty-four days) it had taken him to cross the Atlantic in a sailing vessel, determined to carry out a scheme for organizing a company to establish regular steam communication between America and England. He was ridiculed at first, but persevered. The outcome was the "British and American Steam Navigation Company." Capital £1,000,000. The Sirius left London April 1, 1838, and arrived in New York on the 17th, encountering very rough weather. The British Queen left London in July, 1839, and arrived in New York in fourteen and a half days.

The admiral describes the gradual development of the ocean steamship traffic. Its progress at first was slow. People preferred the speedy and reliable "clipper" to the overgrown steam scow, scarcely as fast, and not as reliable in a gale of wind. But steam "went marching on;" improvement followed improvement, till weekly arrivals and departures of steamers came to be reckoned by the hundred, and the ocean became a watery turnpike, crossed from land to land in seven days by vessels combining speed, safety, elegance and comfort.

As regards steam vessels of war, the admiral is naturally at home. Steam has dethroned "Jack Tar," engineers and stokers and marine artillerymen have usurped his place. Even China has discarded her old-time war junks, with the dragon figurehead and crews armed to the teeth with matchlocks and stinkpots. Now she boasts her Clyde built iron clads, with Armstrongs and Krupps, and shakes her yellow flag defiantly in the face of infuriated France.

The admiral does not not say much about the present steam navy of the United States. That would be more in the domain of romance than of history. But we must remember that it was not always so. The Princeton, launched in 1843, was the first steam war vessel afloat. Men alive to-day will remember the terrible accident at the time she was launched.

SWALLOWING REPTILES.

The Terrible Scheme of a Hoosier to Get Rid of a Homely Wife.

The means employed by a housekeeper in New Albany, Indiana, and an unfaithful husband, to get rid of Mrs. Diver, showed the greatest ignorance. This precious pair, so it is stated, caught a copperhead snake, decapitated it, and then sopped the head into a cup of coffee, which the unsuspecting Mrs. Diver swallowed. It may be remarked, parenthetically, that coffee in the west is invariably bad, and that Mrs. Diver or any other person might have taken a cup of Indiana coffee and have never noticed whether it was doctored or not. But a toxicological question enters here, which the parties implicated in making this peculiar beverage were quite ignorant about. It cannot be asserted that the venom of the rattlesnake, copperhead or cobra is poisonous when swallowed. Injected into the veins so that only a fractional portion of a drop enters into the circulation, the gravest consequences follow. It is hardly supposable that Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia ever has swallowed a crotiline in order to test its merits, but the conclusion he, with other toxicologists, such as Dr. Farrar, have arrived at is, that under normal conditions snake poison is not hurtful when taken by the mouth. But let there be a raw spot on the lips or in any portion of the intestines, then, by direct absorption, dangerous symptoms would arise. It is well known that in the compounding of wourari or curari a considerable quantity of the venom of certain snakes enters it. When an arrow head is imbued with this poison and an animal is struck death follows. It is not supposable that the very disgusting method of giving poison, as in use in Indiana, will be attempted. The contents of the witches' cauldron in Macbeth was disgusting enough, but as a potage might have been swallowed like mother's milk. Perhaps, at least in Indiana, attention will be drawn to the peculiar characteristics of coffee, and a better appreciation may be had of what it should taste like when made with a pure bean and properly concocted.

Business and Mormon Women.

From Chill Hazzard's Denver Letter.

I asked the Mayor of the city what was the best business opening for a young man from the east, say from our valley. He said if he had money, judgment and patience, a sheep ranche would pay best; if of only ordinary financial ability, then a vegetable garden near the city with an artesian well costing say $1000, a good huckster wagon and team, a fair frame shanty—and good knowledge of gardening. A sure fortune awaited dozens of such ventures if made now.

I talked with Mrs. Watson Folger, one of four wives of a Mormon, temporarily here with her husband. She rather invited a discussion of the Mormon problem. We have no unprovided Mormon women in our territory, said she; the redundancy of females is taken up in plurality of wives. An unmarried woman in the east must do one of three things, either sponge on her relatives, sew or do other work of like illy paid labor, or else traffic on her virtue. In Salt Lake there is not a single pauper of our church, none unprovided with employment, no prostitutes—our women are all industrious, all provided for, all better off than before they joined us, all have comfortable homes. Our religion teaches honesty. Before the Gentiles came to Salt Lake there was not a single lock in Salt Lake except the bank, in which $19,000,000 was protected by a 10-cent padlock. The women from European cities are better off and better women here than they were at home.

Living Descendants of Martin Luther.

Now that Germany is about to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Martin Luther's birth, it is called to mind that in an obscure Thuringian hamlet live two of the great reformer's descendants, who bear his name. One is a carpenter, the other a theological student. Under law they each enjoy—and their male descendants forever—in consideration of their ancestry, the following bounties from the public funds: On confirmation, 50 thalers (about $37 50); on apprenticeship to any trade or calling, 50 thalers; and on marriage a third 50 thalers—an aggregate of $112 50, to which every male descendant of Luther is entitled on condition that he is confirmed, apprenticed and married.

LOVE LORE.

In her cage by my window [illegible]
A beautiful bird with [illegible]
And all day long, by a [illegible]
In a faint little treble she [illegible]

I list to the twitter, so soft [illegible]
To the quavering trill that [illegible]
The silver song she recalls, [illegible]
The song she tries to repeat [illegible]

O Bird, my Bird, you never [illegible]
To warble songs for the world [illegible]
You were made for the stillness [illegible]
And the quiet round of a [illegible]

A Female Tree.

Philadelphia Record.

Pitman's Grove, a station [illegible] from Camden, on the line of the [illegible] railroad, has heretofore been noted as the scene of an annual [illegible] meeting; but it now steps to the [illegible] loudly claims fresh honors on [illegible] possessing the only purely female [illegible] exist. This feminine vegetable [illegible] the chestnut variety, and the [illegible] being of the gentler sex was made [illegible] intendent of the grove, who, [illegible] came aware of the startling fact, [illegible] eral well known botanical experts [illegible] investigate the phenomenon. [illegible] thus summoned hastened at once [illegible] Grove, and proceeded to strictly [illegible] horticultural marvel, who stood [illegible] ber of her relatives (all gentlemen) [illegible] nar of the grove. In common [illegible] wonder one of the gentlemen says [illegible] feature in the flowering of the [illegible] that it bears two sets of flowers [illegible] of the florescence consists of [illegible] growing on a stem. botanical [illegible] spike, from four to six [illegible] length, there being from thirty to [illegible] together. These come from [illegible] of the first leaves of the [illegible] composed entirely of staminate [illegible] As soon as these flowers fade [illegible] takes place close to the branches [illegible] falls to the ground. About [illegible] second flowering takes place, these [illegible] ing from the later axillary buds of [illegible] and instead of being all staminate [illegible] first instance, at the base of [illegible] found one or two pistillate [illegible] These are fertilized by the stamens [illegible] that are in blossom at the same [illegible] staminate part of the spike falls [illegible] flowering, but the pistillate [illegible] attached to the branch and [illegible] bur, containing from two to five [illegible]

In the case of the tree in question [illegible] found, to their amazement, that [illegible] utter absence of masculine buds [illegible] that she was depending entirely [illegible] buds of the gentler sex to raise a [illegible] nuts. The result was a lamentable [illegible] her ladyship did not succeed in [illegible] single nut. She is about thirty [illegible] a waist about twenty inches in [illegible] is apparently quite a belle and [illegible] less, receiving much attention from [illegible] tlemen trees standing near her.

Dr. J. G. Riddler, Jarrysburg, Ohio, [illegible] "Persons who use Brown's Iron Bitters [illegible] well of it. It is a good medicine."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely P[illegible]

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. [illegible]
WM. T. COLEMAN & CO.

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For eight years we have [illegible]
Ladies' Shoes particularly [illegible]
Oregon trade. We claim to [illegible]
Stylish, Comfortable and Durable [illegible]
lately the BEST Shoes made [illegible]
Shoes for them and [illegible]
on our [illegible]
Kid Opera Boots." [illegible]
M. J. KOHLBERG
June 4, 1883.

FOR SALE BY [illegible]
[illegible], Young & Co., [illegible]
[illegible]
Wm. Gary & Son, [illegible]
[illegible]

TU[illegible] PIL[illegible]
TORP[illegible] DISORDERED [illegible] and MAL[illegible]
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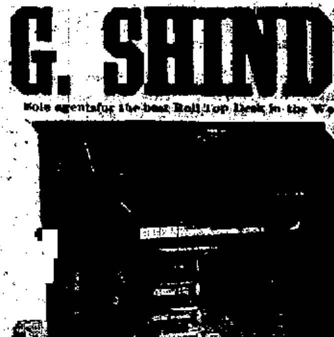

W[illegible]ALL
Carpe[illegible]
FACTORY AT [illegible]
Warerooms 166, 167 [illegible]
Portland.

[illegible] Sores before Columbus [illegible] covered with scaly sores, [illegible] a lady's. My [illegible] They have [illegible] Cure—[illegible]

[illegible] country. We have a large sale and they are meeting remarkable success. W. H. BISHOP & CO.

Perhaps it is not too late for the democrats to "bounce" Hoadly and hire a deaf and dumb man to run for governor.—*Cleveland Herald.*

[illegible] Acme Salve has genuine merit, as all who use it will testify. Price 25c. Try it.

FAMES OF THE HUMAN BODY EN[illegible] LARGED, DEVELOPED AND STRENGTHENED [illegible] is an interesting advertisement long run in our paper. In reply to inquiries, we will say that there is no evidence of humbug about this. On the contrary, the advertisers are very highly indorsed. Interested persons may get sealed circulars giving all particulars by addressing ERIE MEDICAL CO., P. O. Box 513, Buffalo, N. Y.—Toledo Evening Bee.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!
SLAB WOOD AT $[illegible] THE LOAD—FROM [illegible]
[illegible] W. [illegible]

[illegible] WEAK [illegible] Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

Portland, August 1, 1883.
DR. R. G. SAN[illegible]
Has returned from Europe and resumed practice [illegible] office [illegible], corner of First and [illegible] Second streets, Portland, Oregon.

SEALS [illegible] sent by mail [illegible] DR. [illegible] & SON [illegible] Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Druggists.